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THE WORKS OF GRAY

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VOLUME IV

LETTERS

JOURNAL OF TOUR IN ITALY

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THE

WORKS OF THOMAS GRAY

VOLUME IV

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1836

CHARLES WHITTINGHAM
LONDON

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CONTENTS.

VOL. IV.

N. B. Those Letters entirely new, or not published in Mr. Mason's Work, are marked with an Asterisk *; those imperfectly published by Mr. Mason with a Dagger †.

SECTION THE FOURTH.

Letter		Page
*116	Mr. Gray's Remarks on the Letters prefixed to Mason's Elfrida	1
117.	To Mr. Brown. Sends him a Message to write to Mr. Howe relating to Count Algarotti, and recommending the Erse Poems	6
118.	Count Algarotti to Mr. Gray. Complimentary and sending him some Dissertations of his Own	8
*119.	To Dr. Wharton. Visit from Mr. Walpole. Count Algarotti. Rousseau's Emile. Dr. Roger Long's Audience at Buckingham House. Change of Ministry. Naturalist's Calendar	9
*120.	To Count Algarotti. Compliments him on his Efforts to re-unite the Arts of Poetry, Music, the Dance, with Painting and Architecture. Cause of the Hindrances to this Union. Burletta—the Niccolina. English Language not adapted to Music. State of the Arts in England	14
†121.	To Mr. How. Observations on Count Algarotti's Works. On English Gardening	20
	(Extract of a Letter from Mr. How to Mr. Gray.)	22
*122.	To Mr. Robinson. Hopes to go into Somersetshire. Account of Mr. Mason	24
†123.	To Mr. How. On publishing Count Algarotti's Works. On Lord Chatham	26
†124.	To Dr. Wharton. Complains of Illness and Depression of Spirits. Mr. Mason's Marriage. Lord Sandwich. Account of the Ministry	28
*125.	To Ditto. Account of his Health. Mr. Mason's Marriage. Lord Bath's Death. New Works by Voltaire	32
126.	To Mr. Nicholls. On Nettley Abbey and Southampton	36
*127.	To Mr. Walpole. Receives the Castle of Otranto. Reads Rousseau's Letters	40
128.	To Mr. Palgrave. Instructions on his Travels	41
*129.	To Dr. Wharton. Was at Southampton in the Autumn. Lord Hardwicke elected as High Steward. Dr. Keene. Bishop Warburton's Sermon	47

Letter Page
*130. To Ditto. Stays at Mr. Mason's. Is going to Old Park. 50
†131. To Ditto. Description of the Old Castle of Glamis, and part of the Highlands 50
132. To Mr. Beattie. Invites Mr. Beattie to Glamis Castle .. 62
133. To Ditto. Declines the honour of a Degree offered by the University of Aberdeen. Thoughts on the pursuit of Poetry 63
134. To Mr. Nicholls. Reflection on his Mother's Illness. Description of Part of Kent 65
*135. To Mr. Walpole. Advice to Mr. Walpole on his Illness. Frontispiece to a Work by the Duchess of Newcastle.. 67
*136. To Mr. Bentham. Various Observations on Gothic Architecture 70
†137. To Dr. Wharton. On Mr. Mason. Observations on Politics. Mr. Walpole 74
†138. To Ditto. Description of Part of Kent. On the Ministry. New Bath Guide 80
139. To Mr. Mason. On the Death of his Wife 85
*140. To Dr. Wharton. Proposes to go to Old Park..... 86
141. To Mr. Beattie. Observations on a Poem by Mr. Beattie. On Ferguson's Essay on the History of Civil Society .. 87
142. To Ditto. On Printing Mr. Gray's Poems at Glasgow.. 90
*143. To Dr. Wharton. Sends him some Books and Flowers. On the Ministry. Sends him a Specimen of Leland's Itinerary 93
†144. To Mr. How. Dissuades him from publishing Count Algarotti's Works in England. Character of them 98
*145. To Dr. Wharton. On Mr. Wharton's Illness 101
146. To Mr. Beattie. On the Glasgow Edition of his Poems. 101
*147. To Mr. Dodsley. On an Edition of his Poems 103
*148. To Mr. Walpole. On Mr. Walpole's Historic Doubts ... 104
*149. To Ditto. On an Edition of his own Poems. Walpole's Historic Doubts 110
*150. To Ditto. On Sir William Cornwallis's Essays. On Richard III. 114
*151. To Dr. Wharton. On Dr. Wharton's Legal Proceedings 116
152. To the Duke of Grafton. Returns Thanks for the Professorship of Modern History 120
*153. To Mary Antrobus. On his Professorship 121
†154. To Dr. Wharton. Gives an Account of the manner in which the Professorship was offered him 123
155. To Mr. Nicholls. Describes the manner in which the Professorship was bestowed on him 125
156. To Mr. Beattie. On his own Poems. Tells him of his Appointment to the Professorship 126

SECTION THE FIFTH.

Letter — Page

*1. Dr. Wharton. Proposes to go to Old Park. Of his Ode for the Duke of Grafton's Installation 128
2. To Mr. Nicholls. On the Death of Mr. N.'s Uncle. Consolation and Advice..... 130
3. To Ditto. On Mr. Nicholl's Garden. Ode to the Duke of Grafton. De la Lande's Voyage through Italy. Shenstone's Letters 133
*4. Fragment of a Letter from Mr. Gray to Mr. Nichols 136
5. To Mr. Beattie. Reason for his writing the Installation Ode. Mr. Foulis. Purposes going towards the North of England 137
†6 To Dr. Wharton. Mentions his intended Journey to Old Park. Complains of hot Weather. Journal of his Tour. 139
†7. To Ditto. Intends to go towards Cambridge. Journal continued 143
†8. To Ditto. Continuation of his Journal 149
†9. To Ditto. Journal continued 154
†10. To Ditto. Journal continued 159
*10. To Mr. Bonstetten. Describes the character of a Genius truly philosophical..... 178
†11. To Dr. Wharton. Journal continued 182
*12. To Mr. Bonstetten. Laments their Separation..... 185
*13. To Ditto..... 187
14. To Mr. Beattie. Observations on the Minstrel, and on the Essay on Truth 188
†15. To Dr. Wharton. Mentions his Tour in Wales..... 191
*16. To the Rev. William Cole. On the Funeral of Roger Long. Master of Pembroke Hall, who died Dec. 16, 1770, aged 91 194
17. To Mr. Nicholls. On Froissart. Observations on Isocrates 194
*18. To Dr. Wharton. On Mr. Brown obtaining preferment. Remarks on the Winter..... 196
†19. To Ditto. Complains of low Spirits..... 199

APPENDIX.

*1. Mr. Brown to Dr. Wharton. On Mr. Gray's Illness.... 203
*2. Ditto to Ditto. On the same Subject 204
*3. Ditto to Ditto. On the same Subject 205
*4. Ditto to Ditto. On Mr. Gray's Death..... 206
*5. Ditto to Ditto. On the same Subject..... 207
*6. Mr. Mason to Dr. Wharton. Gives an Account of what he is doing in the office of his Executorship..... 208

Letter Page
*7. Mr. Walpole to Mr. Cole. On hearing the News of Mr. Gray's Death, with an Extract of Mr. Cole's Answer.... 210
*8. Mr. Walpole's Answer to Mr. Cole. Mentions a Portrait which he possesses of Mr. Gray 214
*9. Letter from the Hon. H. Walpole to the Rev. Mr. Mason. 216
*10. Extract of a Letter from Mr. Walpole to Mr. Cole. On Mr. Mason's Life of Gray..... 218
*11. Extract of Mr. Cole's Answer 221
*12. Extract of Mr. Walpole's Answer..... 222

Criticisms on Architecture and Painting during a Tour in Italy
1. Palace Spada 225
2. Palace Borghese 230
Drawings 236
3. Palace Sacchetti..... 238
4. Church of S. Maria Della S. S. Concezione de' Cappucini 241
5. Palazzo Colonna 243
6. Palace of the Pope at Montecavallo..... 248
7. Palace Picchini 254
8. At a Sculptor's not far distant..... 255
9. St. Gregorio and Andrea in Monte Celio..... 255
10. Church of S. Sebastiano alle Catacombe..... 257
11. Church of St. Francesco a ripa grande, Frati Zoccolanti 261
12. Church of St. Maria Trastevere. Benedettini 262
13. Church of St. Cecilia Trastevere. Benedettine..... 262
14. Church of St. Andrea della valle. Teatini..... 264
15. Church of St. Crisogono. R. Trastevere..... 268
16. Church of St. Ambrogio, e Carlo, nel corso, de' Milanesi 269
17. Church of St. Maria alla Minerva. Domenicani.... 269
18. St. Maria and Gregorio in Vallicella, detta chiesa nuova. Padri dell' Oratorio..... 270
19. Palazzo Barberini alle 4 Fontane 272
20. Palazzo Corsini. R. Trastevere 282
Palazzo Bolognetti..... 285
Palazzo Santibuoni..... 286
Palazzo del Cardinal Giudice..... 287
Palazzo Chigi 288
Palazzo Pamfilii..... 290
The Capitol 298

Additional Notes 307
Gray's Criticism on Beattie's Minstrel..... 30

GRAY'S LETTERS.

SECTION THE FOURTH.

CXVI.

MR. GRAY'S REMARKS ON THE LETTERS PREFIXED TO MASON'S ELFRIDA.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,—very bad!—*I am* YOURS,—equally bad! it is impossible to conciliate these passages to Nature and Aristotle.

'*Allowed to modern caprice.*'—It is *not* caprice, but good sense that has made these alterations in the modern Drama. A greater liberty in the choice of the fable, and the conduct of it, was the necessary consequence of retrenching the chorus. Love, and tenderness delight in privacy. The soft effusions of the soul, Mr. Mason, will not bear the presence of a gaping, singing, dancing, moralizing, uninteresting crowd. And not love alone, but every passion is checked and cooled by this fiddling crew. How could Macbeth and his wife have laid the design for Duncan's murder? What could they have said to each other in the Hall at midnight, not only if a chorus, but if a single mouse had been stirring there? Could Hamlet have met the Ghost, or taken

his mother to task in *their* company? If Othello had said a harsh word to his wife before *them*, would they not have danced to the window, and called the watch?

The ancients were perpetually confined and hampered by the necessity of using the chorus: and if they have done wonders notwithstanding this clog, sure I am they would have performed still greater wonders without it. For the same reason we may be allowed to admit of more intrigue in our drama, to bring about a great action; it is often an essential requisite: and it is not fair to argue against this liberty, from that misuse of it, which is common to us, and was formerly so with the French, namely, the giving into a silly intricacy of plot, in imitation of the Spanish Dramas. We have also since Charles the Second's time, imitated the French (though but awkwardly) in framing scenes of mere insipid gallantry. But these were the faults of the writers, and not of the art, which enables us with the help of a little contrivance, to have as much love as we please, without playing the petits maîtres, or building labyrinths.

I forgot to mention that Comedy contrived to be an odd sort of Farce, very like those of the Italian theatre, till the chorus was dismissed. When Nature and Menander brought it into that beautiful form which we find in Terence. Tragedy was not so happy till modern times.

II.

I DO not admit that the excellencies of the French writers are measured by the verisimilitude, or the regularities of their Dramas *only*. Nothing in them, or in our own, even Shakespeare himself, ever touches us, unless rendered *verisimile*, which by good management may be accomplished even in such absurd stories as the Tempest, the Witches in Macbeth, or the Fairies in the Midsummer Night's Dream : and I know not of any writer that has pleased chiefly in proportion to his *regularity*. Other beauties may indeed be heightened and set off by its means, but of itself it hardly pleases at all. Venice Preserved, or Jane Shore, are not so regular as the Orphan, or Tamerlane, or Lady Jane Grey.

III.

Modern Melpomene.—Here are we got into our tantarums ! It is certain that pure poetry may be introduced without any chorus. I refer you to a thousand passages of *mere* description in the Iambic parts of Greek tragedies, and to ten thousand in Shakespeare, who is moreover particularly admirable in his introduction of pure poetry, so as to join it with pure passion, and yet keep close to nature. This *He* could accomplish with passions the most violent, and transporting, and this any good writer may do with passions less impetuous, for it is nonsense to imagine that Tragedy must

throughout be agitated with the furious passions, or attached by the tender ones. The greater part of it must often be spent in a preparation of these passions, in a gradual working them up to their height, and must thus pass through a great many cooler scenes, and a variety of *nuances*, each of which will admit of a proper degree of poetry, and some the purest poetry. Nay, the boldest metaphors, and even description in its strongest colouring, are the natural expression of some passions, even in their greatest agitation. As to moral reflections, there is sufficient room for them in those cooler scenes that I have mentioned, and they make the greatest ornaments of such parts, that is to say, if they are well joined with the character. If not, they had better be left to the audience, than put into the mouths of a set of professed moralists, who keep a shop of sentences, and reflections, (I mean the chorus) whether they be sages, as you call them, or young girls that learnt them by heart, out of their samples and primers.

There is nothing ungracious or improper in Jane Shore's reflections on the fate of women, but just the contrary, only that they are in rhyme, and in like manner it is far from a beautiful variety when the chorus makes a transition in the —— from plain Iambics, to high flown lyric thoughts, expressions and numbers, and when their vagaries are over, relapse again into common sense and conversation. A confidante in skilful hands, might be

a character, and have both sense and dignity. That in Maffie's Merope has as much as any chorus.

The Greeks might sing better than the French, but I'll be burnt if they *danced* with more grace, expression, or even pathos, yet who ever thought of shedding tears at a French Opera ?

IV.

If modern music cannot, as you say, express poetry, it is not a perfection, but a deterioration; you might as well say that the *perfectionment* of poetry would be the rendering it incapable of expressing the passions.

V. EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE SAME, DEC. 1757.

I have had nine pages of criticism *on the Bard*, sent me in an anonymous letter, directed to the *Revd.* Mr. Gray, Strawberry Hill, and if I have a mind to hear as much more on the other ode, I am told where to direct. He seems to be a good sensible man, and I dare say a Clergyman, very frank, and indeed much ruder than he seems to be.

Stonehewer has done me the honor to send me here your friend Lord N——, with a fine recommendatory letter, written by his own desire in Newmarket week. But don't think he was going to Newmarket. No ! he came (in a solitaire, great sleeves, Jessamine powder, and a large bouquet of Jonquils) within twelve miles of Newmarket, on

purpose not to go thither. We had three days intercourse, talked about the Beaux Arts, and Rome, and Hanover, and Mason, à qui mieux mieux, vowed eternal friendship, embraced, and parted. Adieu! my best Mason. I am pleased to think how much I am obliged to you, and that while I live I must be ever your affectionate, T. G.

CXVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. BROWN.*

February 17, 1763.

You will make my best acknowledgments to Mr. Howe; who, not content to rank me in the number of his friends, is so polite as to make excuses for having done me that honour.

I *was not born so far from the sun*, as to be ignorant of Count Algarotti's name and reputation; nor am I so far advanced in years, or in philosophy, as not to feel the warmth of his approbation. The Odes in question, as their motto shews, were meant to be *vocal to the intelligent alone.* How few *they* were in my own country, Mr. Howe can testify; and yet my ambition was terminated by that small circle. I have good reason to be proud, if my voice has reached the ear and apprehension of a stranger, distinguished as one of the best judges in Europe.

* Now Master of Pembroke-Hall.—*Mason.*

I am equally pleased with the just applause he bestows on Mr. Mason; and particularly on his Caractacus, which is the work of a Man: whereas Elfrida is only that of a boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius: yet this is the popular performance, and the other little known in comparison.

Neither Count Algarotti nor Mr. Howe (I believe) have heard of Ossian, the Son of Fingal. If Mr. Howe were not upon the wing, and on his way homewards, I would send it to him in Italy. He would there see that Imagination dwelt many hundred years ago, in all her pomp, on the cold and barren mountains of Scotland. The truth (I believe) is, that without any respect of climates, she reigns in all nascent societies of men, where the necessities of life, force every one to think and act much for himself.* Adieu!

* One is led to think from this paragraph that the scepticism, which Mr. Gray had expressed before, concerning these works of Ossian, was now entirely removed. I know no way of accounting for this (as he had certainly received no stronger evidence of their authenticity) but from the turn of his studies at the time. He had of late much busied himself in antiquities, and consequently had imbibed too much of the spirit of a profest antiquarian; now we know, from a thousand instances, that no set of men are more willingly duped than these, especially by any thing that comes to them under the fascinating form of a new discovery.—*Mason.*

CXVIII. COUNT ALGAROTTI TO MR. GRAY.

Pisa, 24 Aprile, 1763.

Sono stato lungo tempo in dubbio se un dilettante quale io sono, dovea mandare alcune sue coserelle a un Professore quale è V. S. Illus^mo^, a un arbitro di ogni poetica eleganza. Nè ci volea meno che l'autorità del valorissimo Sig^r^. How per persuadermi a ciò fare. V. S. Ill^mo^ accolga queste mie coserelle con quella medesima bontà con cui ha voluto accogliere quella lettera che dice pur poco delle tante cose, che fanno sentire alle anime armoniche di ammirabili suoi versi. Io saro per quanto io porrô, *Præco laudum tuarum*, e quella mia lettera si stamperà in un nuovo Giornale, che si fa in Venezia, intitolato *la Minerva*, perche sappia la Italia che la Inghilterra, ricca di un * Omero, di uno † Archimede, di un ‡ Demostene, non manca del suo Pindaro. Al Sig^r^. How le non saprei dire quanti obblighi io abbia, ma si maggiore è certamente quello di avermi presentato alla sua Musa, e di avermi procurato la occasione di poterla assicurare della perfetta ed altissima stima, con cui io ho l'honore de sottescrivermi, De V. S. Illus^mo^ Devotis. &c. ALGAROTTI.

* Milton. † Newton. ‡ Mr. Pitt.

CXIX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

You may well wonder at my long taciturnity: I wonder too, and know not what cause to assign, for it is certain I think of you daily. I believe it is owing to the nothingness of my history, for except six weeks that I passed in town, towards the end of Spring, and a little jaunt to Epsom and Box-hill, I have been here time out of mind, in a place where no events grow, though we preserve those of former days by way of *Hortus Siccus* in our libraries. My slumbers were disturbed the other day by an unexpected visit from Mr. Walpole, who dined with me; seemed mighty happy for the time he stayed, and said he could like to live here; but hurried home in the evening to his new gallery, which is all gothicism and gold, and crimson, and looking-glass. He has purchased, at an auction * in Suffolk, ebony chairs and old moveables, enough to load a waggon.

Mason and I have received letters from Count Algarotti, Chambellan de sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse, with observations (that is panegyrics) on our Tragedies and our Odes, and a present of cer-

* See Mr. Walpole's Letter on the subject to G. Montagu. Works, vol. v. p. 324.--*Ed.*

tain Italian Dissertations, which he has lately published, on the state of Painting and Music: one of them is dedicated to Mr. Pitt, whom he styles —*Uomo immortale e Restitutore d'Inghilterra Amico del gran Frederico.*

I was in town when Mr. Middleton died, and immediately got all the information I could (first from Stonehewer, and then from your brother) of the dispositions he had made. I suppose they are as good as you expected, and though the prospect is but small, that you should enjoy the benefit of them in your own person, yet that is not impossible; and your son (I think) stands a very good chance, which cannot chuse, but open an agreeable prospect to you, in which I take a part, and congratulate you both upon it. I doubt you have not read Rousseau's* *Emile:* every body that has children should read it more than once, for though it abounds with his usual glorious absurdity, though his general scheme of education be an impracticable chimera; yet there are a thousand lights struck

* That I may put together the rest of Mr. Gray's sentiments concerning this singular writer, I insert here an extract from a Letter of a later date, written to myself. "I have not read the Philosophic Dictionary. I can now stay with great patience for any thing that comes from Voltaire. They tell me it is frippery, and blasphemy, and wit. I could have forgiven myself if I had not read Rousseau's Lettres de la Montagne. Always excepting the Contract social, it is the dullest performance he ever published. It is a weak attempt to separate the miracles from the morality

out, a thousand important truths better expressed than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest man; particularly, I think, he has observed children with more attention, and knows their meaning and the working of their little passions better than any other writer. As to his religious discussions, which have alarmed the world, and engaged their thoughts more than any other part of his book; I set them all at nought, and wish they had been omitted. Mrs. Jonathan told me you begun your evening prayer as soon as I was gone, and that it had a great effect upon the congregation: I hope you have not grown weary of it, nor lay it aside when company comes. Poor Mrs. Bonfoy (who taught me to pray) is dead; she struggled near a week against the Iliac Passion (I fear) in great torture, with all her senses about her, and with much resolution took leave of her physician some days before she expired, and would suffer no one to see her afterwards but common servants.

of the gospel. The latter (he would have you think) he believes was sent from God; and the former he very explicitly takes for an imposture: this is in order to prove the cruelty and injustice of the State of Geneva in burning his Emile. The latter part of his book is to shew the abuses that have crept into the constitution of his country, which point, if you are concerned about it, he makes out very well; and his intention in this is plainly to raise a tumult in the city, and to be revenged on the *Petit Conseil*, who condemned his writings to the flames."—*Mason*.

You describe Winston *con tanto amore*, that I take it amiss I was not suffered to see it, and want to be buried there too. But enough of death! I have forgot to tell you that Dr. Long* has had an audience of the King and Queen, an hour long, at Buckingham House. His errand was to present them with a Lyricord (such a one!) of his own making, and a glass sphere: he had long been soliciting this honour, which lord Bute at last procured him, and he is very happy. The King told him he bid fair for a century of life at least; asked him whether he preached; why he did not write verses in the Cambridge collection; and what not! The Q. spoke French to him, and asked how he liked Handel. And I ask you how you like the present times? whether you had not rather be a printer's devil than a secretary of state? You are to expect (I hear) a new ministry, composed of the Earl of Shelburne, Mr. Rigby, Duke and Dutchess of Bedford, Earl Gower, &c. which doubtless will give universal satisfaction. The great Lord Holland, who is at Paris, being lately asked by a young man, who was returning home, whether he had any commands in England, made no reply, but by

* Dr. Robert Plumptree, the president of Queen's, was a dull man of little erudition, who pronounced the latter oration full of false quantities, which caused the following line, when speaking of Dr. Roger Long, to be on every one's lips, "Rogĕrus immēmor Röbĕrtum denōtat hebētem. Vide Sir Eg. Brydges' Autob. vol. i. p. 60.

shrugging up his shoulders, and fetching a deep sigh.

I kept an exact account of heat and cold here in the Spring; the sum and substance of which is, that (at nine in the morning) on the 18th of January, the therm. was at 31; and the small birds were so tame you might take them up with your hand: this was the greatest cold. On the 15th of April it was at 58, and the same afternoon at 65, which was the greatest heat from Jan. to May 1st.

Feb. 3. Snowdrops flowered.
12. Crocus and hepatica fl. the snow then lying, and therm. at 45.
18. Chaffinch sings. Bees appear.
21. White butterfly abroad.
25. Gnats fly, and large flies. Mezereon fl.
27. Honeysuckle and gooseberry unfold their leaves.

March 1. Violet flowers (in the garden). Rose opens its leaf.
3. Daffodil and single hyacinth fl. Spider spins.
5. Thrush singing.
6. Elder in leaf. Currant and weeping willow in leaf.
8. Apricot blows. Skylark singing.
11. Wind very high at S. E. which continued with hard frost.
16. Frost gone.
18. Apricot in full bloom.
19. Almond flowers. Lilac, barberry, and guelder-rose in leaf.

April 2. Standard apricot, and wall-pears flower. Quince, apple, and sweet-briar, in leaf. Currant flowers. Dutch elm opens its leaf.
4. Plumb in leaf.

April 5. Crown imperial fl.
6. Plumb flowers; hawthorn, horse-chesnut, mountain-ash in leaf.
9. Lime-tree in leaf; jonquil and single anemone flower. Lady-birds seen.
11. Cowslip flowers, and auriculas. Swallows appear. Young rooks caw in the nest.
14. Red-start appears. Cherries in full bloom.
15. Frontignac vine in leaf; double wall-flower blows.
16. Nightingale sings. Apple blossoms.
19. Chaffinch and red-start sit on their eggs.
20. Elm, willow, and ash in flower (with the black-thorn), hawthorn in full leaf.
21. Sycamore quite green. Oak puts out.

Pray present my respects to Mrs. and Miss Wharton. I am ever sincerely yours.

Pembroke, August 5th, 1763.

We have nothing but rain and thunder of late.

CXX. MR. GRAY TO COUNT ALGAROTTI.

SIR, Cambridge, Sep. 9th, 1763.

I RECEIVED some time since the unexpected honour of a Letter from you,* and the promise of a pleasure, which, till of late I had not the opportunity of en-

* Mr. Taylor How was the channel of intercourse, between Mr. Gray, Mr. Mason, and Count Algarotti; with the latter he was particularly intimate, and it seems only to have been from the disapprobation expressed by Mr. Gray,

joying. Forgive me if I make my acknowledgments in my native tongue, as I see it is perfectly familiar to you, and I (though not unacquainted with the writings of Italy) should from disuse speak its language with an ill grace, and with still more constraint to one, who possesses it in all its strength and purity.

I see with great satisfaction your efforts to reunite the congenial arts of poetry, music and the dance, which with the assistance of painting and architecture, regulated by taste, and supported by magnificence and power, might form the noblest scene, and bestow the sublimest pleasure, that the imagination can conceive. But who shall realize these delightful visions? There is, I own, one Prince

that he was induced to lay aside his favourite intention of republishing the Count's works in England. By the kindness and liberality of the same gentleman, who has furnished him with the Originals of Mr. Gray's Letters to Mr. How and Count Algarotti, the Editor is enabled in this note to lay before the reader the great Lord Chatham's opinion of the Count, as expressed in two letters; the first of which is addressed to Mr. Hollis, (afterwards Mr. Hollis Brand) dated Hayes, Dec. 27, 1762.—"With regard to the great honour destined to him from Pisa Mr. Pitt blushes while he reads and while he answers; and standing as an example of human vanity, accepts with pride what he too well knows he has not the least title to receive."

Little did he dream that his name was to live to posterity before Count Algarotti, by joining it with his own, forbid it to die, "till Literature shall be no more, thus giving him to be indeed immortal."—"Mr. Pitt desires the favour of Mr. Hollis to convey to Count Algarotti, as soon as may

in Europe, that wants neither the will, the spirit, nor the ability: but can he call up Milton * from his grave? can he re-animate Marcello, or bid the Barbeuna, or the Sallé move again? can he (as much a king as he is) govern an Italian *Virtuosa*, destroy her caprice and impertinence, without hurting her talents, or command those unmeaning graces and tricks of voice to be silent, that have gained the adoration of her own country.

One cause, that so long has hindered, and (I fear) will hinder that happy union, which you propose, seems to be this: that poetry (which, as you allow, must lead the way, and direct the operation of the subordinate arts) implies at least a liberal education, a degree of literature, and various know-

be, these sentiments of respect and gratitude, at the same time offering to Mr. How his best acknowledgements, with the assurances of great esteem and consideration."

Lord Chatham in a Letter to Mr. How, dated Hayes, July 4th, 1764, on the death of Count Algarotti, mentions him in these terms: "The honour of your obliging Letter from Spa, brought me the melancholy news of Count Algarotti's death, together with the information of the last very affecting testimony of esteem which that gentleman has left behind him in favour of one, who only knew him in his works, and in his fame; and who must for ever resign the pleasing hope he had formed of a personal acquaintance and friendship with a person, who does equal honour to Letters by the elegance of his compositions, and to human nature by the integrity, candour, and generosity of his character." —A collection of Letters between Gray and Algarotti is said to be in existence.—*Ed.*

* See T. Warton's Milton, (2nd ed. p. 587).

ledge, whereas the others (with a few exceptions) are in the hands of slaves and mercenaries, I mean of people without education, who, though neither destitute of genius, nor insensible to fame, must yet make gain their principal end, and subject themselves to the prevailing taste of those, whose fortune only distinguishes them from the multitude.

I cannot help telling you, that eight or ten years ago, I was a witness to the power of your comic music.—There was a little troop of Buffi, that exhibited a Burletta in London, not in the Opera House, where the audience is chiefly of the better sort, but on one of the common Theatres full of all kinds of people, and (I believe) the fuller from that natural aversion we bear to foreigners; their looks and their noise made it evident, they did not come thither to hear; and on similar occasions I have known candles lighted, broken bottles, and pen knives flung on the stage, the benches torn up, the scenes hurried into the street and set on fire. The curtain drew up, the music was of Cocchi, with a few airs of Pergolesi interspersed. The singers were (as usual) deplorable, but there was one girl (she called herself the Niccolina) with little voice and less beauty; but with the utmost justness of ear, the strongest expression of countenance, the most speaking eyes, the greatest vivacity and variety of gesture. Her first appearance instantly fixed their attention; the tumult sunk

at once, or if any murmur rose, it was hushed by a general cry for silence. Her first air ravished every body; they forgot their prejudices, they forgot that they did not understand a word of the language; they entered into all the humour of the part; made her repeat all her songs, and continued their transports, their laughter, and applause to the end of the piece. Within these three last years the Paganini and Amici have met with almost the same applause once a week from a politer audience on the Opera stage. The truth is, the Opera itself, though supported here at a great expence for so many years, has rather maintained itself by the admiration bestowed on a few particular voices, on the borrowed taste of a few men of condition, that have learned in Italy how to admire, than by any genuine love we bear to the best Italian music: nor have we yet got any style of our own, and this I attribute in great measure to the language, which in spite of its energy, plenty, and the crowd of excellent writers this nation has produced, does yet (I am sorry to say it) retain too much of its barbarous original to adapt itself to musical composition. I by no means wish to have been born any thing but an Englishman; yet I should rejoice to exchange tongues with Italy. Why this nation has made no advances hitherto in painting and sculpture it is hard to say. The fact is undeniable, and we have the vanity to apologize for ourselves, as Virgil did for the Romans, *Excudent alii, &c.* It

is sure that architecture had introduced itself in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I. and Inigo Jones has left us some few monuments of his skill, that shew him capable of greater things. Charles had not only a love for the beautiful arts, but some taste in them. The confusion that soon followed, swept away his magnificent collection; the artists were dispersed, or ruined, and the arts disregarded till very lately. The young monarch now on the throne is said to esteem and understand them. I wish he may have the leisure to cultivate and the skill to encourage them with due regard to merit; otherwise it is better to neglect them. You, Sir, have pointed out the true sources, and the best examples to your countrymen; they have nothing to do, but to be what they once were: and yet perhaps it is more difficult to restore good taste to a nation, that has degenerated, than to introduce it in one, where as yet it has never flourished. You are generous enough to wish, and sanguine enough to foresee, that it shall one day flourish in England. I too must wish, but can hardly extend my hopes so far. It is well for us that you do not see our public exhibitions.—But our artists are yet in their infancy, and therefore I will not absolutely despair.

I owe to Mr. How the honour I have of conversing with Count Algarotti, and it seems as if I meant to indulge myself in the opportunity: but I have done. Sir, I will only add, that I am proud of your approbation, having no relish for any other

fame than what is conferred by the few real judges, that are so thinly scattered over the face of the earth. I am, Sir, with great respect, your most obliged humble Servant, T. GRAY.

A. S. E. Il Conte Fransisco Algarotti,
Ciambellan di S. M. il Ré di Prussia, &c. &c.
Italia, Bolognia.

CXXI. MR. GRAY TO MR. HOW.

Cambridge, Sept. 10, 1763.

I OUGHT long since to have made you my acknowledgments for the obliging testimonies of your esteem that you have conferred upon me; but Count Algarotti's books* did not come to my hands till the end of July, and since that time I have been prevented by illness from doing any of my duties. I have read them more than once, with increasing satisfaction; and should wish mankind had eyes to descry the genuine sources of their own pleasures, and judgment to know the extent that nature has prescribed to them. If this were the case, it would be their interest to appoint Count Algarotti

* Three small treatises on Painting, the Opera, and the French Academy for Painters in Italy; they have been since collected in the Leghorn edition of his works.
Mason.

their "Arbiter Elegantiarum." He is highly civil to our nation; but there is one point in which he does not do us justice; I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure, I mean our skill in gardening, *or rather** laying out grounds; *and this is no small honour to us, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it.*† That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection, seems very probable from the Jesuits' Letters, and more from Chambers's little discourse, published some years ago;‡ but it is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had any thing but nature for our model. It is not forty years since the art

* And—MS.

† This is *not* in the Original in this place.—*Ed.*

L'Ippolito Pindemonte has published, Dissertazione su i giardini Inglesi e sul merito in cio dell' Italia. See his Prose e Poesie, Campestri, p. 219—259, in which he mentions only *three* gardens in Italy in the English style. 1. The one at the Caserta, near Naples. 2. Another laid out by the Senator Lomellini, who was—Applaudito Ministro a Parigi della sua Republica. The English garden at the Caserta is small, and irrigated, to preserve the verdure of the turf. The gravel of the walks was brought from Kensington: the gardener was a German, from an English garden, who was assassinated by the peasantry.—*Ed.*

‡ The author has since enlarged, and published it under the title of a Dissertation on Oriental Gardening; in which he has put it out of all doubt, that the Chinese and English tastes are totally dissimilar.—*Mason.*

was born among us ;* and it is sure that there was nothing in Europe like it; and as sure, we then had no information on this head from China at all.†

I shall rejoice to see you in England, and talk over these and many other matters with you at leisure. Do not despair of your health, because you have not found all the effects you had promised yourself from a finer climate. I have known people who have experienced the same thing, and yet, at their return, have lost all their complaints as by miracle.

P.S. I have answered C. Algarotti, whose letter I conveyed to Mr. Mason, but whether he has received his books I have not yet heard. Mr. Brown charges me with his best compliments.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. HOW TO MR. GRAY.

Brussels, Nov. 8, 1763.

As in the letter with which you honoured me of late, you expressed a solicitude about the imputa-

* See Mr. Walpole's history of this art at the end of the last volume of his Anecdotes of Painters, when he favours the world with its publication.—*Mason.*

† I question whether this be not saying too much. Sir William Temple's account of the Chinese gardens was published some years before this period; and it is probable that might have promoted our endeavours, not indeed of imitating them, but of imitating (what he said was their archetype) Nature.—*Mason.*

tion, laid upon us by Count Algarotti, of a borrowed taste in our method of laying out grounds, this, I think, may well warrant, and perhaps even demand of me the communication of a passage in his last letter relative to that point.

" Mi spiace solamente che quella critica concernente i Giardini Inglesi non la abbia fatta á me medesimo ; quasi egli dovesse credermi piu amico della mia opinione che della veritá Ecco, come ho cangiato qual luogo. Dopo le parole *nel tesser la favola di un poema.* ' Simili ai Giardini della Cina sono quelli che piantano gl'Inglesi dietro al medesimo modello della Natura.' Quanto ella ha di vago é di vario, boschetti, collinette, acque vive, praterie con dei tempietti, degli obelischi, ed anche di belle rovine che spuntano quá e lá, si trova quivi reunito dal gusto dei Kent, e dei Chambers,* che hanno di tanto sorpassato il le Nautre, tenuto giá il maestro dell' Architettura, diro cosi, dé Giardini. Dalle Ville d'Inghilterra é sbandita la simmetria Francese, i più bei siti pajono naturali, il culto é misto col neglecto, é li disordine che vi regna é l'effetto dell' arte la meglio ordinata."

May I take the liberty of remarking here, Sir, that every Author of a reputation so established will not *quite so easily*, so readily, and so explicitly give up his own opinion in deference to that

* As he had written on the subject, this mistake was natural enough in Count Algarotti.—*Mason.*

of another, or even to conviction itself! Nor perhaps would *he* so soon have kissed the rod from any vulgar hand; but he is thoroughly informed to *whose* correction he submits.

CXXII. MR. GRAY TO THE REV. WILLIAM ROBINSON.*

Pembroke Hall, October 10, 1763.

DEAR (REVEREND) BILLY,

HAVING been upon the ramble, I have neglected all my duties, in hopes of finding pleasures in their room; which, after all (as you know well), one never finds. My conscience reproaches me with your obliging letter, and would (I really think) carry me into Somersetshire, did not poverty and winter stare me in the face, and bid me sit still. I well remember Dr. Ross's kind invitation, and in better days still hope to accept it. Doubt not but my inclinations will be quickened by the hopes I entertain of seeing you in so many new lights; the travelled Mr. Robinson, with a thousand important airs and graces, so much *virtù*, so much

* For an account of the Rev. W. Robinson, who was the younger brother of Lord Rokeby and the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, see the autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. ii. p. 9. It appears that Gray was at Mr. Robinson's in June, 1766, ib. vol. i. p. 112.

sçavoir-vivre ! the husband, the father, the rich clergyman, warm, snug, and contented as a bishop. My mouth waters; but sure—the family will be in town this winter, and I shall see you there in November. Is this the fine autumn you promised me? Oh! I hear you (not curse, you must not, but) . . . . this untoward climate. I doubt not but you write to Mason, though he does not tell me so. There is he, repining at his four-and-twenty weeks residence at York, unable to visit his bowers, the work of his own hands, at Aston, except in the depth of winter; and longing for the flesh-pots and coffee-houses of Cambridge. There is nobody contented but you and I—oh yes, and Dr. Ross, who (I shrewdly suspect) is the happiest of the three. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me sincerely your friend and humble servant,

T. Gray.

Present my compliments to Mrs. Robinson. Some time or other I hope to have the honour of being better known to her. Mr. Brown is well, and much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of him.

CXXIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. HOW.

London, November, 1763.

I AM ashamed of my* own indolence in not answering your former letter: a second, which I have since received, adds to my shame, and quickens my motions. I can see no manner of objection to your design of publishing C. A.'s† works complete in your own country. It will be an evidence of your regard for him, that cannot but be very acceptable to him. The Glasgow-press, or that of Baskerville, have given specimens of their art, equal (at least) in beauty to any thing that Europe can produce. The expence you will not much regard on such an occasion, and (if you suffer them to be sold) that would be greatly diminished, and most probably reimbursed. As to notes (and I think some will be necessary) I easily believe you will not overload the text with them, and besides every thing of that kind will be concerted between you. If you propose any vignettes or other matters of ornament, it would be well they were designed in Italy, and the gravings executed either there or in France, for in this country they are

* The following Letter, with the exception of two or three short sentences, does not appear in Mason's edition of Gray. It is addressed to Mr. How, at Brussels.—*Ed.*

† Count Algarotti.

woeful and beyond measure dear. The revising of the press must be your own labour, as tedious as it is inglorious; but to this you must submit. As we improve in our types, we grow daily more negligent in point of correctness, and this even in our own tongue. What will it be in the Italian?

I did not mean you should have told C. A. my objection, at least not as from me, who have no pretence to take such a liberty with him; but I am glad he has altered the passage. He cannot wonder, if I wish to save to our nation the only honour it has in matters of taste, and no small one, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it, when they see it. Mr. Mason has received the books in question from an unknown hand, which I take to be Mr. Hollis, from whom I too have received a beautiful set of Engravings, as a present; I know not why, unless as a friend of yours. I saw and read the beginning of this year, the *Congresso di Citéra*, and was excessively pleased in spite of prejudice, for I am naturally no friend to allegory, nor to poetical prose. Entre nous, what gives me the least pleasure of any of his writings, that I have seen, is the *Newtoniasm*. It is so direct an imitation of Fontenelle, a writer not easy to imitate, and least of all in the Italian tongue, whose character and graces are of a higher style, and never adapt themselves easily to the elegant *badinage* and *légèreté* of conversation, that sets

so well on the French. But this is a secret between us.

I am glad to hear he thinks of revisiting England; though I am a little ashamed of my country at this present.* Our late acquired glory does not set becomingly upon us; and even the Author of it, that *Resitutor d'Inghilterra*, is doing God knows what! If he should design to follow the track of vulgar Ministers, and regain his power by ways injurious to his fame, whom can we trust hereafter! M. de Nivernois on his return to France says (I hear) of England, "Quel Roy, quel Peuple, quelle Societé! And so say I. Adieu, Sir, I am your most humble servant, T. G.

CXXIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, February 21, 1764.

If the ill-news be true, which your last letter to Mr. Brown makes very probable, I am heartily sorry for the loss you have had of poor Mr. R. Wharton, as I am sure you cannot but feel it very sensibly in many respects.

I have indeed been very remiss in writing to you,

* This refers to another extract from Count Algarotti's Letter, given by Mr. How in his Letter to Mr. Gray, dated Brussels, Nov. 8, 1763, in which the Count mentions the probability of his visiting England.—*Ed.*

nor can allege any other excuse for it but the lowness of spirits, which takes from me the power of doing every thing I ought; this is not altogether without cause, for ever since I went last to town, in the beginning of November, I have suffered a good deal from a complaint, which I often mentioned to you, and which is now almost constant. I have left off wine, eat less than common, have made use of the common applications in such cases, and am now taking soap; yet find no essential amendment in myself, so that I have but an uncomfortable prospect before me, even if things re main as they are, but I own what I apprehend is still worse.

Mason has passed three weeks here with me in his way to town.* The general report was, that he was going to be married out of hand; but I find it was only a faint sort of tendency that way, that may, or may not come to something of maturity, just as the season of the year shall incline him. The best I can tell you of her is, that she is no fine lady, and the worst, that her fortune is not large. Now you know it might have been a fine lady with no money at all. He still talks of visiting Old-Park before he is tied down to his summer residence.

This silly dirty place has had all its thoughts taken up with choosing a new high steward, and

* See Wool's Memoirs of J. Warton, p. 288.

had not Lord Hardwicke surprisingly and to the shame of the faculty, recovered by a quack medicine, I believe in my conscience the noble Earl of Sandwich had been chosen, though (let me do them the justice to say) not without a considerable opposition. His principal Agents are Dr. Brook of St. John's, Mr. Brocket, and Dr. Long, whose old tory notions, that had long lain by neglected and forgotten, are brought out again and furbished for present use, though rusty and out of joint, like his own spheres and orreries. * Their crests are much fallen, and countenances lengthened by the transactions of last week, for the ministry on Tuesday last (after sitting till near eight in the morning) carried a small point by a majority of only 40, and on another previous division by one of 10 only, and on Friday last (at five in the morning) there were 220 to 234, and by this the court only obtained to adjourn the debate for four months, and not to get any declaration in favour of their measures. If they hold their ground many weeks after this, I shall wonder; but the new reign has already produced many wonders. The other house, I hear, will soon take in hand a book lately published by some scoundrel lawyer on the Prerogative ;† in which is scraped together all the flattery and blasphemy of our old law books in honour of kings. I presume it is understood that the court will sup-

* See Walpole's Let. to Lord Hertford, xi. p. 64, 79.

† See Walpole's Letter to Lord Hertford, p. 61.

port the cause of this impudent scribbler. There is another impudent fellow of the same profession, but somewhat more conspicuous by his place (a friend of yours, with whom I supped at your house ten or eleven years ago) that has gained to himself the most general and universal detestation of any man perhaps in this age. I congratulate you on your acquaintance with him.

Mr. Brown is preparing your grafts, which are to be sent about a week hence, for that is the proper time; but as your parcels used to be carried to your brother's, we are afraid they may be neglected there in the present confusion. If you think so, you will direct him forthwith to whom he may address them. Pray tell me, when you are at leisure, all the transactions and improvements of Old-Park, that I may rectify and model my ideas accordingly. What has become of you in these inundations, that have drowned us all, and in this hot and unseasonable winter? present my respects to Mrs. Wharton, and my compliments to Miss. How do the little family do? I am ever sincerely yours.

CXXV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Cambridge, July 10, 1764.

I DO remember, and shall ever remember, as I ought, your extreme kindness in offering to be present, and to assist me in the *perilous hour*. When I received your letter I was pleased to find, I had done every thing almost that you advised. The fault lay in deferring matters too long. * *

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* Nine or ten strokes of the lancet, and the application of a caustic, with fomentations innumerable, I suffered manfully: indeed the pain in idea is much greater than in reality, and now I am glad I know it. It is certain, I am better at present, than I had been in at least a year before the operation. I should tell you, that for some days before I submitted to it, I had taken soap in large quantities, and for aught I know, the inflammation might be rather increased by it. Dr. Whytt (I remember) speaking of the use of lime-water and soap, says, that if the patient be subject to the piles, he must omit the latter. Towards the end of my confinement, during which (you may believe) I lived on nothing, came the gout in one foot, *but so*

*tame you might have stroked it ;** such a *minikin*, you might have played with it; in three or four days it disappeared.

It was true, as Stonehewer told you, that I had a great tendency towards Old-Park and Hart-lepool; but on prudent consideration I find I cannot well afford it, and must defer that pleasure to another summer. The minikin and I act upon the same principle: she cannot be a river, nor I a traveller, without money. If we had but a *head*, we should, both of us, make a figure in the world.

Mason does not seem very impatient, for he writes word, that he is busy in modelling antique vases in clay; and in reading a course of ecclesiastical history, when I expected *consummation*, and was praying heaven to give him a good and gentle governess; no man wants such a thing more, in all senses; but his greatest wants do not make him move a foot the faster, nor has he, properly

* George Montagu said of our last earthquake "that it was so tame you might have stroked it." Walpole's Letters, v. 491, and Let. to Lord Hertford, xxx. p. 173. I have mentioned several coincidences of thought and expression of this kind in the letters of Gray and Walpole, which I conceived to be a kind of common property; the reader indeed will recognize much of that species of humour which distinguishes Gray's correspondence in the letters of Walpole, inferior, I think, in its comic force; sometimes deviating too far from propriety in search of subjects for the display of its talent, and not altogether free from affectation.—*Ed.*

speaking, any thing one can call a passion about him, except a little malice and revenge.

Our election is in Westminster Hall; but it is not likely that any great matter can be done in it till Michaelmas Term next. In the mean time Lord Sandwich and his friends do what they can to keep up an interest and a bustle. Here is a poor scribbler that he hires to write a weekly paper called the *Scrutator*, who by abuse of characters does all in his power to provoke people; but cannot so much as get himself answered. I could not find any one in town that ever heard of it (though the subject is well known there), and if any body saw its name in the advertisements, I believe they only took it for a *scrutoire* to be sold. The Nation is in the same hands as the University, and really does not make so manful a resistance. Grumble indeed every one does, but since Wilkes's affair, they fall off their metal, and seem to shrink under the brazen hand of Norton* and his colleagues.

I hear there will be no parliament till after Christmas. If the French should be so unwise as to suffer the Spanish Court to go on in their present measures (for they refuse to pay the ransom of Manilla, and have driven away our logwood cutters already), down go their friends in the ministry, and all the schemes of right divine, and prerogative; and this is perhaps the best chance we have. Are you not struck with the great similarity there is

* Sir Fletcher Norton, Solicitor General. See Walpole's Letters to Ld. Hertford, pp. 7, 167.—*Ed.*

between the first years of Charles I. and the present times? who would have thought it possible five years ago?

The old rogue Lord Bath* is dead at last. I understood the contest for his spoils lay between your noble friend at Raby, and Mr. Colman, the comic poet, but whether they are fallen to either of them I have not heard as yet. Pray, what is the policy of that castle? the elder brother lives more than usual in the country, as if he were not in the best humour with his friends at court; and the younger has been at times an orator in the opposition. Have they been disobliged, or do they fear to disoblige their former friends who may come into play again?

Two more volumes of Buffon are come over: I mention them in case you choose to have them. I know of nothing else, except half a dozen new works of that inexhaustible, eternal, entertaining scribbler Voltaire, who at last (I fear) will go to heaven, for to him entirely it is owing, that the king of France and his council have received and set aside the decision of the parliament of Thoulouse in the affair of Calas:† the poor man, 'tis true, has

* See Lord Chesterfield's Letters, vol. iv. p. 242, 302, and Dr. King's Anecdotes, p. 42.—*Ed.*

† Madame Suard asked Voltaire, why he kept the melancholy picture of the Calas family, which hung at the foot of his bed, always before his eyes. He replied, that he had become identified with them, and their misfortunes, and that till he had redeemed all that was redeemable, then of their wrongs, he should never laugh without feeling self-reproach. *Ed.*

been broke on the wheel long ago; but his widow and wretched family may have some reparation, and his murtherers may smart a little for it. You see a scribbler may be of some use in the world.

If you see Stonehewer at his return from Buxton, be so good to tell him, that there will be only 200* copies of Lord Herbert's Life printed, half of which are for Lord Powis, and the rest will be given away only. If I happen to have two (which I do not expect) he shall have one of them.

Ah! poor James Lyon!—how do the family bear it? My best respects to the lady of Old-Park (the duchess I should say) and lady Mary, &c. I hope they are all well. Are Mr. and Mrs Jonathan with you? Do you say your prayers o'nights? Adieu! I am ever yours, T. G.

Mr. Brown, who is quite well, presents his humble service. He would wish to come to-morrow, only he thinks it impossible, and does not believe any body did ever really go so far.

CXXVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton; and as I would wish to treat every body, according to

* The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, for the first time printed at the Strawberry Hill Press, in small 4to. in 1764. 200 Copies. See Walpole's Works, ii. p. 515. *Ed.*

their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone-walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the

shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the temper from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things seen near it) though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge: but of these I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

P. S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the Sun's Levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently

in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen.* It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

* This puts me in mind of a similar description written by Dr. Jeremy Taylor, which I shall here beg leave to present to the reader, who will find by it that the old Divine had occasionally as much power of description as even our modern Poet. "As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness; gives light to the cock, and calls up the lark to mattins; and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns * * *; and still (while a man tells the story) the sun gets up higher till he shews a fair face and a full light."—J. Taylor's Holy Dying, p. 17.

Mason.

Ἀπειρων ὀντων τῳ πληθει των κατ' οὐρανον ἀστερων τοπαρ' ἀυτων συνερανιζομενον φως οὐκ ἐξαρκεῖ της νυκτος την κατηφειαν διαλῦσαι· μονος δε οὑτος ὑπερφανεις του ὁριζοντος, μαλλον δε ἐτι προσδοκωμενος, πριν και ὑπερσχειν ὁλως της γης, ἠφανισε μεν το Σκοτος, ὑπερηυγασε δε τους ἀστερας, και πεπηγοτα τεως και συμπεπιλωμενον τον περι γην αερα κατετηξε και διεχεεν.

St. Basil Hexaem. Hom. VI.—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

CXXVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Sunday, Dec. 30, 1764.

I HAVE received the Castle of Otranto,* and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here,† makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights. We take it for a translation, and should believe it to be a true story, if it were not for St. Nicholas.

When your pen was in your hand you might have been a little more communicative, for though disposed enough to believe the opposition rather consumptive, I am entirely ignorant of all the symptoms. Your canonical book I have been reading with great satisfaction. He speaketh as one having authority. If Englishmen have any feeling left, methinks they must feel now; and if the Ministry have any feeling (whom nobody will suspect of insensibility) they must cut off the author's ears, for it is in all the forms a most wicked libel. Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? or has some real lawyer furnished a good part of the materials, and another person employed them? This I guess; for there is an uncouthness of diction in the beginning which is not supported throughout, though it now and then occurs again,

* It was universally believed to be Mr. Gray's. See Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford, p. 198.—*Ed.*

† At Cambridge.

as if the writer* was weary of supporting the character he had assumed, when the subject had warmed him, beyond dissimulation.

Rousseau's Letters† I am reading heavily, heavily! He justifies himself, till he convinces me that he deserved to be burnt, at least that his book did. I am not got through him, and you never will. Voltaire I detest, and have not seen his book: I shall in good time. You surprise me, when you talk of going in‡ February. Pray, does all the minority go too? I hope you have a reason. *Desperare de republica* is a deadly sin in politics.

Adieu! I will not take my leave of you; for (you perceive) this letter means to beg another, when you can spare a little.

CXXVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE.§

March, 1765.

My instructions, of which you are so desirous, are twofold: the first part relates to what is past,

* Mr. Gray may probably allude to a Pamphlet called "A Letter concerning Libels, Warrants, Seizure of Papers, and Security for the Peace or Behaviour, with a View to some late Proceedings, and the Defence of them by the Majority:"—supposed to have been written by William Greaves, esq. a Master in Chancery, under the inspection of the late Lord Camden.—*Ed. of Walpole's Works.*

† The Lettres de la Montagne.

‡ To Paris.

§ Mr. Gray's correspondent was now making the tour of France and Italy.—*Mason.*

and that will be rather diffuse: the second, to what is to come; and that we shall treat more succinctly, and with all due brevity.

First, when you come to Paris you will not fail to visit the cloister of the Chartreuse, where Le Sueur (in the history of St. Bruno) has almost equalled Raphael. Then your Gothic inclinations will naturally lead you to the Sainte Chapelle built by St. Louis: in the treasury is preserved one of the noblest gems of the Augustan age. When you take a trip into the country, there is a fine old chapel at Vincennes with admirable painted windows; and at Fontainbleau, the remains of Francis the First's magnificence might give you some pleasure. In your way to Lyons you will take notice of the view over the Saone, from about Tournus and Macon. Fail not to walk a few miles along the banks of the Rhone, down the river. I would certainly make a little journey to the Grande Chartreuse, up the mountains: at your return out of Italy this will have little effect. At Turin you will visit the Capuchins' convent just without the city, and the Superga at no great distance, for the sake of the views. At Genoa observe the Terreno of the Palace Brignoli, as a model of an apartment elegantly disposed in a hot climate. At Parma you will adore the great Madonna and St. Jerom, once at St. Antonio Abbate, but now (I am told) in the Ducal Palace. In the Madonna della Steccata observe the Moses break-

ing the tables, a chiaroscuro figure of the Parmeggiano at too great a height, and ill-lighted, but immense. At the Capuchins, the great Pietá of Annib. Carracci; in the Villa Ducale, the room painted by Carlo Cignani; and the last works of Agostino Caracci at Modena.* I know not what remains now, the flower of the collection is gone to Dresden. Bologna is too vast a subject for me

* When our Author was himself in Italy, he studied with much attention the different manners of the old masters. I find a paper written at the time in which he has set down several subjects proper for painting, which he had never seen executed, and has affixed the names of different masters to each piece, to show which of their pencils he thought would have been most proper to treat it. As I doubt not that this paper will be an acceptable present to the Reynoldses and Wests of the age, I shall here insert it.

An Altar Piece.—Guido.

The top, a Heaven; in the middle, at a distance, the Padre-Eterno indistinctly seen, and lost, as it were, in glory. On either hand, Angels of all degrees in attitudes of adoration and wonder. A little lower, and next the eye, supported on the wings of Seraphs, Christ (the principal figure) with an air of calm and serene majesty, his hand extended, as commanding the elements to their several places: near him an Angel of superior rank bearing the golden compasses (that Milton describes); beneath the Chaos, like a dark and turbulent ocean, only illumined by the Spirit, who is brooding over it.

A small Picture.—Correggio.

Eve newly created, admiring her own shadow in the lake. *The famous Venus of this master, now in the possession of*

to treat: the palaces and churches are open; you have nothing to do but to see them all. In coming down the Appennine you will see (if the sun

Sir William Hamilton, proves how judiciously Mr. Gray fixed upon his pencil for the execution of this charming subject. M.

Another.—Domenichino.

Medea in a pensive posture, with revenge and maternal affection striving in her visage; her two children at play, sporting with one another before her. On one side a bust of Jason, to which they bear some resemblance.

A Statue.—Michael Angelo.

Agave in the moment she returns to her senses; the head of her Son, fallen on the ground from her hand.

Vide Ovid. Met. lib. iii. l. 701, &c. M.

A Picture.—Salvator Rosa.

Æneas and the Sybil sacrificing to Pluto by torch light in the wood, the assistants in a fright. The Day beginning to break, so as dimly to show the mouth of the cavern.

Sigismonda with the heart of Guiscardo before her. I have seen a small print on this subject, where the expression is admirable, said to be graven from a picture of Correggio.

Afterwards, when he had seen the original in the possession of the late Sir Luke Schaub, he always expressed the highest admiration of it; though we see, by his here giving it to Salvator Rosa, he thought the subject too horrid to be treated by Correggio; and indeed I believe it is agreed that the capital picture in question is not of his hand. M.

Another.—Albano, or the Parmeggiano.

Iphigenia asleep by the fountain side, her maids about her; Cymon gazing and laughing.

This subject has been often treated; once indeed very curiously by Sir Peter Lely, in the way of portrait, when his sacred Majesty, Charles the Second, represented Cymon, and the

shines) all Tuscany before you. And so I have brought you to Florence, where to be sure there is nothing worth seeing. Secondly,

1. Vide, quodcunque videndum est.

Dutchess of Cleveland and Mrs. Eleanor Gwin (in as indecent attitudes as his royal taste could prescribe) were Iphigenia and her attendants.

Another.—Domenichino, or the Carracci.

Electra with the urn, in which she imagined were her Brother's ashes, lamenting over them; Orestes smothering his concern.

Another.—Correggio.

Ithuriel and Zephon entering the bower of Adam and Eve; they sleeping. The light to proceed from the Angels.

Another.—Nicholas Poussin.

Alcestis dying; her children weeping, and hanging upon her robe; the youngest of them, a little boy, crying too, but appearing rather to do so, because the others are afflicted, than from any sense of the reason of their sorrow: her right arm should be round this, her left extended towards the rest, as recommending them to her Lord's care; he fainting, and supported by the attendants.

Salvator Rosa.

Hannibal passing the Alps; the mountaineers rolling down rocks upon his army; elephants tumbling down the precipices.

Another.—Domenichino.

Arria giving Claudius's order to Pætus, and stabbing herself at the same time.

N. Poussin, or Le Seur.

Virginius murdering his daughter; Appius at a distance, starting up from his tribunal; the people amazed, but few of them seeing the action itself.

2. Quodcunque ego non vidi, id tu vide.

3. Quodcunque videris, scribe & describe; memoria ne fide.*

4. Scribendo nil admirare; & cum pictor non sis, verbis omnia depinge.

5. Tritam viatorum compitam calca, & cum poteris, desere.

6. Eme, quodcunque emendum est; I do not mean pictures, medals, gems, drawings, &c. only; but clothes, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, little moveables; every thing you may want all your life long: but have a care of the custom house.

Pray present my most respectful compliments to Mr. Weddell.† I conclude when the winter is over, and you have seen Rome and Naples, you will strike out of the beaten path of English travellers, and see a little of the country, throw yourselves into the bosom of the Appennine, survey the horrid lake of Amsanctus (look in Cluver's Italy), catch the breezes on the coast of Taranto and Salerno, expatiate to the very toe of the continent, perhaps strike over the Faro of Messina, and having measured the gigantic columns of Girgenti, and the tremendous caverns of Syracusa, refresh yourselves amidst the fragrant vale of Enna. Oh! che bel riposo! Addio.

* See Philo de Miraculis, p. 9.

† William Weddell, esq. of Newby, in Yorkshire.

Mason.

CXXIX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Camb. 29th April, 1765.

I HAVE lately heard, that you have been very ill, and that in the midst of your illness * * * * * was obliged to fly from her persecutor, and put herself under your protection. Pray inform me, as soon as you can, of the state of your health in the first place; and next, how you have been able to secure a poor frighted woman from the brutality of such a husband, which under our excellent constitution (I take it) is rather a more difficult thing, than it would be in Turkey. For me I passed the latter part of the last Autumn at Southampton all alone (for I went to no room, nor saw any company, as they call it) in a most beautiful country and very gentle climate. The air and the walks agreed with me wonderfully. The sea-water I scarce tried (as the winter approached) enough, to say whether it would suit me or not. Sometime after I returned hither, came the gout in both feet successively, very gentle as to pain, but it left a weakness and sense of lassitude behind it, that even yet is not wholly dissipated. I have a great propensity to Hartlepool this summer, it is in your neighbourhood, and that is to make up for climate and for trees. The sea, the turf, and the rocks, I remember, have merit enough of their own. Mr. Brown is so

invincibly attached to his duties of treasurer, and tutor, and I know not what, that I give up all hopes of bringing him with me: nor do I (till I have been at London) speak determinately as to myself: perhaps I may find good reasons (against my inclination) to change my mind.

Your Mother, the University, has succeeded in her great cause against the Secretary of State.* L^d. Hardwicke is declared duly elected by a majority of one voice. All the Judges of the King's-bench took occasion to declare their opinion in set speeches on the question; I suppose, in order to gain a little popularity, for whatever seems against Lord † Sandwich must be popular. L^d. Mansfield was express on two points, that the Universities were not subject to any Royal Visitations, but might always apply to and receive redress from his Majesty's Courts of Justice; and that they were bound by no statutes, but such as they themselves had thought fit to receive. These things are doubtless of far more consequence to them than the cause in question, for which I am the less concerned, because I do believe the two Pretenders had (privately) agreed the matter before-hand, for the House of Yorke have undoubtedly been long making up to the Court. I should tell you that Dr. Long's affidavit was only begun to be read, and laid aside

* See King's Anecdotes of his own Time, p. 101.

† See character of Ld. Sandwich, in Walpole's Memoirs, p. 163.—*Ed.*

as of no consequence. I suppose you know by this time, that our friend* the Bishop of Chester was the private Ambassador of L^d. Sandwich to this place, and made proposals in his name. He also was present on the side of that worthy nobleman at the remarkable interview with Mr. Charles Yorke. It is certain he refused the Archbishoprick of Armagh; but why, I cannot yet learn: some say, because they intended to quarter so many pensions upon it: others, because they would keep to themselves the disposal of all the preferments. But neither of these seem to be sufficient reasons. It is sure he wrote circular letters to his friends, to acquaint them of this refusal, and that he was snubbed for doing so. Whereas B^p. Newton, to whom it was first offered, made a great secret of it, as a good courtier should do. Now I am talking of Bishops, I must tell you that not long ago B^p. Warburton, in a sermon at Court, asserted that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate and worthless objects, and in speaking turned himself about and stared directly at the B^p. of London, he added, that if any one arose distinguished for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. I need not tell you that he expected the Bishoprick of London himself when Terrick got it: so ends my ecclesiastical history.

* Dr. Edmund Keene: I possess one or two sportive Epigrams, written by Mr. Gray, on this gentleman. See Walpole's Lett. to Mann, iii. p. 390.—*Ed.*

Our friend the Precentor, who has so long been in a *maritarient* way, is not yet married, and I doubt, it is all gone off. I dare not ask about it, but if I go northward, shall take him in my way, and see whether he will tell me. Present my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and Miss. I have no idea of the family at present, and expect to see a multitude of little new faces, that know not Joseph. Adieu! dear Sir, I am ever most sincerely yours, T. G.

I hear you are well again, but pray tell me how well.

CXXX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Thursday, 6th June, 1765, York.

HERE am I (thanks to Mr. Precentor's* hospitality) laid up with the gout: yet as to-day I begin to walk again about the house on two legs, I flatter myself I shall be able to see you next week at Old Park. As to mine host of the Minster, his eyes are very bad (in imitation of Horace) and he is besides tied down here to residence: yet he talks as if we might chance to see him in the bishoprick during the summer for a little while. His compli-

* See Wool's Memoirs of J. Warton, p. 308.

ments join themselves to mine, and beg you would present them to Mrs. Wharton, and the numerous family. Adieu! no Mr. Brown! he is immersed too deep in Quintilian and Livy.

CXXXI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I DEFERRED writing to you, till I had seen a little more of this country, than you yourself had seen, and now being just returned from an excursion, which I and the Major have been making into the Highlands, I sit down to tell you about it: but first I must return to my journey hither, on which I shall be very short, partly because you know the way as far as Edinburgh, and partly that there was not a great deal worth remarking. The first night we passed at Tweedmouth (77 miles), the next at Edinburgh (53 miles), where Lord Strathmore left the Major and me, to go to Lenox-love,* (L^d. Blan-

* This is the ancient house of Lithinton, ennobled by its former possessors, the Maitlands. It was sold by Richard Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, to Sir Thomas Livingston, afterwards Viscount Tiviot, and by him to Alexander Lord Blantyre, who changed the name to Lenox Love, in memory of Frances Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, who left him a legacy of 20,000. which enabled him to make the purchase. Lithinton, or Lenox Love, is near Haddington.
Whitaker, MS. note.

tyre's) where his aunt lives. So that afternoon and all next day I had leisure to visit the castle, Holy-Rood-House, Heriot's Hospital, Arthur's Seat, &c. and am not sorry to have seen that most picturesque (at a distance) and nastiest (when near) of all capital cities.

I supped with Dr. Robertson and other literati, and the next morning Lord S. came for us. We crossed the Queen's Ferry in a four-oared yawl, without a sail, and were tossed about rather more than I should wish to hazard again. Lay at Perth, a large *Scotch* Town, with much wood about it, on the banks of the Tay, a very noble river: next morning ferried over it, and came by dinner time to Glamis, being (from Edinburgh) 67 miles; which makes in all from Hetton, 197 miles. *The castle stands in Strathmore (that is the great valley), which winds about from Stonehaven on the east coast of Kincairdinshire, obliquely as far as Stirling, near 100 miles in length, and from 7 to 10 miles in breadth, cultivated every where to the foot of the hills on either hand with oats or bere-barley, except where the soil is mere peat earth (black as a coal), or barren sand covered only with broom and heath, or a short grass fit for sheep. Here and there appear, just above ground, the huts of the inhabitants, which they call towns, built of and covered with turf; and among them, at great dis-

* This is said to be the very Castle in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.—*Mason.*

tances, the gentlemen's houses, with inclosures, and a few trees round them. Amidst these our castle distinguishes itself, the middle part of it rising proudly out of what seems a thick wood of tall trees, with a cluster of hanging towers at the top. You descend to it gradually from the south, through a double and triple avenue of Scotch firs, 60 or 70 feet high, under three gateways. This approach is a full mile long, and when you have passed the second gate, the firs change to limes, and another oblique avenue goes off on either hand toward the offices; these as well as all the enclosures that surround the house, are bordered with three or four ranks of sycamores, ashes, and white poplars of the noblest height, and from 70 to 100 years old. Other alleys there are that go off at right angles with the long one, small groves and walled gardens of Earl Patrick's planting, full of broad leaved elms, oaks, birch, black cherry trees, laburnums, &c. all of great stature and size, which have not till this week begun to show the least sense of morning frosts. The third gate delivers you into a court with a broad pavement and grass plats, adorned with statues of the four Stuart kings,* bordered with old silver firs and yew trees alternately, and opening with an iron palisade on either side to two square old fashioned parterres, surrounded by stone fruit walls. The house from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers

* Which four?—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

a-top, the spread of its wings, has really a very singular and striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw. You will comprehend something of its shape, from the plan of the second floor, which I enclose; the wings are about fifty feet high, the body (which is the old castle with walls ten feet thick) is near 100 from the leads. I see to the South of me (just at the end of the avenue), the little town of Glames, the houses built of stone and slated; with a neat kirk and small square tower (a rarity in this region), just beyond it rises a beautiful round hill, and another ridge of a larger form adjacent to it, both covered with woods of tall fir: beyond them peep over the black hills of *Sid-law*, over which winds the road to Dundee. To the North, within about seven miles of me, begin to rise the Grampians, hill above hill, on whose tops three weeks ago, I could plainly see some traces of the snow, that fell in May last. To the East winds away the *Strath* such as I have before described it, among the hills which sink lower and lower, as they approach the sea. To the West, the same valley (not plain, but broken, unequal ground), runs on far above twenty miles in view. There I see the crags above Dunkeld; there *Beni-gloe* and *Beni-more* rise above the clouds, and there is that *She-Khallian* that spires into a cone above them all, and lies at least 45 miles (in a direct line) from this place. L^d. S. who is the greatest farmer in this neighbourhood, is from break of day to dark night

among his husbandmen and labourers; he has near 2000 acres of land in his own hand, and is at present employed in building a low wall of four miles long; and in widening the bed of the little river *Deane*, which runs to S. and S. E. of the house, from about twenty to fifty feet wide, both to prevent inundations, and to drain the lake of Forfar. This work will be two years more in completing; and must be three miles in length. All the Highlanders that can be got, are employed in it; many of them know no English, and I hear them singing Erse-songs all day long. The price of labour is eightpence a day; but to such as will join together and engage to perform a certain portion in a limited time, two shillings. I must say that all our labours seem to prosper, and my L^d^. has casually found in digging such quantities of shell-marle, as not only to fertilize his own grounds, but are disposed of at a good price to all his neighbours. In his nurseries are thousands of oaks, beech, larches, horse-chesnuts, spruce-fir, &c., thick as they can stand, and whose only fault is, that they are grown tall and vigorous before he has determined where to plant them out. The most advantageous spot we have for beauty lies West of the house, where (when the stone walls of the meadows are taken away) the grounds (naturally unequal) will have a very park-like appearance, they are already full of trees, which need only thinning here and there to break the regularity of their lines, and through them winds the

Burn of Glames, a clear and rapid trout-stream, which joins the R. Deane hard by. Pursuing the course of this brook upwards, you come to a narrow sequestered valley, sheltered from all winds, through which it runs murmuring among great stones; on one hand the ground gently rises into a hill, on the other are the rocky banks of the rivulet almost perpendicular, yet covered with sycamore, ash, and fir, that (though it seems to have no place, or soil to grow in, yet) has risen to a good height, and forms a thick shade. You may continue along this gill, and passing by one end of the village and its church for half-a-mile, it leads to an opening between the two hills covered with fir-woods, that I mentioned above, through which the stream makes its way, and forms a cascade of ten or twelve feet over broken rocks. A very little art is necessary to make all this a beautiful scene. The weather till the last week has been in general very fine and warm: we have had no fires till now, and often have sat with the windows open an hour after sunset. Now and then a shower has come, and sometimes sudden gusts of wind descend from the mountains that finish as suddenly as they arose: but to-day it blows a hurricane. Upon the whole I have been exceedingly lucky in my weather, and particularly in my highland expedition of five days.

We set out then the 11th of September, and continuing along the Strath to the West passed through *Megill*, (where is the tomb of *Queen Wan-*

ders, that was riven to dethe by staned-horses for nae gude that she did. So the women there told me, I am sure) through Cowper of Angus, over the river Ila, then over a wide and dismal heath fit for an assembly of witches, till we came to a string of four small lakes in a valley, whose deep blue waters, and green margin, with a gentleman's house or two seated on them in little groves, contrasted with the black desert, in which they were enclosed. The ground now grew unequal; the hills more rocky seemed to close in upon us, till the road came to the brow of a steep descent, and (the sun then setting) between two woods of oak we saw far below us the river Tay come sweeping along at the bottom of a precipice, at least 150 feet deep, clear as glass, full to the brim, and very rapid in its course. It seemed to issue out of woods thick and tall, that rose on either hand, and were overhung by broken rocky crags, of vast height; above them to the West, the tops of higher mountains appeared, on which the evening clouds reposed. Down by the side of the river, under the thickest shades is seated the town of Dunkeld; in the midst of it stands a round cathedral, the towers and shell of the building still entire; a little beyond it a large house of the Duke of Athol with its offices and gardens extends a mile beyond the town; and as his grounds were interrupted by the streets and roads, he has flung arches of communication across them, that add to the scenery of the place, which of itself is built of

good white stone, and handsomely slated, so that no one would take it for a Scotch town till they came into it; here we passed the night. If I told you how, you would bless yourself. Next day we set forward to Taymouth twenty-seven miles farther West; the road winding through beautiful woods, with the Tay almost always in full view to the right, being here from three to four hundred feet over. The Strath-Tay, from a mile to three miles or more wide, covered with corn and spotted with groups of people, then in the midst of their harvest; on either hand a vast chain of rocky mountains, that changed their face, and opened something new every hundred yards, as the way turned, or the clouds passed. In short altogether it was one of the most pleasing days I have passed these many years, and at every step I wished for you. At the close of the day, we came to *Balloch*,* so the place was called, but now for decency *Taymouth;* improperly enough, for here it is that the river issues out of Loch-Tay (a glorious lake fifteen miles long, and one and a half broad), surrounded with prodigious mountains. There on its North Eastern brink impending over it, is the vast hill of Lawers; to the East is that monstrous creation of God, *Shekhallian* (i. e. the Maiden's Pap) spiring above the clouds. Directly West (beyond the end of the lake), *Beni-more* (the great mountain) rises to a most awful height, and looks down on the tomb

* Mr. Pennant, in his tour in Scotland, explains this word, "the Mouth of the Loch."—*Mason.*

of Fingal. Lord Braidalbane's *policy* (so they call here all such ground as is laid out for pleasure) takes in about 2000 acres, of which his house, offices, and a deer-park about three miles round occupy the plain or bottom, which is little above a mile in breadth; through it winds the Tay, which by means of a bridge, I found here to be 156 feet over. His plantations and woods rise with the ground on either side of the vale, to the very summit of the enormous crags that overhang it; along them on the mountain's side runs a terrass one mile and a half long, that overlooks the course of the river. From several seats and temples perched on particular rocky eminences you command the lake for many miles in length, which turns like some huge river, and loses itself among the mountains that surround it. At its Eastern extremity where the river issues out of it, on a Peninsula, my Lord has built a neat little town, and church, with a high square tower, and just before it lies a small round island in the lake covered with trees, amongst which are the ruins of some little religious house. Trees (by the way) grow here to great size and beauty. I saw four old chesnuts in the road, as you enter the park, of vast bulk and height. One beech tree I measured that was sixteen feet seven inches in the girth and (I guessed) near eighty feet in height. The gardener presented us with peaches, nectarines, and plums from the stone walls of the kitchen garden (for there are no brick nor hot walls) the peaches were good, the rest well tasted, but scarce

ripe. We had also golden-pippins from an espalier (not ripe) and a melon very well flavoured and fit to cut. Of the house I have little to say, it is a very good nobleman's house, handsomely furnished, and well kept, very comfortable to inhabit, but not worth going far to see. Of the Earl's taste I have not much more to say, it is one of those noble situations that man cannot spoil; it is however certain, that he has built an inn and a town just where his principal walks should have been, and in the most wonderful spot of ground that perhaps belongs to him. In this inn however we lay, and next day returning down the river four miles, we passed it over a fine bridge, built at the expence of the government, and continued our way to Loije-Rait, just below which, in a most charming scene, the *Tummell*, which is here the larger river of the two, falls into the Tay. We ferried over the Tummell, in order to get into Marshal Wade's road, (which leads from Dunkeld to Inverness) and continued our way along it toward the North. The road is excellent, but dangerous enough in conscience, the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice 200 feet deep, sometimes masqued indeed by wood, that finds means to grow where I could not stand; but very often quite naked and without any defence: in such places we walked for miles together, partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country; which the beauty of the weather set off to the greatest advantage. As evening came on, we approached the Pass of

Gillikrankie, where in the year 1745,* the Hessians with their Prince at their head stopped short and refused to march a foot farther.

" Vestibulum ante ipsum primisq; in faucibus Orci,"

stands the solitary mansion of Mr. Robinson of Faseley. Close by it rises a hill covered with oak, with grotesque masses of rock staring from among their trunks, like the sullen countenances of Fingal and all his family frowning on the little mortals of modern days. From between this hill and the adjacent mountains, pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummell, and falls headlong down, enclosed in white foam, which rises into a mist all round it.—But my paper is deficient, and I must say nothing of the Pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount Beni-gloe, my return (by another road) to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the *Stra-Brann*, and the rumbling Brigg. In short since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now. In about a week I shall set forward by the Stirling road on my return all alone. Pray for me till I see you, for I dread Edinburgh and the itch; and expect to find very little in my way worth the perils I am to endure. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and the young ladies (including herself), and to Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan, if they are with you. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. G.

[Glames, Sept. 1765.]

* 1746.—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

CXXXII. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.*

Glames-Castle, Sept. 8, 1765.

A LITTLE journey I have been making to Arbroath has been the cause that I did not answer your very obliging letter so soon as I ought to have done. A man of merit, that honours me with his esteem, and has the frankness to tell me so, doubtless can need no excuse: his apology is made, and we are already acquainted, however distant from each other.

I fear I cannot (as I would wish) do myself the pleasure of waiting on you at Aberdeen, being under an engagement to go to-morrow to Taymouth, and, if the weather will allow it, to the Blair of Athol: this will take up four or five days, and at my return the approach of winter will scarce permit me to think of any farther expeditions northwards. My stay here will, however, be a fortnight or three weeks longer; and if in that time any business or invitation should call you this way, Lord Strathmore gives me commission to say, he shall be extremely glad to see you at Glames; and doubt not it will be a particular satisfaction to me to receive and thank you in person for the favourable sentiments you have entertained of me, and the civilities with which you have honoured me.

* Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College, Aberdeen.—*Mason.*

CXXXIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

Glames-Castle, Oct. 2, 1765.

I MUST beg you would present my most grateful acknowledgments to your society for the public mark of their esteem, which you say they are disposed to confer on me.* I embrace, with so deep and just a sense of their goodness, the substance of that honour they do me, that I hope it may plead my pardon with them if I do not accept the form. I have been, Sir, for several years a member of the University of Cambridge, and formerly (when I had some thoughts of the profession) took a Bachelor of Laws' degree there; since that time, though long qualified by my standing, I have always neglected to finish my course, and claim my doctor's degree: judge, therefore, whether it will not look like a slight, and some sort of contempt, if I receive the same degree from a Sister University. I certainly would avoid giving any offence to a set of men, among whom I have passed so many easy, and I may say, happy hours of my life; yet

* The Marischal College of Aberdeen had desired to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Gray to receive from them the degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Beattie wrote to him on the subject, and this is the answer.

Mason.

shall ever retain in my memory the obligations you have laid me under, and be proud of my connection with the University of Aberdeen.

It is a pleasure to me to find that you are not offended with the liberties I took when you were at Glames; you took me too literally, if you thought I meant in the least to discourage you in your pursuit of poetry: all I intended to say was, that if either vanity (that is, a general and undistinguishing desire of applause), or interest, or ambition has any place in the breast of a poet, he stands a great chance in these our days of being severely disappointed; and yet, after all these passions are suppressed, there may remain in the mind of one, "ingenti perculsus amore," (and such I take you to be) incitements of a better sort, strong enough to make him write verse all his life, both for his own pleasure and that of all posterity.

I am sorry for the trouble you have had to gratify my curiosity and love of superstition;* yet I heartily thank you. On Monday, Sir, I set forward on my way to England; where if I can be of any little use to you, or should ever have the good fortune to see you, it will be a particular satisfac-

* Mr. Gray, when in Scotland, had been very inquisitive after the popular superstitions of the country; his correspondent sent him two books on this subject, foolish ones indeed, as might be expected, but the best that could be had; a History of Second-sight, and a History of Witches. *Mason.*

tion to me. Lord Strathmore and the family here desire me to make their compliments to you.

P. S. Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults.*

CXXXIV. MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday,

* Mr. Beattie, it seems, in their late interview, had expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Mr. Gray thought his due. He told him in reply, "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it wholly from that great poet. And pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification were singularly happy and harmonious."—*Mason.*

and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.* Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence, the eye catches some long reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their shipping: in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine I am quite ashamed; but no matter! You must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr.

* He seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. After his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them; it seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.—*Mason.*

Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me; you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c.&c. I must not wish for you here; besides I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

CXXXV. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, Dec. 13, 1765.

I AM very much obliged to you for the detail you enter into on the subject of your own health, in this you cannot be too circumstantial for me, who had received no account of you, but at second hand: such as, that you were dangerously ill, and therefore went to France; that you meant to try a better climate, and therefore staid at Paris; that you had relapsed, and were confined to your bed, and extremely in vogue, and supped in the best company, and were at all public diversions. I rejoiced to find (improbable as it seemed) that all the wonderful part of this is strictly true, and that the serious part has been a little exaggerated. This latter I conclude, not so much from your own account of yourself, as from the spirits in which I see you write: and long may they continue to support you! I mean in a reasonable degree of elevation; but if (take notice) they are so volatile, so flippant, as to sug-

gest any of those doctrines of health, which you preach with all the zeal of a French atheist; at least, if they really do influence your practice; I utterly renounce them and all their works. They are *evil spirits*, and will lead you to destruction.—You have long built your hopes on temperance, you say, and hardiness. On the first point we are agreed. The second has totally disappointed you, and *therefore* you will persist in it, by all means. But then be sure to persist too in being young, in stopping the course of time, and making the shadow return back upon your sun dial. If you find this not so easy, acquiesce with a good grace in my anilities, put on your under stockings of yarn, or woollen, even in the night time. Don't provoke me! or I shall order you two night caps (which by the way would do your eyes good), and put a little of any French liqueur into your water, they are nothing but brandy and sugar, and among their various flavours, some of them may surely be palatable enough. The pain in your feet I *can bear;* but I shudder at the sickness in your stomach, and the weakness that still continues. I conjure you, as you love yourself; I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with these edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the stomach, but to throw it into the limbs. There is no relief for the gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perspiration.

I was much entertained with your account of our neighbours. As an Englishman and an Anti-

gallican, I rejoice at their dulness and their nastiness, though I fear we shall come to imitate them in both. Their atheism is a little too much, too shocking to rejoice at. I have been long sick at it in their authors, and hated them for it; but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion. They were bad enough when they believed every thing!

I have searched where you directed me, which I could not do sooner, as I was at London when I received your letter, and could not easily find her Grace's * works. Here they abound in every library. The print you ask after is the frontispiece to *Nature's pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil.* But lest there should be any mistake, I must tell you the family are not at dinner, but sitting round a rousing fire and telling stories. The room is just such a one as we lived in at Rheims: I mean as to the glazing and ceiling. The chimney is supported by cariatides: over the mantle-piece the arms of the family. The duke and duchess are crowned with laurel. A servant stands behind him, holding a hat and feather. Another is shutting a window. Diepenbecke delin. and (I think) S. Clouwe sculps. It is a very pretty and curious print, and I thank you for the sight of it. If it ever was a picture, what a picture to have! I must tell you, that upon cleaning an old picture here at St. John's Lodge, which I always took for a Hol-

* Duchess of Newcastle.

bein, on a ring which the figure wears, they have found H. H. It has been always called B.V. Fisher; but is plainly a layman, and probably Sir Anthony Denny, who was a benefactor to the college.

What is come of your Sevigné curiosity? I should be glad of a line now and then, when you have leisure. I wish you well, and am ever yours,

T. Gray.

CXXXVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. BENTHAM.

About the year 1765.

TO THE REV. MR. BENTHAM.*

Mr. Gray returns the papers and prints to Mr. Bentham, with many thanks for the sight of them.

Concludes he has laid aside his intention of publishing the first four sections of his Introduction, that contain the settlement and progress of Christianity among the Saxons; as (however curious and instructive of themselves) they certainly have too slight a connection with the subject in hand to make a part of the present work.

Has received much entertainment and information from his remarks on the state of Architecture

* Bentham's Essay on Gothic Architecture had been falsely attributed to Gray. See Davis's Olio, 12mo. p. 109. Consult the Art: 'James Bentham,' in Chalmers' Biog. Dict. p. 461-2, on this point.

among the Saxons, and thinks he has proved his point against the authority of Stow and Somner. The words of Eddius, Richard of Hexham, &c. must be every where cited in the original tongue, as the most accurate translation is in these cases not to be trusted; this Mr. B. has indeed commonly done in the MSS. but not every where.

P. 31. He says, the instances Sir C. Wren brings, were, *some of them at least*, undoubtedly erected after the Conquest. Sure they were all so without exception.

There is much probability in what he asserts with respect to the *New Norman Mode* of building; though this is not, nor perhaps can be, made out with so much precision as the former point.

P. 35. Here, where the Author is giving a compendious view of the peculiarities that distinguish the Saxon style, it might be mentioned, that they had no tabernacles (or niches and canopies), nor any statues to adorn their buildings on the outside, which are the principal grace of what is called the Gothic; the only exception that I can recollect, is a little figure of Bishop Herebert Losing over the north transept door at Norwich, which appears to be of that time: but this is rather a mezzo-relievo than a statue, and it is well known that they used reliefs sometimes with profusion, as in the Saxon gateway of the Abbey at Bury, the gate of the Temple Church at London, and the two gates at Ely, &c.

The want of pinnacles and of tracery in the vaults, are afterwards mentioned, but may as well be placed here too (in short) among the other characteristics.

Escutcheons of arms are hardly (if ever) seen in these fabrics, which are the most frequent of all decorations in after-times.

P. 34. Besides the chevron-work, (or zig-zag moulding) so common, which is here mentioned, there is also,

The *Billeted-moulding*, as if a cylinder should be cut into small pieces of equal length, and these stuck on alternately round the face of the arches, as in the choir at Peterborough, and at St. Cross, &c.

The *Nail-head*, resembling the heads of great nails driven in at regular distances, as in the nave of old St. Paul's, and the great tower of Hereford, &c.

The *Nebule*, a projection terminated by an undulating line as under the upper range of windows, on the outside of Peterborough.

Then to adorn their vast massive columns there was the *spiral-grove* winding round the shafts, and the *net*, or *lozenge-work*, overspreading them, both of which appear at Durham, and the first in the undercroft at Canterbury.

These few things are mentioned only, because Mr. Bentham's work is so nearly complete in this part, that one would wish it were quite so. His own observation may doubtless suggest to him many

more peculiarities, which, however minute in appearance, are not contemptible, because they directly belong to his subject, and contribute to ascertain the age of an edifice at first sight. The great deficiency is from Henry VIth's time to the Reformation, when the art was indeed at its height.

P. 36. At York, under the choir, remains much of the old work, built by Archbishop Roger, of Bishop's-bridge, in Henry IId's reign; the arches are but just pointed, and rise on short round pillars, whose capitals are adorned with animals and foliage.

P. 37. Possibly the pointed arch might take its rise from those arcades we see in the early Norman (or Saxon) buildings on walls, where the wide semicircular arches cross and intersect each other, and form thereby at their intersection exactly a narrow and sharp-pointed arch. In the wall south of the choir at St. Cross, is a facing of such wide, round, interlaced arches by way of ornament to a flat vacant space; only so much of it as lies between the legs of the two neighbouring arches, where they cross each other, is pierced through the fabric, and forms a little range of long pointed windows. It is of King Stephen's time.

P. 43. As Mr. B. has thought it proper to make a compliment to the *present set of governors* in their respective churches, it were to be wished he would insert a little reflection on the rage of repairing, beautifying, whitewashing, painting, and

gilding, and above all, the mixture of Greek (or Roman) ornaments in Gothic edifices. This well-meant fury has been, and will be little less fatal to our ancient magnificent edifices, than the Reformation and the civil wars.

Mr. G. would wish to be told (at Mr. Bentham's leisure) whether over the great pointed arches, on which the western tower at Ely rises, any thing like a semicircular curve appears in the stone work? and whether the screen (or rood-loft) with some part of the south-cross, may not possibly be a part of the more ancient church built by Abbot Simeon and Fitz-Gilbert.

CXXXVII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, March 5, 1766. Pemb. C.

I AM amazed at myself when I think I have never wrote to you; to be sure it is the sin of witchcraft, or something worse. Something indeed might be said for it, had I been married like Mason, who (for the first time since that great event) has just thought fit to tell me, that he never passed so happy a winter as the last; and this in spite of his anxieties, which perhaps (he says) might even make a part of his happiness: for his wife is by no means in health; she has a constant cough, yet

he is assured her lungs are not affected, and that it is nothing of the consumptive kind. What say you to this case? May I flatter him that breeding will be a cure for this disorder? If so, I hear she is in a fair way to be well. As to me, I have been neither happy nor miserable, but in a gentle stupefaction of mind, and very tolerable health of body, hitherto; if they last I shall not much complain. The accounts one has lately had from all parts make me suppose you buried under the snow, like the old Queen of Denmark. As soon as you are dug out, I should rejoice to hear your voice from the battlements of Old Park. The greatest cold we have felt here was Jan. 2: Thermom. (in the garden) at four in the afternoon, standing at 30½ Deg. and the next day fell a little snow, which did not lie: it was the first we had during the winter. Again, Feb. 5, toward night, Therm. was down at 30 Deg. with a clear sky. The Snowdrops then beginning to blow in the garden. Next day was a little snow, but on the 11th and 12th fell a deep snow, (the weather not very cold), which however was melted on the 15th, and made a flood in the river. Next day the Thrush was singing, and the Rooks building. At and about London, instead of snow, they had heavy rains. On the 19th the red Hepatica blew, and next day the Primrose. The Crocus is now in full bloom. So ends my chronicle.

My Oracle * of State (who now and then utters a little, as far as he may with discretion) is a very slave and pack horse, that never breathes any air better than that of London; except like an apprentice on Sundays with his Master and Co.: however he is in health, and a very good boy. It is strange the turn that things have taken:—that the late Ministry should negociate a reconciliation with Lord Bute,† and that Lord Temple should join them: that they should, after making their (bad) apologies, be received with a gracious kind of contempt, and told that his Lordship could enter into no political connections with them; that on the first division on the American business that happened in the House of Lords, they should however all join to carry a point against the Ministry, by a majority indeed of four only; but the Duke of York present, and making one: that when the Ministers expostulated in a proper place, they should be seriously assured the King would support them: that on a division, on an insignificant point to try their strength, in the House of Commons, they should again lose it by 12 majority: that they should persist nevertheless that Mr. Pitt should appear *tanquam e Machinâ*, speak for three hours and a half, and assert the rights of

* I believe Gray alludes to Mr. Stonehewer, the friend and Secretary of the Duke of Grafton.—*Ed.*

† See Ellis's Letters (2nd Series), vol. iv. p. 493.

the Colonies in their greatest latitude: that the Minister should profess himself ready to act with, and even serve under him: that he should receive such a compliment with coldness, and a sort of derision; that Norton should move to send him to the Tower: that when the great questions came on, the Ministry should always carry their point at one, two, three in the morning, by majorities of 110 and 170, (Mr. Pitt entirely concurring with them, and the Tories, people of the Court, and many Placemen, even Lord G. Sackville, constantly voting against them); all these events are unaccountable on any principles of common sense. I attribute much of the singular part to the interposition of *women*, as rash as they are foolish. On Monday (I do not doubt, though as yet I do not certainly know it) the Bill to repeal the Stamp-Act went through that House, and to-day it is before the Lords, who surely will not venture to throw it out. Oh, that they would!—but after this important business is well over, there must be an eclaircissement. Some amends must be made, and some gracious condescensions insisted on, or else who would go on that really means to serve his country! The D. of Bedford and Lord Temple were gone down to their villas, and I believe are not likely to come back. Lord Chesterfield, who had not been for many years at the House, came the other day to qualify himself, in order to have

a Proxy that should vote with the Ministry. Somebody (I thought) made no bad application of those lines in Virgil, Lib. 6, v. 489.*

"At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæq. Phalanges," &c.

to Mr. Pitt's first appearance (for no one expected him) in the House. Turn to the place. Every thing is politics. There are no literary productions worth your notice, at least of our country. The French have finished their great Encyclopædia in 17 volumes, but there are many flimsy articles very hastily treated, and great incorrectness of the press. There are now 13 volumes of Buffon's Natural History, and he has not come to the Monkeys yet, who are a very numerous people. The Life of Petrarch† has entertained me; it is not well written, but very curious, and laid together from his own letters and the original writings of the 14th century. So that it takes in much of the history of those obscure times, and the characters of many remarkable persons. There are 2

* At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæq. phalanges,
Ut vidêre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga,
Ceu quondam petiere ratis: pars tollere vocem,
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.

† Mémoires pour la Vie de François Pétrarque, tirés de ses Œuvres, & des Auteurs Contemporains, par L'Abbé de Sade. 3 Tom. 4to. 1764. The Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch, by F. Tytler, Lord Woodhouslee, is directed against the Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade, that the Laura of Petrarch was *Laura de Noves*, who married *Hugh*

vols. 4to. and another (unpublished yet) that will complete it.

Mr. Walpole writes me now and then a long and lively letter from Paris, to which place he went the last Summer, with the gout upon him; sometimes in his limbs; often in his stomach and head. He has got somehow well (not by means of the climate, one would think), goes to all public places, sees all the best company, and is very much in fashion. He says he sunk, like Queen Eleanor, at Charing Cross, and has risen again at Paris. He returns again in April; but his health is certainly in a deplorable state. Mad. de la Perriere is come over from the Hague to be Ministress at London: her father-in-law Viry is now first Minister at Turin. I sat a morning with her before I left London; she is a prodigious fine lady, and a Catholick (though she did not expressly own it to me), not fatter than she was. She had a cage of foreign birds, and a piping bullfinch at her elbow, two little dogs on a cushion in her lap, a cockatoo on her shoulder, and a strong suspicion

de Sade. In a Note to the 6th Volume of his Roman History (p. 567) Gibbon sketches the character of this Work —"The Mémoires sur la Vie de Pétrarque (he says) form a copious, original, and entertaining Work, a labour of love, composed from the accurate study of Petrarch and his contemporaries. But the Hero is too often lost in the general history of the age, and the Author too often languishes in the affectation of politeness and gallantry."—*Ed.*

of rouge on her cheeks: they were all exceeding glad to see me, and I them.

Pray tell me the history of your Winter, and present my respects to Mrs. Wharton. I hope Miss Wharton and Miss Peggy, with the assistance of sister Betty, make a great progress in Natural History. Recommend me to all their good graces, and believe me ever truly yours.

If you chance to see or send to Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, I will trouble you to make my compliments. I have never received the box of shells, though possibly it may wait for me at Mr. Jonathan's in town; where I shall be in April. Mr. Brown is well, and desires to be remembered to you and Mrs. Wharton. I have just heard there are like to be warm debates in the House of Lords, but that the Ministry will undoubtedly carry it in spite of them all. They say Lord Camden will soon be chancellor.

CXXXVIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old Park. I hope you have made my peace with Miss Deborah. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present

to my memory as the rest of the little family; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one a piece to all the others; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small) as you are to be my proxy.*

In spite of the rain, which I think continued with very short intervals till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June, not disagreeably, in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me in the same manner before. The whole country is a rich and well cultivated garden; orchards, cherry grounds, hop grounds, intermixed with corn and frequent villages, gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape, with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham Down;† in these

* Some readers will think this paragraph very trifling; yet many, I hope, will take it as I give it, for a pleasing example of the amiableness of his domestic character.—*Mason.*

† At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, Esq. late Member for Canterbury, then resided.—*Mason.*

parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet, saw Margate (which is Bartholomew Fair by the sea side), Ramsgate, and other places there; and so come by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, and Hythe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool, there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs, of no great height, till you come to Dover. There indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a *shipless* sea, but every where peopled with white sails and vessels of all sizes in motion; and take notice (except in the Isle, which is all corn fields, and has very little enclosure), there are in all places hedge rows and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach, particularly Hythe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires of a night (aye and a day too) several times even in June: but don't go and take advantage of this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

Your friend Rousseau (I doubt) grows tired of Mr. Davenport and Derbyshire; he has picked a quarrel with David Hume, and writes him letters of fourteen pages folio, upbraiding him with all his *noirceurs;* take one only as a specimen. He says, that at Calais they chanced to sleep in the same

room together, and that he overheard David talking in his sleep, and saying, '*Ah! je le tiens, ce Jean Jacques là.*' In short (I fear), for want of persecution and admiration, (for these are his real complaints) he will go back to the Continent.

What shall I say to you about the ministry? I am as angry as a common council man of London about my Lord Chatham; but a little more patient, and will hold my tongue till the end of the year. In the mean time I do mutter in secret, and to you, that to quit the House of Commons, his natural strength, to sap his own popularity and grandeur (which no one but himself could have done) by assuming a foolish title; and to hope that he could win by it, and attach to him a court that hate him, and will dismiss him as soon as ever they dare, was the weakest thing that ever was done by so great a man. Had it not been for this, I should have rejoiced at the breach between him and Lord Temple, and at the union between him and the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway: but patience! we shall see! Stonehewer perhaps is in the country (for he hoped for a month's leave of absence), and if you see him you will learn more than I can tell you.

Mason is at Aston;* he is no longer so anxious

* See Warburton's Letters, cxci. p. 393. Mason called on me the other day, he is grown extremely fat, and his wife extremely lean, indeed in the last stage of a consumption. I inquired of her health, he said she was something better,

about his wife's health, as he was, though I find she still has a cough, and moreover I find she is not with child; but he made such a bragging, how could one choose but believe him.

When I was in town I marked in my pocket-book the utmost limits and divisions of the two columns in your thermometer, and asked Mr. Ayscough, the instrument maker, on Ludgate Hill, what scales they were; he immediately assured me that one was Fahrenheit's, and showed me one exactly so divided; the other he took for Reaumur's, but, as he said, there were different scales of his contrivance, he could not exactly tell which of them it was. Your brother told me you wanted to know who wrote Duke Wharton's life in the Biographia: I think it is chiefly borrowed from a silly book enough, called *Memoirs of that Duke*, but who put it together there, no one can inform me; the only person certainly known to write in that vile collection (I mean these latter volumes), is Dr. Nicholls, who was expelled here for stealing books. Have you read the New Bath Guide? it is the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of

and that I suppose encouraged him to come out, but Dr. Balguy tells me that Heberden says she is irretrievably gone, and has touched upon it to him, and ought to do it to her. When the terms of such a sentence may impede the Doctor's endeavour to save, the pronouncing it, would be very indiscreet, but in a consumption confirmed, it is a work of charity, as the patient is always deluded with hopes to the very last breath.

humour. Miss Prue's Conversion I doubt you will paste down, as Sir W. St. Quintyn did before he carried it to his daughter; yet I remember you all read *Crazy Tales* without pasting. Buffon's first collection of monkeys is come out (it makes the fourteenth volume) something, but not much to my edification; for he is pretty well acquainted with their persons, but not with their manners.

I shall be glad to hear how far Mrs. E——, has succeeded, and when you see an end to her troubles. My best regards to Mrs. Wharton, and compliments to all your family: I will not name them lest I should affront any body. Adieu, dear Sir, I am most sincerely yours, T. G.

Pembroke College, August 26, 1766.

Mr. Brown is gone to see his brother, near Margate. When is L^d. Str. to be married? If Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan are with you I desire my compliments.

CXXXIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

March 28, 1767.

I BREAK in upon you at a moment, when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst* be not yet past, you will

* As this little Billet (which I received at the Hot-Wells

neglect and pardon me: but if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

CXL. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Sunday, 21 June, 1767. Aston.

HERE we are, Mr. Brown and I, in a wilderness of sweets, an elysium among the coal-pits, a terrestrial heaven; mind, it is not I, but Mason, that says all this, and bids me tell it you. To-morrow we visit Dovedale and the wonders of the Peak, the Monday following we go to York to reside, and two or three days after set out for Old-Park, where I shall remain upon your hands; and Mr.

at Bristol) then breathed, and still seems to breathe, the very voice of Friendship in its tenderest and most pathetic note, I cannot refrain from publishing it in this place. I opened it almost at the precise moment when it would necessarily be the most affecting.—*Mason*.

Brown about the time of Durham races must go on to Gibside, and for aught I know to Glamis. Mason remains tied down to his Minster, for half a year, he and Mr. Brown desire their best compliments to you and Mrs. Wharton. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. GRAY.

Mr. Brown owns the pleasantest day he ever past, was yesterday at Roche Abbey; it is indeed divine.

CXLI. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

Old Park, near Darlington, Durham,
August 12, 1767.

I RECEIVED from Mr. Williamson, that very obliging mark you were pleased to give me of your remembrance: Had I not entertained some slight hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end; but I do not therefore despair of seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you choose to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good as to send me, I think excellent; the senti-

ments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose; the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is * * * * †

You see, Sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in, when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Ferguson's book. There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it: and I was surprised to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has not the fault you mention:* his application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has

† A paragraph is here omitted, as it contained merely a few particular criticisms; a liberty of the same kind I have before taken in some of the preceding letters. The poem in question contained many touching reflections on mortality: it is to be hoped Dr. Beattie will one day give it to the public.—*Mason.*

* To explain this, I must take the liberty to transcribe a paragraph from Mr. Beattie's letter dated March 30, to which the above is an answer: "A Professor at Edinburgh has published an Essay on the History of Civil Society, but I have not seen it. It is a fault common to almost all

led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious; which those great men, had they lived in better times and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleased to do me :* but if his Lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it. I say not this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I will beg you to present my respectful humble service to his Lordship.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him: but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I possessed, you would soon see your obliged, &c.

our Scotch authors, that they are too metaphysical: I wish they would learn to speak more to the heart, and less to the understanding; but alas! this is a talent which heaven only can bestow: Whereas the philosophic spirit (as we call it) is merely artificial and level to the capacity of every man, who has much patience, a little learning, and no taste." He has since dilated on this just sentiment in his admirable Essay on the Immutability of Truth.—*Mason.*

* Lord Gray had said that our Author was related to his family.—*Mason.*

CXLII. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, Dec. 24, 1767.

SINCE I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, which did not reach me till I had left the North, and was come to London, I have been confined to my room with a fit of the gout: now I am recovered and in quiet at Cambridge, I take up my pen to thank you for your very friendly offers, which have so much the air of frankness and real good meaning, that were my body as tractable and easy of conveyance as my mind, you would see me to-morrow in the chamber you have so hospitably laid out for me at Aberdeen. But, alas! I am a summer-bird, and can only sit drooping till the sun returns: even then too my wings may chance to be clipped, and little in plight for so distant an excursion.

The proposal you make me, about printing at Glasgow what little I have ever written, does me honour. I leave my reputation in that part of the kingdom to your care; and only desire you would not let your partiality to me and mine mislead you. If you persist in your design, Mr. Foulis certainly ought to be acquainted with what I am now going to tell you. When I was in London the last spring, Dodsley, the bookseller, asked my leave to reprint,

in a smaller form, all I ever published; to which I consented: and added, that I would send him a few explanatory notes; and if he would omit entirely the *Long Story*, (which was never meant for the public, and only suffered to appear in that pompous edition because of Mr. Bentley's designs, which were not intelligible without it) I promised to send him something else to print instead of it, lest the bulk of so small a volume should be reduced to nothing at all. Now it is very certain that I had rather see them printed at Glasgow (especially as you will condescend to revise the press) than at London; but I know not how to retract my promise to Dodsley. By the way, you perhaps may imagine that I have some kind of interest in this publication; but the truth is, I have none whatever. The expense is his, and so is the profit, if there be any. I therefore told him the other day, in general terms, that I heard there would be an edition put out in Scotland by a friend of mine, whom I could not refuse; and that, if so, I would send thither a copy of the same notes and additions that I had promised to send to him. This did not seem at all to cool his courage; Mr. Foulis must therefore judge for himself, whether he thinks it worth while to print what is going to be printed also at London. If he does I will send him (in a packet to you) the same things I shall send to Dodsley. They are imitations of two pieces of old Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild

spirit that struck me; but for my paraphrases I cannot say much; you will judge. The rest are nothing but a few parallel passages, and small notes just to explain what people said at the time was wrapped in total darkness. You will please to tell me, as soon as you can conveniently, what Mr. Foulis says on this head; that (if he drops the design) I may save myself and you the trouble of this packet. I ask your pardon for talking so long about it; a little more and my letter would be as big as all my works.

I have read, with much pleasure, on Ode of yours (in which you have done me the honour to adopt a measure that I have used) on Lord Hay's birth-day. Though I do not love panegyric, I cannot but applaud this, for there is nothing mean in it. The diction is easy and noble, the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious. The few expressions I object to are * * * * †. These, indeed, are minutiæ; but they weigh for something, as half a grain makes a difference in the value of a diamond.

† Another paragraph of particular criticism is here omitted.—*Mason.*

CXLIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

MANY and various maladies have I laboured under since I left the North, but none of them (thanks to my summer expedition) *jusqu' à mourir*. The gout came regularly while I was in town, first in one, then in the other foot, but so tame you might have stroked it. Since I got hither, *another* of my troublesome companions for life has confined me to my room, but abstinence has (I believe) got the better of that too, and to-morrow I go abroad again. I sent to your brother, before I left London, the *maps* you wanted, the *Decouvertes des Russes*, *Voyage de Gmelin en Siberie*, Mr. Clerke of Chichester on the *Saxon coins*, Lee's *Linnæan Dictionary*, *Verrall's Cookery*, and something else that I have forgot; as to Hudson's *Flora Anglica*, it is not to be had, being out of print; a new and more correct edition is soon expected. Willoughby's book of *fishes* was never published in English, so would not answer your end. That of the *birds* is indeed in English, but not to be had in the shops, and sells at auctions from 30 to 40 shillings, so I did not buy it without farther orders. I hope this cargo is safe arrived. And another little one, that I sent to Miss Wharton

and Miss Peggy, directed to the former, to be left at Mr. Tho. Wilkinson's, in Durham. This went by the Newcastle waggon about 6th of December, and contained twelve flower roots; viz. 3 Soleil d'or Narcissus. 2 White Italian ditto. (N. B. of the double white and yellow Italian there are none to be had this year). 2 Pileus Cardinalis, red. 1 Kroonvogel. 1 Degeraad, double white. 1 Bella Grisdelin. 1 Hermaphrodite. And 1 incomparable, double blue, Hyacinths. For these you must get glasses from Newcastle; in the same box was a pocket lens, which Miss Wharton (if she pleased) was to give to Aunt Middleton, who wanted such a thing.

I desire to know what you thought of Mason's plans for your ground (which makes so pretty a figure on paper); and whether *Summers* came to Old Park to advise about planting. He is a very intelligent modest young man, and might be of great use there. Has Miss Wharton served her time yet as bride maid? I hope it may prove a good omen to her! Does Miss Peggy rival Claude Lorraine yet, and when does she go to York? Do Debo and Betty tend their chrysalises and their samplers? Is Kee's mouth as pretty as ever? Does Robin read like a doctor, dance like a fairy, and bow like a courtier? Does Dicky kick up his heels and study geography? Please to answer me as to all these particulars. My thermometer presents her compliments to her country sister, and

proposes now to open a correspondence with her. She lives against a pale in the garden, with her back to the East at 9 o'clock in the morning precisely; at any other hour she is not visible, unless upon some great occasion. I was in London from 3d November to 14th December, during which time the weather was commonly open, damp and mild, with the wind in the West, veering either to North or South. On the last mentioned day I found some Brambles and Fever-few yet flowering in the hedges; and in gardens the double Chrysanthemum, double Chamomile, Borage, Stocks, and single Wall-flowers. These were all cut off on the 24th by an East wind and hard frost. Thermometer at 31. Next day and to-day it was at 30. On the 26th a little snow fell, which still lies and freezes.

Our ministry has taken in some odd coadjutors not much to its credit or strength; it appeared from the first day that the Parliament met, that the opposition were all to pieces among themselves, and soon after the Duke of Bedford civilly declared to Mr. Grenville, that he had the highest opinion of his abilities, but as it was contrary to his principles to keep up a constant opposition to the King's measures, he must not wonder, if his friends should drop the plan they had for some time been pursuing, accordingly he made his terms: four or five of them were directly to be provided for; the rest were to wait till there was room. Lord Shelburne

(the Secretary), and Mr. Cook (Joint Paymaster) were to have gone out, but Lord Chatham insisted on their staying in (it is said) and prevailed; Mr. Conway retires, and is to have the army when Lord Ligonier* dies; this is voluntary, I imagine. Lord Northington goes off with his pension. Lord Weymouth and Earl Gower supply their places. Mr. Thynne is Master of the Household. Lord Sandwich, Joint Paymaster, (Lord Hillsborough being created Secretary of State for America.) Rigby is the other that must come in (to what place I know not), and conduct, I suppose, the House of Commons. How much better and nobler would it have been, to have left all those beggars in the lurch! Indeed what could be said against it, as all that could oppose the ministry were already broke into three parts, and one of them had declared publicly against the other two? I conclude the Rockingham party will at last prevail, as they have some character and credit with the people still left.

Adieu! my dear Sir, you have had I hope no returns of your asthma since you lay in your own bed. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton, and love to all the family. I am ever yours,

T. G.

Dec. 28, 1767. Pemb. Coll.

Shall I write out and send you what Leland

* See Walpole's Letters to G. Montagu, p. 403.

says of your neighbourhood. It is nothing but short notes taken in his journey. But that journey was towards the end of Henry Eighth's reign, just after the dissolution of monasteries, which makes it valuable.

SPECIMEN.

From St. Andre's Akeland to Raby Castle 5 miles part by arable, but more by pastures. And moorish hilly ground, baren of wood. Raby is the largest castel of Logginges in al the north cuntery, and is of a strong building; but not set ether on hil, or very strong ground. As I entered by a causey into it, there was a litle stayre on the right hand, and in the first area were but two towres, one at eche end, as entres, and no other builded; yn the second area, as an entring, was a great gate of iren with a tour, and 2 or 3 mo on the right hand, then were al the chief toures of the third court, as in the hart of the castel. The haul, and al the houses of offices be large and stately; and in the haul I saw an incredible great beame of an hart. The great chaumber was exceeding large, but now it is false-rofid, and devided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a little chaumber, wherein was in windows of colored glass al the petigre of y^{e} Nevilles, &c.

CXLIV. MR. GRAY TO MR. HOW.*

SIR, Cambridge, Pemb. Coll. Jan. 12, 1768.

You perceive by Mr. Brown's letter, that I passed all the summer in the North of England, went from thence to London, and did not arrive here till the middle of December, where I found your parcel. Since that time I have been generally confined to my room; and besides I was willing to go through the eight volumes before I returned you an answer. This must be my excuse to you, for only doing now what in mere civility I ought to have done long ago.

First, I must condole with you, that so neat an edition should swarm in almost every page with errors of the press, not only in notes and citations from Greek, French, and English authors, but in the Italian text itself, greatly to the disreputation of the Leghorn publishers. This is the only reason, I think, that could make an edition in England necessary; but I doubt you would not find the matter much mended here; our presses, as they

* In the following letter, Mr. Gray seems on more mature consideration, to have altered his former opinion respecting the eligibility of the publication of Count Algarotti's works in England. It differs much from the printed copy. *Ed.*

improve in beauty, declining daily in accuracy; besides, you would find the expense very considerable, and the sale in no proportion to it, as in reality, it is but few people in England that read currently and with pleasure the Italian tongue, and the fine old editions of their capital writers are sold in London for a lower price than they bear in Italy. An English translation I can by no means advise; the justness of thought and good sense might remain, but the graces of elocution (which make a great part of Algarotti's merit) would be entirely lost, and that merely from the very different genius and complexion of the two languages.

I rather think these volumes should be handsomely bound, before they are put into the library; they bind very neatly here; and if you approve it, Mr. Brown will order it to be done. Doubtless there can be no impropriety in making the same present to the University, nor need you at all to fear for the reputation of your friend: he has merit enough to recommend him in any country. A tincture of various sorts of knowledge, an acquaintance with all the beautiful arts, an easy command, a precision, warmth, and richness of expression, and a judgment that is rarely mistaken on any subject to which he applies it. Of the dialogues I have formerly told you my thoughts. The essays and letter (many of them entirely new to me) *on the arts*, are curious and entertaining; those on other subjects, (even where the thoughts are not

new, but borrowed from his various reading and conversation) often better put, and better expressed than in the originals. I rejoice when I see Machiavel defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced. Most of the other discourses, military or political, are well worth reading, though that on Kouli-Khan was a mere jeu-d'esprit, a sort of historical exercise. The letters from Russia I have read before with pleasure, particularly the narrative of Munich's and Lascy's campaigns. The detached thoughts are often new and just; but there should have been a revisal of them, as they are frequently to be found in his letters repeated in the very same words. Some too of the familiar letters might have been spared. The Congress of Cythera I had seen and liked before, the Giudicio d'Amore is an addition rather inferior to it. The verses are not equal to the prose, but they are above mediocrity.

I shall be glad to hear your health is improved, and that you have thoughts of favouring us with your company here. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOS. GRAY.

CXLV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR, Pemb. Coll., Jan. 17, 1768.

I WAS much surprised to receive a letter superscribed in your hand from London, and am very sorry to see what occasioned it. I fear the event the more, because in his best health, Mr. Wharton had always some complaint in his breast, and now the distemper has fallen on the weak part.

Whenever you are able to disengage yourself, Mr. Brown and I shall flatter ourselves with the hopes of seeing you at Cambridge for as long a time as you can afford to bestow on us. It is likely you may find Mason too with us, for he talks of setting off about the 20th to come hither. I am ever very sincerely yours, T. G.

CXLVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

Pembroke Hall, Feb. 1, 1768.

I AM almost sorry to have raised any degree of impatience in you, because I can by no means satisfy it. The sole reason I have to publish these few additions now, is to make up (in both) for the omission of that *Long Story;* and as to the notes, I do

it out of spite, because the public did not understand the two Odes (which I have called Pindaric); though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England, by way of question and answer, for the use of children. The parallel passages I insert out of justice to those writers from whom I happened to take the hint of any line, as far as I can recollect.

I rejoice to be in the hands of Mr. Foulis, who has the laudable ambition of surpassing his predecessors, the *Etiennes* and the *Elzevirs*, as well in literature, as in the proper art of his profession: he surprises me in mentioning a Lady, after whom I have been inquiring these fourteen years in vain. When the two Odes were first published, I sent them to her; but as I was forced to direct them very much at random, probably they never came to her hands. When the present edition comes out, I beg of Mr. Foulis to offer her a copy, in my name, with my respects and grateful remembrances; he will send another to you, Sir, and a third to Lord Gray, if he will do me the honour of accepting it. These are all the presents I pretend to make (for I would have it considered only as a new edition of an old book); after this if he pleases to send me one or two, I shall think myself obliged to him. I cannot advise him to print a great number; especially as Dodsley has it in his power to print as many as he pleases, though I desire him not to do so.

You are very good to me in taking this trouble upon you: all I can say is, that I shall be happy to return it in kind, whenever you will give me the opportunity.

CXLVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. DODSLEY.

SIR, Feb. 12, Cambridge.

I AM not at all satisfied with the title. To have it conceived that I publish a collection of *Poems*, and half a dozen little matters (four of which too have already been printed again and again) thus pompously adorned would make me appear very justly ridiculous. I desire it may be understood, (which is the truth) that the verses are only subordinate and explanatory to the Drawings, and suffered by me to come out thus only for that reason: therefore if you yourself prefixed this title, I desire it may be altered. Or if Mr. W. (Walpole) ordered it so, that you would tell him why I wish it were changed in the manner I mentioned to you at first, or to that purpose. For the more I consider it, the less I can bear it, as it now stands. I even think there is an uncommon sort of simplicity that looks like affectation, in putting our plain Christian and surnames without a Mr. before them. But this (if it signifies anything) I easily give up, the other I cannot. You need not apprehend that this change in

the title will be any prejudice to the sale of the book. A showy title-page may serve to sell a pamphlet of a shilling or two; but this is not of a price for chance customers, whose eye is caught in passing by a window, and could never sell but from the notion the town may entertain of the merit of the drawings, which they will be instructed in by some that understand such things.

I thank you for the offer you make me, but I shall be contented with three copies, two of which you will send me, and keep the third till I acquaint you where to send it. If you will let me know the exact day they will come out a little time beforehand, I will give you a direction. You will remember to send two copies to Dr. Thomas Wharton, M.D. at Durham. Perhaps you may have burnt my letter, so I will again put down the title —"Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for six Poems of Mr. T. Gray." I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. G.

CXLVIII. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Feb. 14, 1768. Pemb. College.

I RECEIVED the book* you were so good to send me, and have read it again (indeed I could hardly be said to have read it before) with attention and with plea-

* Walpole's Historic Doubts.

sure. Your second edition is so rapid in its progress, that it will now hardly answer any purpose to tell you either my own objections, or those of other people. Certain it is, that you are universally read here; but what *we* think is not so easy to come at. We stay as usual to see the success, to learn the judgment of the town, to be directed in our opinions by those of more competent judges. If they like you, we shall; if any one of name write against you, we give you up; for we are modest and diffident of ourselves, and not without reason. History in particular is not our *forte*; for (the truth is) we read only modern books and pamphlets of the day. I have heard it objected, that you raise doubts and difficulties, and do not satisfy them by telling us what is really the case. I have heard you charged with disrespect to the King of Prussia; and above all to King William, and the Revolution. These are seriously the most sensible things I have heard said, and all that I recollect. If you please to justify yourself, you may.

My own objections are little more essential: they relate chiefly to inaccuracies of style, which either debase the expression or obscure the meaning. I could point out several small particulars of this kind, and will do so, if you think it can serve any purpose after publication. When I hear you read, they often escape me, partly because I am attending to the subject, and partly because from habit I understand you where a stranger might often be at a loss.

As to your* arguments, most of the principal parts are made out with a clearness and evidence that no one would expect, where materials are so scarce. Yet I still suspect Richard of the murder of Henry VI. The chronicler of Croyland charges it full on him, though without a name or any mention of circumstances. The interests of Edward were the interests of Richard too, though the throne were not then in view; and that Henry still stood in their way, they might well imagine, because, though deposed and imprisoned once before, he had regained his liberty and his crown; and was still adored by the people. I should think, from the word *tyranni*, the passage was written after Richard had assumed

* The Reader will probably not dislike to read Voltaire's opinion of Mr. Walpole's book, as expressed in a Letter to the Author, 15th July, 1768:—Avant le départ de ma Lettre j'ai eu le temps, Monsieur, de lire votre Richard trois. Vous seriez un excellent attornei general; vous pesez toutes les probabilités; mais il parait, que vous avez une inclination secrète pour ce bossu. Vous voulez qu'il ait été beau garçon, et même galant homme. Le bénédictin Calmet, a fait une dissertation pour prouver que Jésus-Christ avait un fort beau visage. Je veux croire avec vous, que Richard trois, n'était ni si laid, ni si méchant qu'on le dit; mais je n'aurais pas voulu avoir affaire à lui. Votre Rose blanche, et votre Rose rouge, avaient de terribles épines pour la nation.

'Those gratious kings are all a pack of Rogues!'

En lisant l'histoire des York et des Lancastre, et de bien d'autres, on croit lire l'histoire des voleurs de grand chemin. Pour votre Henri sept, il n'était que coupeur de bourses.

Ed.

the crown: but, if it was earlier, does not the bare imputation imply very early suspicions, at least of Richard's bloody nature, especially in the mouth of a person that was no enemy to the House of York, nor friend to that of Beaufort?

That the Duchess of Burgundy, to try the temper of the nation, should set up a false Pretender to the Throne (when she had the true Duke of York in her hands), and that the queen-mother (knowing her son was alive) should countenance that design, is a piece of policy utterly incomprehensible; being the most likely means to ruin their own scheme, and throw a just suspicion of fraud and falsehood on the cause of truth, which Henry could not fail to seize and turn to his advantage. Mr. Hume's first query, as far as relates to the queen-mother, will still have some weight. Is it probable she should give her eldest daughter to Henry, and invite him to claim the crown, unless she had been sure that her sons were then dead? As to her seeming consent to the match between Elizabeth and Richard, she and her daughters were in his power, which appeared now well fixed; his enemies' designs within the kingdom being every where defeated, and Henry unable to raise any considerable force abroad. She was timorous and hopeless; or she might dissemble, in order to cover her secret dealings with Richmond: and if this were the case, she hazarded little, supposing Richard to dissemble too, and never to have thought seriously of marrying his niece.

Another unaccountable thing is, that Richard, a prince of the House of York, undoubtedly brave, clear-sighted, artful, attentive to business; of boundless generosity, as appears from his grants; just and merciful, as his laws and his pardons seem to testify; having subdued the Queen and her hated faction, and been called first to the protectorship and then to the crown by the nobility and by the parliament; with the common people to friend (as Carte often asserts), and having nothing against him but the illegitimate family of his brother Edward, and the attainted House of Clarence (both of them within his power);—that such a man should see within a few months Buckingham, his best friend, and almost all the southern and western counties in one day in arms against him; that having seen all these insurrections come to nothing, he should march with a gallant army against a handful of needy adventurers, led by a fugitive, who had not the shadow of a title, nor any virtues to recommend him, nor any foreign strength to depend on; that he should be betrayed by almost all his troops, and fall a sacrifice;—all this is to me utterly improbable, and I do not ever expect to see it accounted for.

I take this opportunity to tell you, that Algarotti (as I see in the new edition of his works printed at Leghorn) being employed to buy pictures for the King of Poland, purchased among others the famous Holbein that was at Venice. It don't appear

that he knew any thing of your book: yet he calls it *the consul Meyer and his family*, as if it were then known to be so in that city. A young man here, who is a diligent reader of books, an antiquary, and a painter, informs me, that at the Red-Lion Inn at Newmarket is a piece of tapestry containing the very design of your marriage of Henry the Sixth, only with several more figures in it, both men and women; that he would have bought it of the people, but they refused to part with it. Mr. Mason, who is here, desires to present his best respects to you. He says, that to efface from our annals the history of any tyrant, is to do an essential injury to mankind: but he forgives it, because you have shewn Henry the Seventh to be a greater devil than Richard.

Pray do not be out of humour. When you first commenced an author, you exposed yourself to pit, boxes, and gallery. Any coxcomb in the world may come in and hiss if he pleases; ay, and (what is almost as bad) clap too, and you cannot hinder him. I saw a little squib fired at you in a newspaper by some of the *House of Yorke*, for speaking lightly of chancellors. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

CXLIX. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Pembroke College, Feb. 25, 1768.

To your friendly accusation I am glad I can plead not guilty with a safe conscience. Dodsley told me in the Spring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's designs were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a smaller scale for a new edition. I dissuaded him from so silly an expense, and desired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *long story* was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to supply the place of it in bulk, lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to send him an equal weight of poetry or prose: so, since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff, viz. the Fatal Sisters, the Descent of Odin, (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welch, and certain little Notes, partly from justice (to acknowledge the debt where I had borrowed any thing) partly from ill temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this, I shall be but a shrimp of an author. I gave leave also to print the same thing at Glasgow; but I doubt my packet

has miscarried, for I hear nothing of its arrival as yet. To what you say to me so civilly, that I ought to write more, I reply in your own words (like the Pamphleteer, who is going to confute you out of your own mouth) What has one to do when *turned of fifty*, but really to think of finishing? However, I will be candid, (for you seem to be so with me), and avow to you, that till fourscore-and-ten, whenever the humour takes me, I will write, because I like it; and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much, it is because I cannot. As you have not this last plea, I see no reason why you should not continue as long as it is agreeable to yourself, and to all such as have any curiosity or judgment in the subject you choose to treat. By the way let me tell you (while it is fresh) that Lord Sandwich, who was lately dining at Cambridge, speaking (as I am told) handsomely of your book, said, it was pity you did not know that his cousin Manchester had a genealogy of the Kings, which came down no lower than to Richard III. and at the end of it were two portraits of Richard and his Son, in which that King appeared to be a handsome man. I tell you it as I heard it; perhaps you may think it worth inquiring into.

I have looked into Speed and Leslie. It appears very odd that Speed in the speech he makes for P. Warbeck, addressed to James IV. of Scotland, should three times cite the *manuscript proclamation* of Perkin, then in the hands of Sir Robert

Cotton; and yet when he gives us the proclamation afterwards (on occasion of the insurrection in Cornwall) he does not cite any such manuscript. In Casley's Catalogue of the Cotton Library you may see whether this manuscript proclamation still exists or not: if it does, it may be found at the Museum. Leslie will give you no satisfaction at all: though no subject of England, he could not write freely on this matter, as the title of Mary (his mistress) to the crown of England was derived from that of Henry VII. Accordingly he every where treats Perkin as an impostor; yet drops several little expressions inconsistent with that supposition. He has preserved no proclamation: he only puts a short speech into Perkin's mouth, the substance of which is taken by Speed, and translated in the end of his, which is a good deal longer: the whole matter is treated by Leslie very concisely and superficially. I can easily transcribe it, if you please; but I do not see that it could answer any purpose.

Mr. Boswell's book I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter: it has pleased and moved me strangely, all (I mean) that relates to Paoli. He is a man born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind. The

true title of this part of his work is, a Dialogue between a Green-goose and a Hero.

I had been told of a manuscript in Benet Library: the inscription of it is Itinerarium Fratris Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris, 1322. Would not one think this should promise something? They were two Franciscan friars that came from Ireland, and passed through Wales to London, to Canterbury, to Dover, and so to France in their way to Jerusalem. All that relates to our own country has been transcribed for me, and (sorry am I to say) signifies not a halfpenny: only this little bit might be inserted in your next edition of the Painters: Ad aliud caput civitatis (Londoniæ) est monasterium nigrorum monachorum nomine Westmonasterium, in quo constanter et communiter omnes reges Angliæ sepeliuntur—et eidem monasterio quasi immediatè conjungitur illud famosissimum palatium regis, in quo est illa vulgata camera, in cujus parietibus sunt omnes historiæ bellicæ totius Bibliæ ineffabiliter depictæ, atque in Gallico completissimè et perfectissimè conscriptæ, in non modicâ intuentium admiratione et maximâ regali magnificentiâ.

I have had certain observations on your Royal and Noble Authors given me to send you perhaps about three years ago: last week I found them in a drawer, and (my conscience being troubled) now enclose them to you. I have even forgot whose they are.

I have been also told of a passage in Ph. de

Comines, which (if you know) ought not to have been passed over. The Book is not at hand at present, and I must conclude my letter. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. GRAY.

CL. MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Pembroke Hall, March 6, 1768.

HERE is sir William Cornwallis, entitled Essayes of certaine Paradoxes. 2d Edit. 1617. Lond.

King Richard III. The French Pockes. Nothing. Good to be in debt. Sadnesse. Julian the Apostate's virtues.	Praised.

The title-page will probably suffice you; but if you would know any more of him, he has read nothing but the common chronicles, and those without attention; for example, speaking of Anne the queen, he says, she was barren, of which Richard had often complained to Rotheram. He extenuates the murder of Henry VI. and his son: the first, he says, might be a malicious insinuation, for that many did suppose he died of mere melancholy and grief: the latter cannot be proved to be the action of Richard (though executed in his pre-

sence); and if it were, he did it out of love to his brother Edward. He justifies the death of the Lords at Pomfret, from reasons of state, for his own preservation, the safety of the commonwealth, and the ancient nobility. The execution of Hastings he excuses from necessity, from the dishonesty and sensuality of the man: what was his crime with respect to Richard, he does not say. Dr. Shaw's Sermon was not by the King's command, but to be imputed to the preacher's own ambition: but if it was by order, *to charge his mother with adultery was a matter of no such great moment, since it is no wonder in that sex.* Of the murder in the Tower he doubts: but if it were by his order, the offence was to God, not to his people; and *how could he demonstrate his love more amply, than to venture his soul for their quiet?* Have you enough, pray? you see it is an idle declamation, the exercise of a school-boy that is to be bred a statesman.

I have looked in Stowe; to be sure there is no proclamation there. Mr. Hume, I suppose, means *Speed*, where it is given, how truly I know not; but that he had seen the original is sure, and seems to quote the very words of it in the beginning of that speech which Perkin makes to James IV. and also just afterwards, where he treats of the Cornish rebellion. Guthrie, you see, has vented himself in the Critical Review. His History I never saw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever saw it.

He is a rascal, but rascals may chance to meet with curious records; and that commission to Sir I. Tyrrell (if it be not a lie) is such; so is the order for Henry the Sixth's funeral. I would by no means take notice of him, write what he would. I am glad you have seen the Manchester Roll.

It is not I that talk of Phil. de Comines. It was mentioned to me as a thing that looked like a voluntary omission, but I see you have taken notice of it, in the note to p. 71, though rather too slightly. You have not observed that the same writer says, c. 55. *Richard tua de sa main ou fit tuer en sa presence, quelque lieu apart, ce bon homme le Roi Henry.* Another oversight I think there is at p. 43, where you speak of the *Roll of Parliament*, and the contract with Lady Eleanor Boteler, as things newly come to light. Whereas Speed has given at large the same Roll in his History. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. GRAY.

CLI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR, March 15, 1768. Pemb. C.

I AM so totally uninformed, indeed so helpless in matters of law, that there is no one perhaps in the kingdom you could apply to for advice with less effect than to me. This ought to be a sufficient warning to you not to pay more attention to me than

I deserve. You may too take into the account my natural indolence and indisposition to act, and a want of alacrity in indulging any distant hopes, however flattering. As you have (I think) from nature the contrary fault, a medium between us would be possibly the best rule of action.

One thing I am persuaded I see clearly, and would advise strongly: it is that you should never think of separating your cause from that of your nephew. Your rights are exactly the same, you must share the profit and the loss. He is a minor, and under your care: to set up any distinct claim for the private advantage of yourself and family, would surely hurt you in the eye of the world. The slightest apprehension of any such thought will make a total breach between Mr. L. and you, whose advice and activity seem of such singular use in all your designs. This will force you to pass your whole time at London, without other assistance than what you must hire: and perhaps produce another lawsuit between you and your nephew. But you speak irresolutely yourself on this head, and as you have had a little time to think, since you wrote your letter, I doubt not you have already dropped such an idea. It remains then to communicate immediately to Mr. Ll. the opinions of De Grey, and to advise with him (without reserve) about this application to the Treasury.

Now I am going to talk of what I do not understand; but from what I have lately heard of the D.

of Portland and Sir J. Lowther's case (which is in some respects similar), if you obtain this grant (for which you must pay too a certain rent to the Crown, and if any one outbids you they will be preferred) your right to it is never the more established, provided anybody start up to contest it with you at law, for the courts are still open to redress any injury, that a person pleads he has received by such grants. In this, therefore, I should be guided by Mr. Ll. and Mr. Madocks. The application to the Treasury is easy, I believe; Stonehewer, or Mr. Walpole will probably acquaint you of the manner, but I could give you good reasons why the former should not be asked to interpose personally in obtaining it, at least why it would be uneasy to him to do so.

There remains then the foundation of all this, the legal rights you and your nephew have to this extension of the tythes, about which your counsel themselves seem dubious enough, and you cannot expect me to be clearer than they, especially as there are two things not at all explained in your letter, viz: What is that grant to Morrice and Cole, and when made? and who is Rector of the Church, or (if a vicar) who presents him, for it appears not to be you? All that you seem to me clearly entitled to, is a right of continuing the suit which your Brother begun, which contest may beget others to infinity. Shall I tell (but without consequence) what I should wish? that you would sell these Tythes out

of Hand, and with them all your expectations, and all your Law-suits. If these are worth anything, purchasers may be found sanguine enough to give such a price as Mr. Jonathan did, and you will be no loser. If they are not, you may lose a little money, and in my opinion be a great gainer. For this inundation of business, of eager hopes, and perhaps more reasonable fears, is the thing in the world the most contrary to your peace, and that of your family. But I determine nothing, we shall hear what the three referees say, and what Mr. Ll. determines upon it.

I have made haste to answer you, considering the difficulty of the case; you will therefore excuse me for my intention's sake. Mason is arrived in London, and lives for the present at Stonehewer's, in Queen Street. I rejoiced to hear you got so well over that monster the Trent. Make my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and your family. I am sorry to hear Miss Wharton has been ill. Mr. Brown presents his respects to you, all down to Dicky. Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. Gray.

Our weather has been mild and fine enough of late. The next letter I will give an account of it. Wilkes (they say) will be chose for the city of London. T. Lyon has lost one of his causes in the House of Lords against Lord Panmure.

CLII.* MR. GRAY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.†

MY LORD, Cambridge, July, 1768.

YOUR Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgements. Yet your Grace must excuse me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would complete the happiness of, my Lord, your Grace's most obliged and devoted servant.

* The two following Letters explain the occasion of this address, in a way so honourable to his Grace, and are withal so authentic a testimony of Mr. Gray's gratitude, that they eave me nothing to add on the subject.—*Mason.* See Wool's Memoirs of J. Warton, p. 336.

† Augustus Henry Duke of Grafton, died March 1, 1811, ged 75.—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

CLIII. MR. GRAY TO MARY ANTROBUS.

The following Letter of Mr. Gray to Mary Antrobus is found in a curious collection of autographs made by Dr. Clarke in the latter part of his life, and is thus noticed by him:

"Gray, whose rising fame, augmenting with every succeeding year of my life, has finally triumphed over false criticism, and the envious assaults of his contemporaries."

The letter itself will not be thought uninteresting. It was written to Mary Antrobus on the day of his presentation to George the Third, upon his appointment to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, and contains some traits highly characteristic of the Poet.

DEAR MARY, 29th July, 1768.

I THANK you for all your intelligence (and the first news I had of poor Brocket's death was from you) and to reward you in part for it, I now shall tell you, that this day, hot as it is, I kissed the King's hand; that my warrant was signed by him last night; that on Wednesday I received a very honourable letter from the D. of Grafton, acquainting me that his majesty had ordered him to offer me this Professorship, and much more, which does me too much credit by half for me to mention it. The Duke adds, *that from private as well as public considerations, he takes the warmest part in approving this measure of the King's.* These are his own words. You see there are princes (or ministers)

left in the world, that know how to do things handsomely; for I profess I never asked for it, nor have I seen his Grace before or after this event.

Dr. R. (not forgetting a certain lady of his) is so good to you, and to me, that you may (if you please) show him my letter. He will not be critical as to the style, and I wish you would send it also to Mr. Brown, for I have not time to write to him by this day's post; they need not mention this circumstance to others, they may learn it as they can. Adieu!

I receive your letter of July 28 (while I am writing), consult your friends over the way, they are as good as I, and better. All I can say is, the Board have been so often used to the name of Antrobus lately, that I fear they may take your petition not in good part. If you are sure of the kindness or interest of Mr. A. the opportunity should not be lost; but I always a little distrust new friends and new lawyers.

I have found a man, who has brought Mr. Eyres (I think) up to my price, in a hurry; however he defers his final answer till Wednesday next. He shall not have it a shilling lower, I promise; and if he hesitates, I will rise upon him like a fury. Good night. I am ever yours.

How could you dream that St—, or Hinchl— would ask this for themselves? The only people that ask'd it were Lort, Marriott, Delaval, Tibb, and Peck—, at least I have heard of no more.

Delaval always communicated his thoughts to me, knowing I would make no ill use of that knowledge. Lort is a worthy man, and I wish he could have it, or something as good: the rest are nothing.

CLIV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Jermyn Street, Aug. 1,
(at Mr. Roberts's) 1768.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE been remiss in answering your last letter, which was sent me to Ramsgate, from Cambridge. For I have passed a good part of the summer in different parts of Kent, much to my satisfaction. Could I have advised any thing essential in poor Mrs. —— case, I had certainly replied immediately, but we seem of one mind in it. There was nothing left but to appeal to delegates (let the trouble and expense be what they will almost), and to punish, if it be practicable, that old villain, who upon the bench of justice dared to set at nought all common sense and humanity.

I write to you now chiefly to tell you (and I think you will be pleased, nay I expect the whole family will be pleased with it) that on Sunday se'nnight, Brocket died by a fall from his horse, being (as I hear) drunk, and some say, returning from Hinchinbroke. That on the Wednesday following I

received a letter from the D. of Grafton, saying he had the king's commands to *offer* me the vacant Professorship, that, &c. (but I shall not write all he says) and he adds at the end, *that from private as well as public considerations, he must take the warmest part in approving so well judged a measure, as he hopes I do not doubt of the real regard and esteem with which he has the honor to be*, &c. there's for you, so on Thursday the king signed the warrant, and next day at his levee I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches; which I shall not report, because every body who goes to Court, does so. By the way, I desire you would say, that all the Cabinet Council in words of great favour approved the nomination of your humble servant: and this I am bid to say, and was told to leave my name at their several doors. I have told you the outside of the matter, and all the manner. For the inside you know enough easily to guess it, and you will guess right. As to his grace I have not seen him before or since.

I shall continue here perhaps a fortnight longer, perishing with heat; I have no Thermometer with me, but I feel it as I did at Naples. Next summer (if it be as much in my power, as it is in my wishes) I meet you at the foot of Skiddaw. My respects to Mrs. Wharton, and the young ladies great and small. Love to Robin and Richard. Adieu! I am truly yours.

CLV. MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.*

Jermyn Street, Aug. 3, 1768.

THAT Mr. Brockett has broken his neck, by a fal from his horse, you will have seen in the newspapers; and also that I, your humble servant, have kissed the King's hand for his succession: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almost as little in the second event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following his Grace the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say, that his Majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant Professorship, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more too high for me to transcribe: So on Thursday the King signed the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because every body, that goes to Court, does so: besides,

* Rector of Lounde and Bradwell in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.—*Mason.*

The Rev. Norton Nicholls, LL. B. died Nov. 22, 1809 in the 68th year of his age. See a long and elegant character of him by Mr. Matthias, Gent. Mag. Oct. 1810.

Whitaker, MS. note.

the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said.

Adieu. I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge; to be sure my dignity is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed, it will do for me.

CLVI. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

Pembroke Hall, Oct. 31, 1768.

It is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town: it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of 1500, and the other of 750, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, Sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and through you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expense he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of

last summer his Majesty was pleased to appoint me Regius Professor of Modern History in this University; it is the best thing the Crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is £400 per ann. but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person, who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the Duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the King offered me this office, with many additional expressions of kindness on his Grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the Minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation: if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction, than, dear Sir, &c.

SECTION THE FIFTH.

I. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, London, April 20, 1769.

You have reason to call me negligent, nor have I any thing to allege in my own defence, but two successive fits of the gout, which though weakly and not severe, were at least dispiriting, and lasted a long time. I rejoiced to hear your alarms for Robin and Kitty ended so happily, and with them (I hope) are fled a great part of your future inquietudes on this account. In the summer, I flatter myself, we may all meet in health once more at Old Park, and a part of us, perhaps, at the foot of Skiddaw. I am to call on Mason in my way, and bring him with me to visit his own works. Mr. Brown admitted your nephew according to your orders, and will provide him with a room against October.

I do not guess what intelligence Stonehewer gave you about my employments, but the worst employment I have had, has been to write something for musick against the Duke of Grafton comes to Cambridge.* I must comfort myself with the intention,

* As to yours, I will say as we now say of Mr. Gray, no man can write so well when he is bid, he cannot make the

for I know it will bring abuse enough on me;* however it is done, and given to the Vice-chancellor, and there is an end. I am come to town for

installation Ode for the Duke of Grafton, his friend and patron, Mason must *preach* one on the occasion, for he is

'Ordain'd, you know, and made divine.'

Letter from Mr. J. Sharp to Mr. Garrick, March 28, 1769; vide Garrick's Corresp. vol. i. p. 337.

I can tell you that Mr. Gray makes the Ode at last, and our professor has already got a part of it, to set to musick; I met Mr. Gray here at dinner last Sunday, he spoke handsomely of your happy knack at Epilogues, a gentleman in company giving an account of the additional lines to that at the Actor's benefit, but he calls the Stratford Jubilee Vanity Fair.‡ Ib. vol. i. 349.

* When the late Duke of Grafton (says Mr. Mathias, in his Observations on Gray, p. 53) was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, it is known that Mr. Gray, from an impulse of what he looked on as a species of duty, spontaneously offered to write the Ode for his Grace's installation. He considered it nevertheless as a sort of task, as a set composition; and a considerable time passed before he could prevail upon himself, or rather before he actually felt the power to begin it. But one morning after breakfast, Mr. Nicholls called on him, and knocking at his chamber door, Mr Gray got up hastily, and threw it open himself, and running up to him, in a hurried voice and tone, exclaimed, 'Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground!' Mr. Nicholls was so astonished, that he thought his senses were deranged, but Mr. Gray in a moment after resumed his usual pleasant manner, and repeating several verses at the beginning of that inimitable composition, said, 'Well, I have begun the Ode, and now I shall finish it.'—*Ed.*

‡ See Wool's Mem. of J. Warton, p. 343.

a fortnight, and find every thing in extreme confusion, as you may guess from your newspapers. Nothing but force threatened on both sides, and the law (as usual) watching the event, and ready to side with the strongest. The only good thing I hear, is that France is on the brink of a general bankruptcy, and their fleet (the only thing they have laid out money on of late) in no condition of service.

The spring is come in all its beauty, and for two or three days I am going to meet it at Windsor; adieu! and let us pray it may continue till July. Remember me to Mrs. Wharton, and all the family. I am ever yours, T. G.

Mason has left us, and is gone to Aston.

II. MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

I WAS absent from College and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday; so you must not attribute this delay to me but to accident: to sympathize with you in such a loss * is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy; can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a

* The death of his uncle Governor Floyer.

person that, through a great part of your life, has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are) by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment; from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty, and to himself; nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; time (by appointment of the same Power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow; but such as preserve them longest (for it is partly left in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden loss, I see them well, and I think, in a like situation, could fortify my mind, so as to support them with cheerfulness and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. When you have time to turn yourself round, you must think seriously of your profession; you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago: but I will not dwell on this subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure; but to serve and oblige them is a still greater; and this, with independence (no vulgar blessing), are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise: without it they are hardly attainable. Remember, I speak from experience.

In the mean time while your present situation lasts, which I hope will not be long, continue your

kindness and confidence in me, by trusting me with the whole of it; and surely you hazard nothing by so doing: that situation does not appear so new to me as it does to you. You well know the tenor of my conversation (urged at times perhaps a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, and to familiarize your mind with this spectre, which you call by its worst name: but remember that "Honesta res est læta paupertas." I see it with respect, and so will every one, whose poverty is not seated in their mind.* There is but one real evil in it (take my word who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them. You have youth: you have many kind well-intentioned people belonging to you; many acquaintance of your own, or families that will wish to serve you. Consider how many have had the same, or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes. Adieu. I sincerely wish your happiness.

P. S. I have just heard that a friend of mine is struck with a paralytic disorder, in which state it is likely he may live incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come: think how many things may befall a man far worse than poverty or death.

* An excellent thought finely expressed.—*Mason.*

III. MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, June 24, 1769.

And so you have a garden of your own,* and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused! Are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane, or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate and got a thousand guineas,† and fourscore pounds a year for my old

* Mr. Nicholls, by having pursued the advice of his correspondent, we find was now possessed of that competency which he wished him. Happy, not only in having so sage an adviser, but in his own good sense which prompted him to follow such advice. The gaiety, whim, and humour of this letter contrast prettily with the gravity and serious reflection of the former.—*Mason.*

† Consisting of houses on the west side of Hand-Alley, London: Mrs. Olliffe was the Aunt here mentioned, who

aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and * a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window curtains: Are you avized of that? Ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My Ode † has been rehearsed again and again, and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the North Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer,

had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew.—*Mason.*

* Mr. Mason has not remarked that these are the words of Dogberry, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' which Gray uses: 'I am a wise fellow, and which is more an officer, and which is more an householder, and which is more as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, *go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:* bring him away. Oh! that I had been writ down an ass!'—*Ed.*

† Ode for Music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation. See Poems. His reason for writing it is given in the next letter.—*Mason.* See Wool's Mem. of J. Warton, p. 348.

and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Landes' Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the academy of sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters: Poor Man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use on some great occasion.

"DEAR SIR,

"AFTER so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and prospect of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: How then shall my defici-

ency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign?" &c. &c. &c.

IV. FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

Remind him *eloquently* (that is, from your heart, and in such expressions as that will furnish) how many idle suspicions a sensible mind, naturally disposed to melancholy and depressed by misfortunes, is capable of entertaining, especially if it meets with but a shadow of neglect, or of contempt, from the very (perhaps the only) person, in whose kindness it had taken refuge. Remind him of his former goodness, frankly and generously shewn to ——, and beg him not to destroy the natural effects of it by any appearance of pique or of resentment; for that even the fancies and the chimæras of a worthy heart deserve a little management, and even respect. Assure him, as I believe you safely may, that a few kind words, the slightest testimony of his esteem, will brush away all ———'s suspicions and gloomy thoughts, and that, after this, there will need no constraint on his own behaviour, no not so much as in the most trifling matter; for when one is secure of a person's *intentions*, all the rest passes for nothing.

V. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

Cambridge, July 16, 1769.

THE late ceremony of the Duke of Grafton's installation has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the satisfaction your friendly compliment gave me: I thought myself bound in gratitude to his Grace, unasked, to take upon me the task of writing those verses which are usually set to music on this occasion.* I do not think them worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single day; or, if their existence is prolonged beyond that date, it is only by means of newspaper parodies, and witless criticisms. This sort of abuse I had reason to expect, but did not think it worth while to avoid.

Mr. Foulis is magnificent in his gratitude:† I

* In a short note which he wrote to Mr. Stonehewer, June 12, when, at his request he sent him the Ode in manuscript for his Grace's perusal, he expresses this motive more fully. 'I did not intend the Duke should have heard me till he could not help it. You are desired to make the best excuses you can to his Grace for the liberty I have taken of praising him to his face; but as somebody was necessarily to do this, I did not see why Gratitude should sit silent and leave it to Expectation to sing, who certainly would have sung, and that *à gorge deployée* upon such an occasion.'—*Mason.*

† When the Glasgow edition of Mr. Gray's Poems was sold off (which it was in a short time), Mr. Foulis finding

cannot figure to myself how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present. You can judge better of it than I; if he does not hurt himself by it, I would accept his Homer with many thanks. I have not got or even seen it.

I could wish to subscribe to his new edition of Milton, and desire to be set down for two copies of the large paper; but you must inform me where and when I may pay the money.

You have taught me to long for a second letter, and particularly for what you say will make the contents of it. I have nothing to requite it with, but plain and friendly truth; and that you shall have joined to a zeal for your fame, and a pleasure in your success.

I am now setting forward on a journey towards the North of England: but it will not reach so far as I could wish. I must return hither before Michaelmas, and shall barely have time to visit a few places and a few friends.

himself a considerable gainer, mentioned to Mr. Beattie, that he wished to make Mr. Gray a present either of his Homer, in 4 vols. folio, or the Greek Historians, printed likewise at his press, in 29 vols. duodecimo.—*Mason.*

VI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Pembroke College, July 17, 1769.

MASON being in residence at York, I lay aside my first design of going obliquely to Aston, and thence to Keswick ; and set out with Mr. Brown to-morrow the common north road. We shall probably pass two or three days at York, and then come to Old Park ; about the end of August we may cross the Appennine, and visit M. Skiddaw, when Mason may accompany or meet us on our way ; and so you drop me there, to find my way through the deserts of Lancashire in my return homewards.

I am so fat, that I have suffered more from heat this last fortnight, than ever I did in Italy. The thermometer usually at 75, and (in the sun) at 116. My respects to Mrs. Wharton and the family. I am ever yours, T. G.

JOURNAL,* 30 SEPT. 1769.

Wind at N.W. ; clouds and sunshine. A mile and a half from Brough, on a hill lay a great army

* The copy of the journal from which this is transcribed, is in the hand-writing of Dr. Wharton ; much is altered and omitted, as the reader may ascertain by comparison, in Mason's Memoirs of Gray.—*Ed.*

encamped.* To the left opened a fine valley with green meadows and hedge rows; a gentleman's house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach, appeared myriads of horses and cattle in the road itself, and in all the fields round me, a brisk stream hurrying cross the way, thousands of clean healthy people in their best party-coloured apparel, farmers and their families, esquires and their daughters, hastening up from the dales and down the fells on every side, glittering in the sun, and pressing forward to join the throng; while the dark hills, on many of whose tops the mists were yet hanging, served as a contrast to this gay and moving scene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the crowd (coming towards it) reached on as far as Appleby.

On the ascent of the hill above Appleby, the thick hanging wood, and the long reaches of the Eden (rapid, clear, and full as ever,) winding below with views of the castle and town, gave much employment to the mirror;† but the sun was wanting and the sky overcast.

Oats and barley cut every where, but not carried

* There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near Brough, on this day and the preceding.—*Mason.*

† 'Mr. Gray carried usually with him on these tours a plano-convex mirror, of about four inches diameter, on a black foib, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glass of this sort is perhaps the best and most convenient substitute for a camera obscura, of any thing that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician.'—*Mason.*

in. Passed Kirby-thore, Sir W. Dalston's house at Acorn-Bank, Winfield Park, Harthorn Oaks, Countess-Pillar, Brougham-Castle, Mr. Brown (one of the Six Clerks) his large new house; crossed the Eden, and the Eimot (pronounce Eeman) with its green vale, and at three o'clock dined with Mrs. Buchanan, at *Penrith*, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up the Beacon-hill, a mile to the top, saw Winfield and Lowther Parks, and through an opening in the bosom of that cluster of mountains, which the Doctor well remembers, the lake of Ulz-water, with the craggy tops of a hundred nameless hills. These lie to W. and S.; to the N. a great extent of black and dreary plains; to E. Cross-fell, just visible through mists and vapours hovering round it.

October 1. Wind at S.W.; a grey autumnal day, air perfectly calm and gentle. Went to see Ulz-water, five miles distant. Soon left the Keswick road, and turned to the left through shady lanes along the vale of *Eeman*, which runs rapidly on near the way, rippling over the stones. To the right is *Delmaine*, a large fabric of pale red stone, with nine windows in front, and seven on the side, built by Mr. Hassel, behind it a fine lawn, surrounded by woods, and a long rocky eminence rising over them. A clear and brisk rivulet runs by the house to join the Eeman, whose course is in sight and at a small distance. Farther on appears *Hatton St. John*, a castle-like old mansion of Mr. Huddleston.

Approached *Dunmallert*, a fine pointed hill, covered with wood, planted by old Mr. Hassel, before mentioned; who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a spungy meadow or two, and began to mount this hill through a broad and strait green alley among the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores and low points of land covered with green inclosures, white farm houses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost every where bordered with cultivated lands gently sloping upwards till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand; directly in front, at better than three miles distance *Place Fell*, one of the bravest among them, pushes its bold broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. I descended *Dunmallert* again by a side avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to *Barton* bridge over the *Eeman*, then walking through a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the *Eeman* issues out of the lake, and continued my way along its western shore close to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fishing.

(To be continued.)

VII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.*

DEAR DOCTOR, Aston, 18 Oct. 1769.

I HOPE you got safe and well home after that troublesome night ;† I long to hear you say so. For me I have continued well, been so favoured by the weather, that my walks have never once been hin-

* Dr. Thomas Wharton died suddenly at Old Park, Dec. 15, 1794, in the 79th year of his age.—London Chronicle. *Whitaker, MS. note.*

† Dr. Wharton, who had intended to accompany Mr. Gray to Keswick, was seized at Brough with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. Gray undertook to write the following journal of his tour for his friend's amusement. He sent it under different covers, I give it here in continuation. It may not be amiss, however, to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find elaborate and nicely turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly disappointed. When Mr. Gray described places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible ; to convey peculiar, not general ideas, and to paint by the eye, not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes, both before and since this was written, and all of them better calculated to please readers, who are fond of what they call *fine writing:* Yet those who can content themselves with an elegant simplicity of narrative, will, I flatter myself, find this to their taste ; they will perceive it was written with a view, rather to inform than surprize ; and, if they make it their companion when they take the same tour, it will inhance their opinion of its intrinsic excellence: in this way I tried it myself before I resolved to print it.—*Mason.*

dered till yesterday (that is, during a fortnight and 3 or 4 days, and a journey of 300 miles and more) and am now at Aston for two days. To-morrow I go towards Cambridge: Mason is not here, but Mr. Alderson receives me. My best respects to the family. Adieu! I am ever yours.

Pray tell me about Stonehewer.

JOURNAL *(continued)*.—1 OCTOBER, 1769.

The figure of Ulz-water nothing resembles that laid down in our maps: it is 9 miles long, and (at widest) under a mile in breadth. After extending itself three miles and a half in a line to S. W. it turns at the foot of *Place Fell*, almost due W. and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is soon again interrupted by the roots of Helvellyn, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and spreading again turns off to S. E. and is lost among the deep recesses of the hills. To this second turning I pursued my way about 4 miles along its borders beyond a village scattered among trees, and called *Water-Mallock*, in a pleasant grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of sunshine. Then the sky seeming to thicken, the valley to grow more desolate, and evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to *Penrith*.

October 2. Wind at S. E.; sky clearing, *Cross Fell* misty, but the outline of the other hills very

distinct. Set out at 10 for *Keswick*, by the road we went in 176 . Saw *Greystock* town and castle to the right, which lie only 3 miles (over the Fells) from Ulz-water. Passed through *Penradock* and *Threlcot* at the feet of *Saddleback*, whose furrowed sides were gilt by noonday sun, while its brow appeared of a sad purple, from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. The broad and green valley of *Gardies* and *Lowside*, with a swift stream glittering among the cottages, and meadows, lay to the left; and the much finer (but narrower) valley of St. *John's*, opening into it. *Hill-top*, the large, though low mansion of the Gaskarths, now a farm-house, seated on an eminence among woods under a steep fell, was what appeared the most conspicuous, and beside it a great rock, like some ancient tower nodding to its fall. Passed by the side of *Skiddaw*, and its cub called *Latterrig;* and saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the vale of Elysium, in all its verdure, the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre. Dined by 2 o'clock at the Queen's Head, and then straggled out alone to the *Parsonage*, fell down on my back across a dirty lane, with my glass open in one hand, but broke only my knuckles, staid nevertheless, and saw the sun set in all its glory.

October 3. Wind at S. E.; a heavenly day. Rose at 7, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to *Borrodale*. The grass was covered

with a hoar frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin blueish smoke. Crossed the meadows obliquely, catching a diversity of views among the hills over the lake and islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces ; left *Cockshut* and *Castle-hill* (which we formerly mounted) behind me, and drew near the foot of *Walla-crag*, whose bare and rocky brow, cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet, as I guess, awefully overlooks the way ; our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising, and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view, that my eyes ever beheld. Behind you are the magnificent heights of *Walla-crag ;* opposite lie the thick hanging woods of Lord Egremont, and *Newland* valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs ; to the left the jaws of *Borrodale*, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion ; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the *Lake*, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to shew it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of mountains, with the white buildings of *Keswick*, *Crosthwait* church, and *Skiddaw* for a back ground at a distance. Oh ! Doctor ! I never wished more for you ; and pray think how the glass played its part in such a spot, which is called Carf-close-reeds ; I chuse to set down these barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place, and easily find

the particular station that I mean. This scene continues to *Barrow-gate ;* and a little farther, passing a brook called *Barrow-beck*, we entered *Borrodale*. The crags, named *Lodoor-banks*, now begin to impend terribly over your way ; and more terribly when you hear, that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall ; but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin, in all shapes and in all directions. Something farther, we turned aside into a coppice, ascending a little in front of *Lodoor* water-fall, the height appears to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before ; but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one side a towering crag, that spired up to equal, if not overtop, the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness) ; on the other hand a rounder broader projecting hill, shagged with wood, and illumined by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We descended again, and passed the stream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under *Gowder* crag,

a hill more formidable to the eye and to the apprehension than that of *Lodoor ;* the rocks a-top, deep-cloven, perpendicularly, by the rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers ; the whole way down, and the road on both sides, is strewed with piles of the fragments, strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk. The place reminds one of those passes in the Alps,* where the guides tell you to move on with speed and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel here and hastened on in silence.

Non ragionam di lor ; ma guarda, e passa !

(To be continued.)

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* From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass ;
Mute, lest the air convulsed by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

Rogers's Poems, "The Alps at Day-break," p. 163.

VIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

HAVE you lost the former part of my journal? It was dated from *Aston*, 18th Oct. How does Stonehewer do? Will his father's condition allow him to return as yet? I beg my respects to all the family at Old-Park, and am ever yours,

T. G.

29 Oct. 1769, Cambridge.

JOURNAL *(continued)*.

October 3. The hills here are clothed all up their steep sides with oak, ash, birch, holly, &c.: some of it has been cut 40 years ago, some within these 8 years, yet all is sprung again green, flourishing, and tall for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, and where a man could scarce stand upright.

Met a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is oat-harvest here) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley. Round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent clear as glass, and shewing under its bridge every

trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of rock, covered entirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Castle-crag, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left and contracts its dimensions, till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases, and their summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms : among them appear *Eagle's-Cliff*, *Dove's-Nest*, *Whitedale-pike*, &c. celebrated names in the annals of Keswick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to *Sea-Whaite* (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right, that leads to the *Wadd-mines)* : all farther access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the Fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the Dale's-men ; but the mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, the reign of Chaos and Old Night : only I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to *Ravenglas*, and the other to *Hawkshead.*

For me, I went no farther than the farmer's at *Grange:* his mother and he brought us butter, that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten cakes and ale ; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with

us. Our farmer was himself the man, that last year plundered the eagle's eirie : all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouse, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of rock, on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and hollowing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other parent, but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland), and they breed near the old place. By his description I learn, that this species is the *Erne* (the Vultur *Albicilla* of Linnæus in his last edition, but in yours *Falco Albicilla)* so consult him and Pennant about it.

Walked leisurely home the way we came, but saw a new landscape : the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day sun, and the tints were entirely changed. Take notice this was the best or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed : it was perfectly serene, and hot as Midsummer. In the evening walked alone down to the Lake by the side of *Crow-Park* after sun-set, and saw the solemn colouring of light draw on, the

last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many water-falls, not audible* in the day-time. Wished for the Moon, but she was *dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*

October 4. Wind E.; clouds and sunshine, and in the course of the day a few drops of rain. Walked to *Crow-Park*, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled spot; and Smith judged right when he took his print of the Lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the *gorge* of *Borrodale*. I prefer it even to Cockshut-hill, which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon. It is covered with young trees both sown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch-fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle-hill (which you remember) because this is lower and nearer to the Lake: for I find all points, that are

* 'A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day.'
Wordsworth's White Doe, Canto IV.

much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts (which are not large) look poor and diminutive.* While I was here, a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of Castle-hill.

From hence I got to the *Parsonage*, a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmit to you and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty. The rest are in a sublimer style.

(To be continued without end.*)*

P. S. I beg your pardon, but I have no franks. The quill arrived very safe, and doubtless is a very snug and commodious method of travelling; for

* The *Picturesque Point* is always thus low in all prospects: A truth which though the landscape painter knows, he cannot always observe; since the patron who employs him to take a view of his place, usually carries him to some elevation for that purpose, in order, I suppose, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I say this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing should be made from the lowest point possible; as for instance, in this very view, from the lake itself, for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account, when I sailed on Derwentwater, I did not receive so much pleasure from the superb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traversed its margin; and I therefore think he did not lose much by not taking boat.—*Mason.*

one of the rarities was alive and hearty, and was three times plunged in spirits, before I could get it to die. You are much improved in observation, for a common eye would certainly take it for a pismire. The place of its birth, form of the antennæ, and abdomen, particularly the long *aculeus* under it, shew it to be a *Cynips*, (look among the *Hymenoptera*) not yet complete; for the four wings do not yet appear, that I see. It is not a species described by Linnæus, though he mentions others, that breed on the leaves, footstalks, buds, flowers, and bark of the oak. Remember me to Mrs. Wharton and the family. My love to Stonehewer, if he has not left Durham. Adieu!

IX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Jan. 3, 1770, Pemb. C.

JOURNAL *(continued)*.

October 5. Wind N. E. Clouds and sunshine. Walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent; and crossing it went up How-hill. It looks along the Basinthwaite water, and sees at the same time the course of the river, and a part of the upper lake with a full view of Skiddaw. Then I took my way through Portingskall village to the *Park*, a hill so called, covered entirely with wood: it is all a mass of crumbling slate. Passed round

its foot between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a Peninsula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways. In front rises Wallacrag, and Castle-hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw and Saddle-back. Returning met a brisk and cold North Eastern blast, that ruffled all the surface of the lake, and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Castle-Rigg, saw a Druid circle of large stones 108 feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but most of them still erect. They are fifty* in number, the valley of St. John's appeared in sight, and the summits of *Catchidecam* (called by Camden, *Casticand)* and *Helvellyn*, said to be as high as *Skiddaw*, and to arise from a much higher base. A shower came on, and I returned.

October 6. Wind E.; clouds and sun. Went in a chaise eight miles along the east side of Bassingth-water, to *Ouse*-bridge (pronounce *Ews bridge)* the road in some part made, and very good, the rest slippery and dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw. Opposite to *Widhope-brows* (clothed to the top with wood) a very beautiful view opens down the lake, which is narrower,

* See this piece of antiquity more fully described, with a plate annexed, by Mr. Pennant in his Second Tour to Scotland in 1772, p. 38.—*Mason.*

and longer than that of Keswick, less broken into bays, and without islands,* at the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upward, stands *Armathwaite*, in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake. At a small distance behind the house, is a large extent of wood, and still behind this, a ridge of cultivated hills, on which (according to the Keswick Proverb) the sun always shines. The inhabitants here on the contrary, call the vale of Derwent-water, the *Devil's Chamber-Pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw-Fell* (which terminates here) with a sort of terror and aversion. *Armathwaite-house* is a modern fabric, not large, and built of dark red stone, belonging to *Mr. Spedding*, whose grandfather was steward to old Sir James Lowther, and bought this estate of the *Himers*. So you must look for Mr. Michell in some other country. The sky was overcast, and the wind cool, so after dining at a public house, which stands here near the bridge, (that crosses the Derwent just when it issues from the lake) and sauntering a little by the water-side, I came home again. The turnpike is finished from Cockermouth hither, (five miles) and is carrying on to Penrith ;—several little showers to-day. A man came in who said there was snow on *Cross-fell* this morning.

* It is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Gray omitted to mention the islands on Derwentwater ; one of which, I think they call it Vicar's Island, makes a principal object in the scene. See Smith's View of Derwentwater.—*Mason.*

Oct. 7. Market day here. Wind, North East. Clouds and sunshine; little showers at intervals all day; yet walked in the morning to Crow-park; and in the evening up Penrith road; the clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very [dark *] yet the moon shone at intervals, it was too damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow mean to bid farewell to Keswick.

Botany might be studied here to great advantage at another season, because of the great variety of soils, and elevations, all lying within a small compass. I observed nothing but several curious Lichens, and plenty of Gale, or Dutch Myrtle, perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the Wadd-mine had been opened, (which is done once in five years,) it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fusible. When it is pure, soft, black, and close grained, it is worth sometimes 30 shillings a pound. There are no charr ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in Buttermere-water, which lies a little way, north of Borrodale, about Martlemas, which are potted here. They sow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and still on the ground. The rains have done much hurt, yet observe, the soil is so thin and light, that no day has passed in which I could not walk out with ease, and you know I am no lover of dirt.

* This word is inserted by Mason, without remark; there is an omission in Gray's MS.—*Ed.*

Fell-mutton is now in season for about six weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly resembles venison; excellent pike and perch, (here called *bass*) trout is out of season; partridge in great plenty.

Receipt to dress Perch (for Mrs. Wharton). "Wash, but neither scale nor gut them. Broil till enough, then pull out the fins, and open them along the back; take out the bone, and all the inwards without breaking them: put in a large lump of butter and salt, clap the sides together, till it melts, and serve very hot; it is excellent. The skin must not be eaten."

October 8th. Left Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning; wind east and afterwards north east; about two miles from the town mounted an eminence, called *Castle Rigg*, and the sun breaking out discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountain, all in their glory! had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not completed, but good country road, through sound, but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad daylight. This is the case about *Causeway-foot*, and among *Naddle-fells* to *Lancowaite*. The vale you go in has little breadth, the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came

to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's-water, (called also Thirl-meer, or Wiborn-water) and soon descending on its margin. The lake from its depth looks black, (though really as clear as glass) and from the gloom of the vast crags, that scowl over it: it is narrow and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, with not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march: all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not half the height of Helvellyn can be seen. (To be continued, but now we have got franks.)

Happy new year and many to you all! Hepatica and mezereon now in flower! I saw Mrs. Jonathan, who is much fallen away, and was all in tears for the loss of her brother's child: she and Miss Wilson desired their compliments. Your nephew is here and very well; so is Mr. Brown, who presents his best wishes.

X. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Past by the little chapel of *Wiborn*, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Past a beck near *Dunmailrouse* and entered Westmorland a second time, now begin to see *Helm-crag*,

distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad bason, discovers in the midst *Grasmere-water;* its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish-church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire.

The road winds here over *Grasmere-hill*, whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight, yet it is continued along behind them, and contracting

itself to a river, communicates with *Ridale-water*, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road descends, on the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills, and just to the left of our way stands *Ridale-hall*, the family seat of Sir Mic. Fleming, but now a farm-house, a large old fashioned fabric, surrounded with wood, &c. not much too good for its present destination. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him; I tremble for it when he returns. Near the house rises a huge crag called *Ridale-head*, which is said to command a full view of *Wynander-mere*, and I doubt it not, for within a mile that great lake is visible even from the road. As to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

Came to *Ambleside* eighteen miles to *Keswick*, meaning to lie there, but on looking into the best bed-chamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up *Wynander-mere* in despair, and resolved I would go on to *Kendal* directly, fourteen miles farther;* the road in general fine turnpike,

* By not staying a little at Ambleside, Mr. Gray lost the sight of two most magnificent cascades; the one not above half a mile behind the inn, the other down Ridale-crag, where Sir Michael Fleming is now making a path-way to the top of it. These, when I saw them, where in full torrent, whereas Lawdoor water-fall, which I visited in the evening of the very same day, was almost without a stream.

but some parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger. Unexpectedly was well rewarded for my determination. The afternoon was fine, and the road for full five miles runs along the side of *Wynander-mere*, with delicious views across it, and almost from one end to the other; it is ten miles in length and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river, but no flat marshy grounds, no osier beds, or patches of scrubby plantation on its banks; at the head two valleys open among the mountains, one, that by which we came down, the other Langsledale, in which Wrynose and Hard-knot, two great mountains, rise above the rest. From thence the fells visibly sink and soften along its sides. Sometimes

Hence I conclude that this distinguished feature in the vale of Keswick, is, like the most Northern rivers, only in high beauty during bad weather. But his greatest loss was in not seeing a small water-fall, visible only through the window of a ruined summer-house in Sir Michael's orchard. Here Nature has performed every thing in little that she usually executes on her largest scale; and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has its picturesque meaning; and the little central stream dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvass not bigger than those which are usually dropped in the Opera-house.—*Mason.* See Gilpin's Tour to the Lakes, vol. i. p. 169.—*Ed.*

they run into it, (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion; oftener they are green and cultivated, with farms interspersed, and round eminences on the border covered with trees: towards the South it seems to break into larger bays with several islands, and a wider extent of cultivation; the way rises continually till at a place called *Orresthead* it turns to South East, losing sight of the water. Passed by *Ing's* chapel and *Stavely*, but I can say no farther, for the dusk of the evening coming on I entered *Kendal* almost in the dusk, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and tenter grounds spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. My inn promised sadly, having two wooden galleries (like Scotland) in front of it. It was indeed an old ill-contrived house, but kept by civil sensible people, so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.

Oct. 9. Wind N. W. clouds and sun; air as mild as summer; all corn off the ground; sky-larks singing aloud; (by the way I saw not one at *Keswick*, perhaps because the place abounds with birds of prey) went up the castle hill, the town consists chiefly of three nearly parallel streets almost a mile long: except these all the other houses seem as if they had been dancing a country-dance and were out; there they stand back to back, corner to corner, some up hill, some down, without intent or meaning; along by their side runs a fine brisk

stream, over which are three stone bridges, the buildings (a few comfortable houses excepted) are mean, of stone and covered with a bad rough cast. Near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Col. Wilson's, and adjoining to it the church, a very large Gothic fabric with a square tower; it has no particular ornaments but double aisles, and at the east end four chapels or choirs, one of the Parrs, another of the Stricklands, the third is the proper choir of the church, and a fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. [There is an altar-tomb of one of them dated 1577, with a flat brass, arms and quarterings; and in the window their arms alone, arg. a hunting-horn, sab. strung gules. In the Strickland's chapel several modern monuments, and another old altar-tomb,* not belonging to the family: on the side of it a fess dancetty between ten billets, Deincourt. In the Parr's chapel is a third altar-tomb in the corner, no figure or inscription, but on the side, cut in stone, an escutcheon of Roos of Kendal, (three water-budgets) quartering Parr (two bars in a bordure engrailed); 2dly, an escutcheon, vaire, a fess for Marmion;

* This Tomb is probably of Ralph D'Aincourt, who in the reign of King John married Helen, daughter of Anselm de Furness, whose daughter and sole heir, Elizabeth, married William, son of Sir Robert de Stirkland, of Great Stirkland, Knt. 23rd Hen. III. The son and heir of this marriage was Walter de Stirkland, who probably erected this tomb to the memory of his grandfather.—West.

Whitaker, MS. note.

3dly, an escutcheon, three chevronels braced, and a chief (which I take for Fitzhugh): at the foot is an escutcheon, surrounded with the garter, bearing Roos and Parr quarterly, quartering the other two before-mentioned.* I have no books to look in, therefore cannot say whether this is the Lord Parr of Kendal, Queen Catherine's father, or her brother the Marquis of Northampton: perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was buried at Warwick in 1571.]† The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite to the town, almost the whole enclosure of walls remains with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper part and embattlements are demolished, it is of rough stone and cement; without any ornament or arms round, enclosing a court of like form, and surrounded by a moat, nor ever could have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks, there is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds.

* Mr. Gray's mistake is therefore very excusable; but 1st, it is highly improbable that it should be a cenotaph for William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, as there is no quartering of Bourchier Earl of Essex. 2nd. It is not the tomb of Sir Thomas Parr, father of Queen Catharine (by the way he was not Lord Parr of Kendal), for he was never knight of the Garter; but in all probability it belongs to Sir William Parr, father of Sir Thomas, who was installed knight of the Garter, An. , Edw. IV. and married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Lord Fitzhugh.—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

† The passage within brackets is inserted by Mason.

After dinner went along the *Milthrop* turnpike four miles to see the falls (or force) of the river Kent; came to *Siserge* (pronounce *Siser*) and turned down a lane to the left, *Siser*, the seat of the Stricklands, an old catholic family, is an ancient hall-house with a very large tower embattled: the rest of the buildings added to this are of later date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a back ground of old trees; there is a small park also well wooded; opposite to this turned to the left and soon came to the river; it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. The calmness and brightness of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron forge not far distant, made it a singular walk, but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not four feet high. I went on down to the forge and saw the demons at work by the light of their own fires: the iron is brought in pigs to *Milthrop* by sea from *Scotland*, and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles farther, at *Levens* is the seat of Lord Suffolk, where he sometimes passes the summer: it was a favourite place of his late Countess, but this I did not see.

Oct. 10. Went by *Burton* to *Lancaster*. Wind N. W. Clouds and sun; twenty-two miles; very good country, well inclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed; passed at the foot of *Farlton-Knot* * a high fell, four miles north of *Lancaster*,

* Mr. Gray must have meant Warton Crag.
Whitaker, MS. note.

on a rising ground called *Bolton* (pronounce *Bouton*) we had a full view of *Cartmell-sands*, with here and there a passenger riding over them, (it being low water), the points of *Furness* shooting far into the sea, and lofty mountains partly covered with clouds extending North of them. *Lancaster* also appeared very conspicuous and fine, for its most distinguished features, the castle and the church, mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be seen. Woe is me ! when I got thither, it was the second day of their fair ; the inn in the principal street was a great old gloomy house full of people, but I found tolerable quarters, and even slept two nights in peace. Ascended the castle-hill in a fine afternoon, it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it stands, and is irregularly round, encompassed with a deep moat. In front towards the town is a magnificent Gothic gateway, lofty and huge, the over-hanging battlements are supported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through and showing the day from above ; on its top rise light watch-towers of small height, it opens below with a grand pointed arch ; over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing its founder's figure ; on one side a shield of France semy quartered with England, on the other with a label ermine for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the county gaol and full of prisoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vast square

tower of great height ; the lower part at least of remote antiquity, for it has small round-headed lights, with plain short pillars on each side of them ; there is a third tower also square and of less dimensions, this is all the castle : near it and but little lower stands the church, a large and plain Gothic fabric ; the high square tower at the west end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same style. There are no ornaments of arms, &c. any where to be seen ; within it is lightsome and spacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glass is left : from the church-yard there is an extensive sea-view (for now the tide had almost covered the sands and filled the river), and besides greatest part of *Furness*, I could distinguish *Peelcastle*, on the *Isle of Fowdrey*, which lies off its southern extremity : the town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the Castle-hill more than twice the bigness of Auckland, with many neat buildings of white stone, but a little disorderly in their position ad libitum like Kendal. Many also extend below on the Keys by the river side, where a number of ships were moored, some of them three mast vessels, decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the Lune, which runs when the tide is out in two streams divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in spring tides ; below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the sea at five or six miles distance to the S. W.

Oct. 11. Wind S. W.; clouds and sun: warm and a fine dappled sky: crossed the river, and walked over a peninsula three miles to the village of Pooton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of passing those sands) told me in his dialect a moving story. How a brother of the trade, a cockler (as he styled him) driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the Seven Mile Sands, as they had frequently been used to do: for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did. When they were about half way over a thick fog rose, and as they advanced, they found the water much deeper than they expected. The old man was puzzled; he stopped and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. They staid a little while for him but in vain. They called aloud, but no reply; at last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on. She would not leave the place; she wandered about, forlorn and amazed. She would not quit her horse, and get into the cart with them. They determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off and perished. The poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes wading, and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any

account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb,) that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them.

In the afternoon wandered about the town and by the key, till it was dark. A little rain fell.

Oct. 12. Wind North-east. Sky gloomy, then gleams of sunshine. Set out for Settle by a fine turnpike road, 29 miles.

Rich and beautiful enclosed country, diversified with frequent villages and churches, very uneven ground, and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks clothed with fine woods, through which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it. Passed the Park (Hon. Mr. Clifford's, a Catholic,) in the most picturesque part of the way. The grounds between him and the River are indeed charming :* the house is ordinary, and

* This scene opens just three miles from Lancaster, on what is called the Queen's Road. To see the view in perfection, you must go into a field on the left. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect: on each hand of the middle distance, rise two sloping hills; the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage: between them, in the richest of valleys, the Lune serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, through a well-wooded and richly pastured fore-ground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position.

Mason.

the Park nothing but a rocky fell, scattered over with ancient hawthorns. Came to Hornby, a little town on the River Wanning, over which a handsome bridge is now in building. The Castle in a lordly situation attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it. First presents itself a large but ordinary white gentleman's house, sashed; behind it rises the ancient keep built by Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle, in Henry the VIIIth's time. It is now a shell only, though rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding stone staircase in one corner to the leads, and at the angle is a single hexagon watch-tower rising some feet higher, fitted up in the taste of a modern *Toot*, with sash-windows in gilt frames, and a stucco cupola, and on the top a vast gilt eagle, by Mr. Charteris, the present possessor. But he has not lived here since the year 1745, when the people of Lancaster insulted him, threw stones into his coach, and almost made his wife (Lady Catherine Gordon) miscarry. Since that he has built a great ugly house of red stone (thank God it is not in England) near Haddington, which I remember to have passed by. He is the second son of the Earl of Wemyss, and brother to the Lord Elcho, grandson to Colonel Charteris, whose name he bears. From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the Castle. Ingleborough, which I had seen before distinctly at Lancaster, to North-east, was now completely wrapt in clouds, all but its

summit, which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching storm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the Appennine; the trees growing less and thin of leaves till we came to Inghilton, 18 miles. It is a pretty village, situated very high, and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge creature of God, *Ingleborough*, two torrents cross it with great stones rolled along their bed instead of water: over them are two handsome arches flung. Here at a little ale-house, where Sir Bellingham Graham, and Mr. Parker, Lord of the Manor, (one of them six feet and a half high, and the other as much in breadth) come to dine. The nipping air (though the afternoon was growing very bright) now taught us we were in Craven; the road was all up and down, (though no where very steep) to the left were mountain-tops, to the right a wide valley, (all enclosed ground) and beyond it high hills again. In approaching Settle the crags on the left draw nearer to our way, till we ascended Brunton-brow into a cheerful valley (though thin of trees) to *Giggleswick*, a village with a small piece of water by its side covered over with coots. Near it a church which belongs also to Settle, and half a mile further, having passed the Ribble, over a bridge, arrived at Settle. It is a small market-town standing directly under a rocky fell. There are not a dozen good looking houses; the rest are old and low, with little wooden porticoes in front. My Inn pleased

me much (though small) for the neatness and civility of the good woman that kept it, so I lay there two nights, and went

Oct. 13, to visit *Gordale-sear*. Wind N. E.: day gloomy and cold. It lay but six miles from Settle, but that way was directly over a fell, and it might rain, so I went round in a chaise the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full thirteen miles, and half of it such a road! but I got safe over it, so there's an end; and came to Maltham (pronounce it Maum) a village in the bosom of the mountains, seated in a wild and dreary valley: from thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground. A torrent rattling along on the left hand. On the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where I would not have stood stock-still for all beneath the moon. As I advanced, the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them. I followed my guide a few paces, and lo, the hills opened again into no large space, and then all further way is barred by a stream, that at the height of above 50 feet gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley. The rock on the left rises perpendicular with stubbed yew-trees and shrubs, staring from its side to the height of at least 300 feet; but those are not the things: it is that to the

right under which you stand to see the fall that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one block and solid mass, without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy. When I stood at (I believe) full four yards distance from its foot, the drops which perpetually distil from its brow, fell on my head, and in one part of the top more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in the air, and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction. It is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir. The gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, and made it still more formidable.

I stayed there (not without shuddering) a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid, for the impression will last for life. At the ale-house where I dined in *Maum*, Vivares, the landscape painter, had lodged for a week or more, Smith and Bellers had also been there, and two prints of Gordale have been engraved by them. I returned to my comfortable inn. Night fine but windy and frosty.

Oct. 14. Went to Skipton 16 miles. Wind North East; gloomy. A little sleet falls. From several parts of the road, and in many places about Settle, I saw at once the three famous hills of this

country, Ingleborough, Penigent, and Pendle ; the first is esteemed the highest; their features are hard to describe, but I could trace their outline with a pencil.* [In the manuscript is inserted a rough outline of the shape of these three mountains, in this place.] Craven after all is an unpleasing country, when seen from a height. Its valleys are chiefly wide, and either marshy, or enclosed pasture, with a few trees. Numbers of black cattle are fatted

* Without the pencil nothing indeed is to be described with precision ; and even then that pencil ought to be in the very hand of the writer, ready to supply with outlines every thing that his pen cannot express by words. As far as language can describe, Mr. Gray has, I think, pushed its powers : for rejecting, as I before hinted, every general unmeaning and hyperbolical phrase, he has selected (both in this journal, and on other similar occasions) the plainest, simplest, and most direct terms : yet, notwithstanding his judicious care, in the use of these, I must own I feel them defective. They present me, it is true, with a picture of the same species, but not with the identical picture : my imagination receives clear and distinct, but not true and exact images. It may be asked then, why am I entertained by well-written descriptions ? I answer, because they amuse rather than inform me ; and because, after I have seen the places described, they serve to recall to my memory the original scene, almost as well as the truest drawing or picture. In the meanwhile, my mind is flattered by thinking it has acquired some conception of the place, and rests contented in an innocent error, which nothing but ocular proof can detect, and which, when detected, does not diminish the pleasure I had before received, but augments it by superadding the charms of comparison and verification ; and herein I would place the real and only merit of verbal prose description. To speak of poetical, would lead me beyond the

here ; both of the Scotch breed and a large sort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground except a few oats.

Oct. 15. Wind North East. Gloomy at noon. A few grains of sleet fell. Then bright and clear. Went through Long Preston and Gargrave to Skipton, 16 miles. It is a pretty large market town in a valley, with one very broad street, gently sloping downwards from the castle, which stands at the head of it. This is one of our good * Countess's

limits as well as the purpose of this note. I cannot, however, help adding, that I have seen one piece of verbal description which completely satisfies me, because it is throughout assisted by masterly delineation. It is composed by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, of Cheam, in Surrey ; and contains, amongst other places, an account of the very scenes which, in this tour, our author visited. This gentleman, possessing the conjoined talent of a writer and a designer, has employed them in this manuscript to every purpose of picturesque beauty, in the description of which a correct eye, a practised pencil, and an eloquent pen could assist him. He has consequently produced a work *unique* in its kind at once. But I have said it is in manuscript, and, I am afraid, likely to continue so ; for would his modesty permit him to print it, the great expence of plates would make its publication almost impracticable.—*Mason*.

* Anne Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery. I have an extempore epitaph in verse, which Gray wrote on this memorable lady, on reading the epitaph on her mother's tomb in the church at Appleby, composed by the Countess in the same manner. An interesting sketch of her life, composed from the MS. of Mr. Sedgwick her secretary (extant in Appleby Castle) may be read in Gilpin's Tour to the Lakes. Vol. ii. p. 149—164.—*Ed*.

buildings, but on old foundations, it is not very large, but of a handsome antique appearance, with round towers. A grand gateway, bridge, and moat, and many old trees about in good repair, and kept up as an habitation of the Earl of Thanet, though he rarely comes thither. What with the sleet, and a foolish dispute about chaises that delayed me, I did not see the inside of it. But went on 15 miles to *Ottley*. First up Shode-bank, the steepest hill I ever saw a road carried over in England. For it mounts up in a straight line (without any other repose for the horses, than by placing stones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile. Then the road goes along the brow of this high hill over Rumbold Moor, till it gently descends into Whorldale. So they call the Vale of the Wharf, and a beautiful vale it is. Well wooded, well cultivated, well inhabited ; but with high crags at distance, that border the green country on either hand ; through the midst of it, deep, clear, full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth, runs in long windings the river ; how it comes to pass, that it should be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel without water, I cannot tell ; I passed through *Long Addingham*, Ilkoley (pronounce Eccla) distinguished by a lofty brow of loose rocks ; to the right, Burley, a neat and pretty village among trees. On the opposite side of the river lay *Middleton Lodge*, belonging to a Catholic gen-

tleman of that name. *Weston*, a venerable stone fabric, with large offices, of Mr. Vavasor. The meadows in front gently descending to the water, and behind a great and shady wood. Farnley (Mr. Fawkes) a place like the last, but larger, and rising higher on the side of the hill. *Ottley* is a large airy town, with clean but low rustic buildings, and a bridge over the wharf. I went into its spacious Gothic church, which has been new roofed with a flat stucco ceiling. In the corner is the monument of Thomas Lord Fairfax and Helen Aske, his Lady, descended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph says. The figures not ill cut, particularly his in armour, but bareheaded, lie on the tomb. I take them for the parents of the famous Sir Thomas Fairfax.*

X. MR. GRAY TO MR. BONSTETTEN.

Cambridge, 1770, April 12th.

NEVER did I feel, my dear Bonstetten,† to what a tedious length the few short moments of our life

* The grandfather and grandmother. The father of Sir T. F. was Ferdinando.—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

Here the manuscript of Dr. Wharton terminates; and the writing of Gray again begins.—*Ed.*

† These three letters are taken from Miss Plumtree's translation of Matthison's Letters, p. 533. Bonstetten, in his youth, resided some time at Cambridge, during which

may be extended by impatience and expectation, till you had left me: nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the Sultan* in the Turkish tales, that

time he enjoyed an almost daily intercourse with Gray, who attached himself to him with great ardour, and became soon his warmest and most confidential friend. Charles Von Bonstetten was Baillie of Nion, in the canton of Berne, author of letters on the Pastoral Parts of Switzerland, &c. and some other works. Mr. Mason (it appears) applied to him for leave to publish these letters, which he refused; afterwards permitting them to be printed by his friend Mathison, in the notes to some stanzas on the Lemon Lake, in which Gray is introduced;

"Where Agathon, the Muses', Graces' pride,
The palace's delight, the peasant's stay;
E'en hence to distant Jura's shaggy side,
In warmest friendship clasped me as his Gray."

"Gray took lodgings for Bonstetten at Cambridge, near to his own rooms, and used to visit him in the evening, and read classical authors with him." These few words contained all about Gray, that Bonstetten told the Hon. W. Ward (Lord Dudley) who communicated them to me. There is a short article headed 'Gray,' in the Souvenirs, &c. of Bonstetten. Was the young foreigner recommended by Gray to T. Warton (v. Chalmers' British Poets) Bonstetten? see. vol. xviii. p. 80-81, notes. Sir Egerton Brydges says that he thinks that it was 1769 that Bonstetten, who was then 24 years old, visited Gray at Cambridge, he died at Geneva, Feb. 1832, æt. 87. Vide Autobiog. of Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. i. p. 117 and 330. Restituta, vol. iii. p. 542.

* Lady B—— M—— is the individual woman she was

did but plunge his head into a vessel of water, and take it out again, as the standers by affirmed, at the command of a Dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you, are only owing to your last letter, a temporary gleam of sunshine. Heaven knows when it may shine again. I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship. I must cite another Greek writer to you, because it is much to my purpose. He is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. "It includes," he says, "qualifications rarely united in one single mind, quickness of apprehension and a retentive memory, vivacity and application, gentleness and magnanimity; to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul," continues he, "will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate, a stranger to illiberality and avarice; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things and sublimest contemplations, it will contract an habitual greatness, will look down

—she seems to have been gone three years, like the Sultan in the Persian Tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim.—Walpole's Letters, V. 452.

with a kind of disregard on human life, and on death; consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such," says he "is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind." But these very endowments, so necessary to a soul formed for philosophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty; that is, if it light on a bad soil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case, he is depraved by the public example, the assemblies of the people, the courts of justice, the theatres, that inspire it with false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause; and remember, that extraordinary vices, and extraordinary virtues, are equally the produce of a vigorous mind; little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other.

If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again; for my part, to my sorrow I have had that happiness. I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this, I return to your letter. It proves at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties, I still hold some place in your memory; and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to shew me your heart simply, and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow.

XI. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR SIR, 18 April, 1770.

I HAVE been sincerely anxious for Miss Wharton, whose illness must have been indeed severe. If she is only now recovering, let us hope every thing from the spring; which begins (though slowly) to give new life to all things; and pray give my best respects to her, and thanks for remembering me and my Dictionary, at a time when she well may be excused for thinking of nothing but herself.

I have utterly forgot where my journal left off, but (I think) it was after the account of *Gordale*, near Settle. If so, there was little more worth your notice; the principal things were *Whorldale*, in the way from Skipton to Ottley, and *Kirkstall* Abbey, three miles from Leeds. The first is the valley formed by the River Wharf, well cultivated, well inhabited, well wooded. But with high rocky crags at distance, that border the green country on either hand. Through the midst of it, was the river, in long windings, deep, clear, and full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth. How it comes to be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel, with little or no water, I cannot tell you; *Kirkstall* is a noble ruin

in the Semi-Saxon style of building, as old as K. Stephen, toward the end of his reign, 1152; the whole church is still standing (the roof excepted) seated in a delicious quiet valley, on the banks of the River *Are*, and preserved with religious reverence by the Duke of Montagu. Adjoining to the church, between that and the river, are variety of chapels, and remnants of the abbey, shattered by the encroachments of the ivy, and surmounted by many a sturdy tree, whose twisted roots break through the fret of the vaulting, and hang streaming from the roofs. The gloom of these ancient cells, the shade and verdure of the landscape, the glittering and murmur of the stream, the lofty towers, and long perspectives of the church, in the midst of a clear bright day, detained me for many hours, and were the truest subjects for my glass I have yet met with any where; as I lay at that smoky, ugly, large town of Leeds, I dropt all farther thoughts of my journal; and after passing two days at Mason's (though he was absent), pursued my way by Nottingham, Leicester, Harborough, Kettering, Thrapston, and Huntingdon, to Cambridge, where I arrived 22 October, having met with no rain to signify, till this last day of my journey. There's luck for you.

I do think of seeing Wales this summer; having never found my spirits lower than at present; and feeling that motion and change of the scene is absolutely necessary to me. I will make Aston in my

way to Chester, and shall rejoice to meet you there, the *last week in May*. Mason writes me word, that he wishes it, and though his old house is down, and his new one not up, proposes to receive us like princes in grain. Adieu ! my dear Sir, and believe me, most faithfully yours, T. G.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and the family. Our weather till Christmas continued mild and open ; 28 Dec. some snow fell, but did not lie. The 4th of January was stormy and snowy, which was often repeated during that month. And yet the latter half of it was warm and gentle. 18th Feb. was snow again, the rest of it mostly fine. Snow again on 15 March; from 20th to 30th of March was cold and dry, wind East, or North East; on the 31st rain, from thence till within a week past, wind North West, or North East, with much hail and sleet; and on 4th April, a thunder-storm. It is now fine spring weather.

1 March. First Violet appeared. Frogs abroad.
4 — Almond blowed; and Gooseberry spread its leaves.
8 — Apricot blowed.
1 April. Violets in full bloom, and double Daffodils.
5 — Wren singing. Double Jonquils.

XII. MR. GRAY TO MR. BONSTETTEN.

April 19, 1770.

Alas! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, "Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir;" and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on the piano-forte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed, with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. I am going for a few days to see poor Nicholls, invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. "I am concerned," says he, "that I cannot pass my life with him; I never met with any one who pleased and suited me so well: the miracle to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled: and the miracle of miracles will be, if he

continues so in the midst of every danger and seduction, and without any advantages but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own I am very anxious for him on this account, and perhaps your inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or will he forget me thus *in insulam relegatum*? If he should it is out of my power to retaliate."

Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will; he has moved me with these gentle and sensible expressions of his kindness for you; are you untouched by them?

You do me the credit, and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, ill company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse. Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despote.

XII. MR. GRAY TO MR. BONSTETTEN.*

May 9th, 1770.

I AM returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there, has embittered all my hours. Your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt, the disadvantages I lay myself under; how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathize with me. It is impossible with me to dissemble with you; such as I am I expose my heart to your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you

* Bonstetten told me, that when he was walking one day with Gray in a crowded street of the city, (about 1769) a large uncouth figure was polling before them, upon seeing which, Gray exclaimed, with some bitterness, "Look, look, Bonstetten! the great bear! There goes *Ursa Major!*" This was Johnson: Gray could not abide him.—*Autob. of Sir Egerton Brydges*, vol. ii. p. 111. For an interesting account of Bonstetten, see Autobiography of Sir E. Brydges, vol. ii. p. 378, &c. but more peculiarly the curious collection of Gray's letters to Nicholls in Mr. Dawson Turner's possession: and Mr. Nicholls' replies.

say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words: 'La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacées.'

XIV. MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

Pembroke Hall, July 2, 1770.

I REJOICE to hear that you are restored to better state of health, to your books, and to your muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head, (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem:* On the contrary, if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform

* This letter was written in answer to one that inclosed only a part of the first book of the Minstrel in manuscript, and I believe a sketch of Mr. Beattie's plan for the whole. *Mason.*

you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a Minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? (what service I must leave to your invention) such as no General, no Statesman, no Moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations: Besides, it will be a full answer to all the Hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will show their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly, (what weighs most with me) it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language or versification you will permit me to remark. * * * (See Forbes's Life of Beattie, vol. i. p. 197. Let. xlv. 4to.)

* * * A few paragraphs of particular criticism are here

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*, because I have not yet given it all the attention it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure; besides I am partial, for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing, without any study at all. Is not that *naivetè* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that has unhappily been taught to read and write? That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand.*

omitted. Published in Beattie's Life, by Forbes. See the Appendix.

* On a similar subject Mr. Gray expresses himself thus in a letter to Mr. Walpole, dated March 17, 1771: 'He must have a very good stomach that can digest the *Crambe recocta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks of France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the Soul, perhaps they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England. Shakespeare, for example, I believe had several to his own share. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork) I like them

XV. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

It happened that I was in London at the time when Stonehewer received your letter relating to Mr. L.'s request; as my name was mentioned in it, I ought to make my excuses to you as well as he, which it is indeed easy to do, as I could by no means ask any thing but through him, and (though this had been in my power) it would have been a very

because they are better christians than Voltaire.' This was written only three months before his death; and I insert it to show how constant and uniform he was in his contempt of infidel writers. Dr. Beattie received only one letter more from his correspondent, dated March 8, 1771. It related to the first book of the Minstrel, now sent to him in print, and contained criticisms on particular passages, and commendations of particular stanzas. Those criticisms the author attended to in a future edition, because his good taste found that they deserved his attention; the passages therefore being altered, the strictures die of course. As to the notes of commendation, the Poem itself abounds with so many striking beauties, that they need not even the hand of Mr. Gray to point them out to a reader of any feeling: all therefore that I shall print of that letter, is the concluding paragraph relating to his Essay on the Immutability of Truth. 'I am happy to hear of your success in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interests of mankind: your book is read here too, and with just applause.'—*Mason.*

bad plea to say, 'My L^d. you have done me a very unexpected favour not long since; and therefore I must beg you to do another, at my desire, for a friend of mine.' But the truth is, at this time our application could not have had any success, as our principal would certainly never apply to three different persons, with whom he has no connexion; nor care to be refused, or even obliged by them. The inside of things cannot be well explained by letters; but if you saw it, you would immediately see in its full light the impracticability of the thing.

I am lately returned from a six weeks ramble through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very light and principal feature in my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat for near 40 miles, from Ross to Chepstow: its banks are a succession of nameless wonders! one out of many you may see not ill described by Mr. Whateley, in his * *Observations on Gardening* under the name of the *New Weir;* he has also touched upon two others, *Tinterne Abbey*, and *Persfield*, (Mr. Norris's) both of them famous scenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river in a vale, that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure.

* See Whateley's Observations on the New Weir on the Wye, p. 111; description of Tintern Abbey, p. 136; of Persfield, p. 241.—*Ed.*

The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland and Chepstow Castles, Ludlow, Malvern Hills, Hampton Court near Lemster, the Leasowes, Hagley, the three Cities and their Cathedrals,* and lastly Oxford (where I past two days in my return with great satisfaction), are the rest of my acquisitions, and no bad harvest to my thinking. I have a journal written by the companion† of my travels, that serves to recal and fix the fading images of these things.

I desire to hear of your health and that of your family. Are Miss Wh^n. and Miss Peggy quite recovered? My respects to Mrs. Wharton and them. I am ever yours, T. G.

Pembroke College, August 24, 1770.

* Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester?—*Whitaker, MS. note.*

† Mr. Norton Nicholls: of this gentleman see a full account in Mr. Matthias's Edition of Gray's Works, vol. i. p. 516. In the same year (says Mr. Gilpin in his Preface to his Observations on the River Wye, p. iii.) in which this little journey was made, Mr. Gray made it likewise; and hearing that I had put on paper a few remarks on the scenes, which he had so lately visited, he desired a sight of them. They were then only in a rude state; but the handsome things he said of them to a friend of his, who obligingly repeated them to me, gave them, I own, some little degree of credit in my own opinion; and made me somewhat less apprehensive in risking them before the public. If this work afforded any amusement to Mr. Gray, it was the amusement of a very late period of his life. He saw it in London, about the beginning of June, 1771; and he died, you know, at the end of the July following. Had he lived, it is possible he might have been induced to have assisted me with a few

XVI.

MR. GRAY TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

ON THE FUNERAL OF ROGER LONG, MASTER OF PEMBROKE HALL, WHO DIED DEC. 16, 1770, AGED 91.

How did we know, pray ? nobody here remembered another burying of the kind. Shall be proud of your advice the next opportunity, which we hope will be some forty years hence. I am sorry you would not send for me last night. I shall not be able to wait on you chez vous as soon as I could wish, for I go in a few days to town, when I shall see Mr. Walpole. Adieu ! at my return we shall meet.

Sat. 22 Dec. 1770.

XVII. MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke Hall, Jan. 26, 1771.

I REJOICE you have met with Froissart, he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age ; had he but had the

of his own remarks on scenes which he had so accurately examined; the slightest touches of such a master would have had their effect. No man was a greater admirer of nature than Mr. Gray, nor admired it with better taste.—*Ed.*

luck of writing in as good a language, he might have been immortal! His locomotive disposition, (for then there was no other way of learning things) his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian. When you have *tant chevauché*, as to get to the end of him, there is Monstrelet waits to take you up, and will set you down at Philip de Comines; but previous to all these, you should have read Villehardouin and Joinville. I do not think myself bound to defend the character of even the best of Kings:* pray slash them all and spare not.

It would be strange too if I should blame your Greek studies, or find fault with you for reading Isocrates; I did so myself twenty years ago, and in an edition at least as bad as yours. The Panegyric, the de Pace, Areopagitic, and Advice to Philip, are by far the noblest remains we have of this writer, and equal to most things extant in the Greek tongue; but it depends on your judgment to distinguish between his real and occasional opinion of things, as he directly contradicts in one place what he has advanced in another: for example, in the Panathenaic and the de Pace, &c. on the naval power of Athens; the latter of the two is undoubtedly his own undisguised sentiment.

I would by all means wish you to comply with

* I suppose his correspondent had made some strictures on the character of Henry IV. of France. See Sect. iv. Letter xxii. (Vol. iv.)—*Mason.*

your friend's request, and write the letter he desires. I trust to the cause and to the warmth of your own kindness for inspiration. Write eloquently, that is from your heart, in such expressions as that will furnish.* Men sometimes catch that feeling from a stranger which should have originally sprung from their own heart.

XVIII. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Feb. 2, Pembroke Coll. 1771.

It never rains but it pours,† my dear Doctor, you will be glad to hear, that Mr. Brown has added to

* This short sentence contains a complete definition of natural eloquence; when it becomes an art it requires one more prolix, and our author seems to have begun to sketch it on a detached paper. 'Its province (says he) is to reign over minds of slow perception and little imagination, to set things in lights they never saw them in; to engage their attention by details and circumstances gradually unfolded, to adorn and heighten them with images and colours unknown to them, and to raise and engage their rude passions *to the point to which the speaker wishes to bring them.*' * * * *Mason.*

This sentence is written in pencil in Gray's Pocket Journal for 1755, as far as 'rude passions;' the following words are not there.—*Ed.*

† Dr. Long died 16th Dec. 1770, aged 91, leaving six hundred pounds to his college. He was buried in Trinity Chapel. His chief works are, 1, An Answer to Gally on Accents. 2, A Life of Mahomet, prefixed to Ockley's Saracens. 3, A Treatise on Astronomy, 2 vols. 4to. 1742, 1784.—*Ed.*

his mastership (which is better than £150 a year) a living hard by Cambridge, Stretham in the isle of Ely, worth, as it was let above forty years ago, at least £240 more. It was in the gift of the crown during the vacancy of the See of Ely, and that its value is really more than I have said, you will hardly doubt, when you hear it was carried against an Earl, a Baron, and a Bishop, the latter of the three so strenuous a suitor, that he still persisted above a week after I had seen the presentation signed to Mr. Brown by the King's own hand, nay, he still persisted a day, after the King had publicly declared in the Drawing-room, that he had given it to Mr. Brown by name. And who was this bishop? no other than your friend, who wanted it for a nephew of his, a poor *unfortunate* nephew, that had been so imprudent many a year ago to marry a farmer's daughter, where he boarded when Curate; and continued ever since under a cloud, because his uncle would give him nothing. As to us, we had a Duke, an Earl, a Viscount, and a Bishop, on our side, and carried it so swimmingly you would stare again. There was a prologue, and an exegesis, and a peripeteia, and all the parts of a regular drama; and the Hero is gone to London, was instituted yesterday, and to-day is gone to Lambeth, for the Archbishop too spoke a good word for us, and at a very critical time. The old Lodge has got rid of all its harpsichords, and begins to brighten up: its inhabitant is lost like a mouse in an old

cheese. He has received your generous offer of a benefaction to the common good, but it is too much to tax yourself: however, we all intend to bring in our mites, and show the way to the high and mighty; when a fund is once on foot they will bestir themselves.

I am sincerely concerned to find Miss Wharton is still an invalid. I believe you must send her into the milder regions of the South, where the sun dispels all maladies. We ourselves have had an untoward season enough: vast quantities of rain instead of winter, the thermometer never below 40 degrees, often above 50, before Christmas; unusual high winds (which still continue), particularly the 19th of Dec. at night, it blew a dreadful storm. The first grain of snow was seen on Christmas day, of which we have had a good deal since, but never deep or lasting. The second week in January was really severe cold at London, and the Thames frozen over: one morning that week the glass stood here (at eight in the morning) at 16 degrees, which is the lowest I ever knew it at Cambridge. At London it never has been observed lower than 13, (understand me right, I mean 13 above Zero of Fahrenheit), and that was 5th Jan. 1739; now it is very mild again, but with very high winds at N. W.

I give you joy of our awkward peace with Spain. Mason is in town taking his swing, like a boy in breaking-up time. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wharton, and all the good family. Did I tell you

of my breaking-up, in Summer, in the midland counties; and so far as Abergavenny one way, and Ludlow the other? I have another journal for you in several volumes. I have had a cough for above three months upon me, which is incurable Adieu! I am ever yours, T. G.

XIX. MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I was really far from well in health, when I received your last letter: since that I am come to town and find myself considerably better. Mason has passed all the winter here with Stonehewer in Curzon-street, May-fair, but thinks of returning homeward in a week or ten days; he had your letter (which had gone round by Aston) and was applying to Mr. Fraser and others for proper recommendations in case poor * * * * should be obliged to make use of them: but now you have given us some hopes, that these expedients may not be necessary. I for my own part do heartily wish you may not be deceived, and that so cool a tyrant as her husband seems to be, may willingly give up the thoughts of exercising that tyranny, when it is most in his power; but I own, it seems to me very unlikely: however, I would not have you instrumental (but at her most earnest entreaty) in placing

her out of his reach. No persuasion or advice on this head should come from you: it should be absolutely her own firm resolution (before sure witnesses) for that is the only thing that can authorise you to assist her. It must have been her own fault (at least her weakness) that such a decision as that of these delegates could find any grounds to go upon. I do not wonder that such an event has discomposed you: it discomposed me to think of the trouble and expense it has brought upon you!

My* summer was intended to have been passed in Switzerland, but I have dropped the thought of it, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: for travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low

* Mr. Mason has joined this paragraph to that Letter of Mr. Gray's which is dated August 24, 1770; and has given the whole of that Letter the date of this paragraph. In what a singular manner he has altered the style of the concluding part of this Letter, may be seen by comparison. It is the last Letter in Mr. Mason's Work. [Ed. Mason, vol. iv. p. 225. "I have had a cough upon me these three months, which is incurable. *(This is the last sentence of the preceding Letter, which Mr. Mason has transferred to this place.)* The approaching Summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the Continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: but I make no promise, and can answer for nothing. My own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience, and yet travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were, but now I even tremble at an east-wind."]

spirits were: but now I even tremble at an East-wind; it is here the height of Summer, but with all the bloom and tender verdure of Spring. At Cambridge the laurustinus and arbutus killed totally; apricots, almonds, and figs lost all their young shoots. Stonehewer has had a melancholy journey: to-morrow we expect him here. Adieu! I am ever yours, T. G.

At Frisby's, in Jermyn Street, St. James's,
May 24, 1771.

APPENDIX.

I. MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, July 24, 1771.

HERE is Mr. Gray wishing to be well enough to take his journey to Old Park, but in truth he knows not when he shall be so happy. Though he does not give over the hopes of it, yet he thinks it is so uncertain when he can set about it, that he wishes not to alter any plan you may have formed for passing away any part of your summer. Some complaints of the gout he hath had; some feverish disorder which hath frequently returned and left him low and dispirited, and another complaint added to it which renders travelling very inconvenient. He had been for six or seven weeks in London, and almost all the time out of order; he came hither the beginning of this week; he had entertained great hopes that he should have been with you before this time. I hope your nephew came safe into the North and that he is well; we much esteem him here.

The weather is very fine at this time with us. I doubt not it is so with you, and I hope your daugh-

ters reap great benefit from it, and that they forget the severities of last winter. I join with Mr. Gray in sending to you and Mrs. Wharton, to your sons and daughters, our best respects and heartiest wishes for their health and yours. Don't forget my compliments to your nephew. I am, dear Sir, affectionately yours,

J. Brown.

II. MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

Poor Mr. Gray! My dear Sir, I am afraid his friends at Old Park will see him no more. Professor Plumptre and Dr. Glyn give us no hopes of his recovery, they both attend him, and come together three or four times a day; they say it is the gout in the stomach, and they cannot get the better of it. Stephen, his old servant, is very diligent and handy in his attendance upon him, and Mr. Gray is well satisfied with it. He has very frequently convulsion fits. The physicians last night did not expect to find him alive this morning; and this morning they did not think he would live till the evening. They don't find him worse this evening than he was in the morning, yet they say, though he may have strength enough to last a few days, they think he has not strength enough to recover. He does not always talk coherently, and then recovers his thoughts again. I sent a special messenger yester-

day to Mr. Stonehewer, who would probably find him ten or twelve hours before the post. Adieu! and accept of my best good wishes for yourself, Mrs. Wharton, and your family. I am affectionately yours, J. Brown.

Monday Night, July 29, 1771

III. MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR,

Dr. Gisburn and Mr. Stonehewer came here last night, were present at three or four consultations, and are gone away this evening to London, without the least hopes of seeing our poor friend again. He told me, if I understood him right, where a will would be found, but I shall not look so long as he is alive. I have been told, that you have had a will in your custody; if it be so, it is too probable it will be wanted, and if one be found here, it must be seen which of the two is the last. My best respects attend you and Mrs. Wharton and your family. I am, dear Sir, affectionately yours,

J. Brown.

Tuesday Evening, July 30, 1771.

I think him dying, and that he has been sensible of his approaching death, nor hath he expressed any concern at the thoughts of leaving this world.

He is still alive—9 o'clock.

IV. MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR,

You must expect what will give you great concern; Mr. Gray died about eleven last night; there is nothing to be added about his death, but that the whole was peaceable and calm, so long as he was himself; nor was there any thing violent afterwards: but we think that for some hours before he died, though he appeared convulsed to us, yet that he himself felt no pain. This was the opinion of the physicians. I found a will in the place of which he had told me, dated 1st July, 1770. I was concerned that Mrs. Foster's name is totally omitted. £500 in the stocks is left to her daughter Lady Goring. Mr. Williamson of Calcutta, a relation on his father's side, is a legatee to the same value. To Mr. Mason he has left all his books and all his papers, to be destroyed or preserved at his direction. He hath joined me with Mr. Mason in the executorship. To Mr. Stonehewer and Dr. Wharton, each £500 reduced Bank annuities, and to each one of his diamond rings. He has desired to be buried near his mother at Stoke, near Windsor, and that one of his executors would see him laid in the grave. A melancholy task which must come to my share, for Mr. Mason is not here, and it will be necessary to proceed

in a very few days. This morning at eight, nine, ten, he was but little altered. You have my best wishes, you and your family. I know they will grieve every one of them for the loss of Mr. Gray. I am, dear Sir, very affectionately yours,

JAMES BROWN.

Pembroke Hall, Wednesday, July 31, 1771.

I shall return as soon as I can.

V. MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, Aug. 17, 1771.

EVERY thing is now dark and melancholy in Mr. Gray's room, not a trace of him remains there; it looks as if it had been for some time uninhabited, and the room bespoke for another inhabitant. The papers are in good hands. Mr. Mason carried them with him to York; and his furniture he bequeathed to his relations here. The thoughts I have of him will last, and will be useful to me the few years I can expect to live. He never spoke out, but I believe from some little expressions, I now remember to have dropt from him, that for some time past, he thought himself nearer his end, than those about him apprehended. I shall rejoice in the happiness of your family, and desire my best

respects to Mrs. Wharton, and your sons and your daughters, I am affectionately yours,

J. Brown.

Remember me to your nephew; the bill you sent is in the hands of Mr. May. Adieu!

VI. MR. MASON TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR, York, Aug. 18, 1771.

The best apology I can make to you, for not writing to you sooner, will be, to give you an account how I have been employed since the sad event happened, which now occasions my writing.

I received the melancholy news at Bridlington Key, full ten days after it had happened; I crossed the Humber immediately, and got to Cambridge the day after, in order to assist and relieve Mr. Brown, as soon, and as much as I was able. He returned not from Stoke and London till the Saturday. On Sunday I set out with him for London, to prove the will, and having done so, returned on Monday. This was a great and an unnecessary loss of time. But nothing would satisfy his cautious temper but our doing it personally. On Tuesday and Wednesday, we delivered up the furniture of the rooms to the Antrobuses, and in the meanwhile the books were packed up, and sent to the

Lodge; so that by this dispatch he will have nothing to take charge of, but what remains to the executorship. The papers I brought all with me here yesterday. My first business shall be to sort the letters, which are numerous. I shall seal up those of the living correspondents, and return them when convenient. I find a good many of yours, which I shall return you with all fidelity.

You will perhaps wonder why I staid so little a while with him. The time of my residence here began the very day after I reached Cambridge. Mr. Cayley's servants and goods were gone to his parsonage. He stayed the Sunday over, and that was all he could possibly do, so that it was impossible for me to prolong my stay another day. However, the great burthen, i. e. the care of little matters, is now off his hands. You who know his attention to little matters, know how much he will be relieved by what is already done. You know too, he could never have attended to other things till these had been done, and he would have been months of doing without me, what I trust has been now done, as effectually, in three days. I purpose to return to him in November, to transfer the stock bequeathed, and to give up the title deeds of the house in Cornhill. In the mean time, my dear Doctor Wharton, shall not I assure myself of seeing you at York? Come, I beseech you, and condole with me on our mutual, our irreparable loss. The great charge, which his dear friendship has

laid upon me, I feel myself unable to execute, without the advice and assistance of his best friends; you are among the first of these: and the first too, whose counsel I could take on the occasion. As soon as the foolish hurry of this idle week is over, my house will be empty and my time my own. Come when it suits you, I shall take care to have a bed for you at the Deanery, if these rooms be too small. Mrs. Wharton, perhaps, will accompany you, and take this opportunity of seeing her sister. My best compliments to her and the young ladies. Believe me most cordially yours,

W. Mason.

Excuse great haste and much confusion of mind, for I have been hurried and concerned beyond expression.

VII. MR. WALPOLE TO MR. COLE.

DEAR SIR, Paris, August.

I am excessively shocked at reading in the papers that Mr. Gray is dead! I wish to God you may be able to tell me it is not true! yet in this painful uncertainty I must rest some days! None of my acquaintance are in London. I do not know to whom to apply but to you. Alas! I fear in vain! Too many circumstances speak it true. The detail is exact: a second paper arrived by the same post,

and does not contradict it:—and what is worse, I saw him but four or five days before I came hither; he had been to Kensington for the air, complained of gout flying about him; of sensations of it in his stomach; and indeed I thought him changed, and that he looked ill. Still I had not the least idea of his being in danger. I started up from my chair, when I read the paragraph. A cannon-ball could not have surprised me more! The shock but ceased to give way to my concern; and my hopes are too ill founded to mitigate it. If nobody has the charity to write to me, my anxiety must continue till the end of the month; for I shall set out on my return on the 26th; and unless you receive this time enough for your answer to leave London on the 20th in the evening, I cannot meet it, till I find it in Arlington Street, whither I beg you to direct it. If the event is but too true, pray add to this melancholy service, that of telling me any circumstances you know of his death. Our long,* very long friendship and his genius must endear to me

* In a letter from Walpole to Mr. Chute from Paris, August 13th, the former says, "I have, I own, been much shocked at reading Gray's death in the papers. 'Tis an hour that makes *one forget any subject of complaint*, especially towards one with whom I lived in friendship from thirteen years old. As self lies so rooted in self, no doubt the nearness of our ages made the stroke recoil to my own breast; and having so little expected his death, it is plain how little I expect my own: yet to you, who of all men living are the most forgiving, I need not excuse the concern I feel. * *

every thing that relates to him. What writings has he left? Who are his executors? I should earnestly wish, if he has destined any thing to the public, to print it at my press. It would do me honour, and would give me an opportunity of expressing what I feel for him. Methinks, as we grow old, our only business here, is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own. Dear Sir, yours ever, HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I heard this unhappy news last night, and have just been told, that Lord Edward Bentinck goes in haste to-morrow to England, so that you will receive this much sooner than I expected: still, I must desire you to direct to Arlington Street, as being the surest conveyance to me.

* * * * * * * * In short, I am really shocked;—nay, I am hurt at my own weakness, as I perceive that when I love any body, it is for my life; and I have had too much reason not to wish that such a distinction may very seldom be put to the trial." * * * * * * It will appear from these letters, that Walpole's affection and friendship for Gray was warm and sincere, after the reconcilement took place; and indeed before that, and immediately after the quarrel, I believe his regard for Gray was undiminished. It will be recollected, that Mr. Conway travelled with Gray and Walpole in 1739, and separated from them at Geneva. Directly after Walpole returned to England, 1741, he wrote to Mr. Conway:—" Before I thank you for myself, I must thank you for that excessive good nature you shewed in writing to poor G——. I am less impatient to see you, as I find you are not the least altered, but have the same tender, friendly temper you always had." * * * * * * *

Mr. Cole, in his answer to this letter, says, "that Gray died worth about £6,000, having sold his paternal property in houses, not being made for tenants and repairs, and placed the money in the funds, with a part of which, as I am informed, he purchased an annuity, in order to have a fuller income.

"He went off pretty easily, considering the nature of his complaint, the gout in his stomach, which occasioned a sickness and loss of appetite, neither would any thing rest on his stomach. * * * * It was not till Friday before he died that he had any convulsions, when he was seized with the first, and had them, occasionally, till his death on Tuesday night following, though not to any great degree: the Master being with him till half an hour before his decease. As it was warm weather, and the distance considerable, it was impossible to comply with that part of his will relating to his coffin, which was wrapped in lead. * * * * * * * He retained his senses to the last, but gave proof of their decay a day or two before his death, which he expected, as he told one of his cousins, saying, —'Molly, I shall die.' The decay I mentioned was this: seeing the Master sit by him, he said,— 'Oh, sir! let Dr. Halifax * or Dr. Heberden be

* His *brother* was a physician, and intimate with Gray, hence the mistake. See Epistle to Dr. Randolph, in School for Satire, 8vo. p. 170, for an account of Dr. Halifax.

sent to.'—He certainly meant for physical assistance:—now Dr. Halifax the Regius Professor of Law, his acquaintance, was a divine, and no physician." * * * * * *

MR. WALPOLE'S ANSWER.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1771.

However melancholy the occasion is, I can but give you a thousand thanks, dear Sir, for the kind trouble you have taken, and the information you have given me about poor Mr. Gray. I received your first letter at Paris; the last I found at my house in town; where I arrived only on Friday last. The circumstance of the Professor refusing to rise in the night and visit him, adds to the shock. Who is that true professor of physic? Jesus! is their absence to murder us, as well as their presence? I have not heard from Mr. Mason, but I have written to him. Be so good as to tell the Master of Pembroke, though I have not the honour of knowing him, how sensible I am of his proffered attention to me, and how much I feel for him, in losing a friend of so excellent a genius. Nothing will allay my own concern, like seeing any of his compositions that I have not yet seen. It is buying even them too dear. But when the author is irreparably lost, the produce of his mind is the next

best possession. I have offered my press to Mr. Mason, and hope it will be accepted. * * * * * I shall receive with gratitude from Mr. Tyson, either drawing or etching of our departed friend, but wish not to have it inscribed to me, as it is an honour more justly due to Mr. Stonehewer.* If the Master of Pembroke will accept a copy of a small picture I have of Mr. Gray, painted soon after the publication of the 'Ode on Eton,' it shall be at his service; and after his death, I beg it may be bequeathed to his College. Adieu! dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

* In one of his MS. volumes in the British Museum, Cole says, (Vol. 32) "On Friday, July 29, 1768, Thomas Gray, Esq. Fellow Commoner of Pembroke Hall, kissed his Majesty's hand, on being appointed Professor of Modern History and Languages. It is thought his friend Mr. *Stonehewer*, Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, principal Secretary of State, procured it for him, to the disappointment of Dr. Marriott, Master of Trinity Hall, and Vice-Chancellor, who also applied for it." In a letter from Walpole to Mr. Conway (Aug. 9, 1768,) the former says, "Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the Poet, who is made Professor of Modern History; and I believe it is worth £500 a year. I knew nothing of it, till I saw it in the papers; but believe it was *Stonehewer* that obtained it for him. Gray, however, was indebted for this situation to the Duke of Grafton's own judgment and generosity; and in his letter of thanks, he calls it a favour *unsolicited* and unexpected."

LETTER FROM THE HON. H. WALPOLE TO THE REV. MR. MASON.

2nd March, 1773. (vide note, p. 41. ed. 4to.)

WHAT shall I say? how shall I thank you for the kind manner in which you submit your papers to my correction? but if you are friendly, I must be just. I am so far from being dissatisfied, that I must beg to shorten your pen, and in that respect only would I wish with regard to myself, to alter your texts. I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive to the feelings of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me, of one, whom presumption and folly made me deem not very superior in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently. He loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from the conviction of knowing that he was my superior. I often disregarded his wish of seeing places, which I would not quit my own amusements to visit, though I offered to send him thither with-

out me. Forgive me, if I say, that his temper was not conciliating, at the same time that I confess to you, that he acted a more friendly part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it. He freely told me my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have widened till we became incompatible.

After this confession, I fear you will think I fall short in the words I wish to have substituted for some of yours. If you think them inadequate to the state of the case, as I own they are, preserve this letter, and let some future Sir John Dalrymple produce it to load my memory, but I own I do not desire that any ambiguity should aid his invention to forge an account for me. If you have no objection, I would propose your narrative should run thus (N. B. here follows a note which is inserted verbatim in Mason's Life of Gray, p. 41), and contain no more, till a more proper time shall come for publishing the truth, as I have stated it to you. While I am living it is not pleasant to see my private disagreements discussed in magazines and newspapers.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM H. WALPOLE TO MR. MASON.

Strawberry Hill, 27th March, 1773.

I HAVE received your letter, dear sir, your manuscript, and Gray's Letters to me. Twenty things crowd about my pen, and justle, and press to be said. As I came here to day for a little air, and to read you undisturbed, they shall all have a place in due time. But having so safe a conveyance for my thoughts, I must begin with the uppermost of them, the Heroic Epistle. I have read it so very often, that I have got it by heart, and now I am master of all its beauties, I confess I like it infinitely better than I did, though I liked it infinitely before. There is more wit, ten times more delicacy of irony, as much poetry, and greater facility *than* and *as* in the Dunciad. But what signifies what *I* think? All the world thinks the same. No soul has, I have heard, guessed within an hundred miles. I catched at Anstey's name, and have, I believe, contributed to spread that notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's, and to my infinite honour, mine; Lord —— swears he should think so, if I did not praise it so excessively. But now, my dear sir, that you have tapped this mine of talent, and it runs so

richly and easily, for Heaven's, and for England's sake, do not let it rest. You have a vein of irony, and satire, &c.

I am extremely pleased with the easy unaffected simplicity of your manuscript, (memoirs of Gray), and have found scarcely any thing I could wish added much less retrenched, unless the paragraph on Lord Bute,* which I dont think quite clearly expressed; and yet perhaps too clearly, *while you wish to remain unknown as the author of the Heroic Epistle, since it might lead to suspicion. For as Gray asked for the place*, and accepted it afterwards from the Duke of Grafton, it might be thought that he, or his friend for him, was angry with the author of the disappointment.

I can add nothing to your account of Gray's going abroad with me. It was my own thought and offer, and cheerfully accepted. Thank you for inserting my alteration. As I am the survivor any softening would be unjust to the dead. I am sorry I had a fault towards him. It does not wound me to own it; and it must be believed when I allow it, that not he but I myself was in the wrong.

* N. B. This paragraph was suppressed.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. WALPOLE TO MR. COLE.

Dated April 11, 1775.

I INTENDED writing to you on Gray's Life, if you had not prevented me. I am charmed with it, and prefer it to all the biography I ever saw. The style is excellent, simple, unaffected; the method admirable, artful, and judicious. He [Mason] has framed the fragments (as a person said) so well, that they are fine drawings, if not finished pictures. For my part, I am so interested in it, that I shall certainly read it over and over. I do not find that it is likely to be the case with many. Yet, never was a book which people pretended to expect so much with impatience, less devoured; at least in London, where quartos are not of quick digestion. Faults are found, I hear, at Eton, with the Latin Poems, for false quantities:—no matter! —they are equal to the English; and can one say more? In answer to yourself, my good sir, I shall not subscribe to your censure of Mr. Mason, whom I love and admire, and who has shewn the greatest taste possible in the execution of this work. Surely he has said enough in gratitude, and done far beyond what gratitude could *demand*. It seems delicacy in not expatiating on the legacy: particu-

larising more gratitude, would have lessened the evidence of friendship, and made the justice due to Gray's character look more like a debt. He speaks of him in slender circumstances, not as depressed: and so he was, till after the death of his parents and aunts; and, even then, surely not rich. I think he does somewhere say, that he meant to be buried with his mother; and not specifying any other place, confirms it. Pray tell me, what you hear is said of 'Gray's Life' at Cambridge?

EXTRACT OF MR. COLE'S ANSWER.

I FIND the University people divided about it. The seniors think his reflections on their method of education, unnecessary sarcasm on poor Dr. Waterland, and general disgust at a place he made choice of for his constant residence, might as well have been omitted; but all concur in admiring his poetry, descriptions, letters, sentiments, &c. I am surprised at what you mention relating to the slow sale in London. In Cambridge, above a fortnight ago, Mr. Woodyer had sold forty copies, and Merill as many; had they more could have disposed of them; and I am told that a new impression is already in the press. This looks as if the first was all sold off. Pray are you satisfied

with the print? It gives him a sharpness, a snappishness, a fierceness, that was not his common feature, though it might occasionally be so. The print of him, by Mr. Mason, and since copied by Henshaw, conveys a much stronger idea of him to me.

EXTRACT OF MR. WALPOLE'S ANSWER.

You are too candid in submitting at once to my defence of Mr. Mason. It is true I am more charmed with his book than I almost ever was with any one. I find more people like the grave letters than those of humour; and some think the latter a little affected, which is as wrong a judgment as they could make, for Gray never wrote any thing easily but things of humour: humour was his natural and original turn; and though from his childhood he was grave and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satirically; and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his melancholy turn was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing. You knew him enough to know that I am in the right: but the world in general always wants to be told how to think, as well as what to think. The print, I agree with you, though like, is a very disagreeable likeness, and the worst like-

ness of him. It gives the fierceness he had when under constraint; and there is a blackness in the countenance which was like him only the last time I ever saw him, when I was much struck with it; and though I did not apprehend him in danger, it left an impression on me that was very uneasy, and almost prophetic of what I heard but too soon after leaving him. *Wilson* drew the picture under much such an impression, and I could not bear it in my room. Mr. Mason altered it a little; but still it is not well, nor gives any idea of the determined virtues of his heart. It just serves to help the reader to an image of the person whose genius and integrity they must admire, if they are so happy as to have a taste for either.

CRITICISMS
ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING DURING A TOUR IN ITALY.

I. PALACE SPADA.

Not far from the Farnese, built in the Pontificate of Paul III. (Farnese) by Card. Capoferro, and afterwards purchased by the family Spada, with whom it continues. It is not very large, surrounding one small cortile only, with a little garden behind it; of an unpleasing architecture, much ornamented with festoons, medaglions, reliefs and niches with statues between every two windows. It has a deserted, dirty, melancholy air within side, as most of the old Italian houses have.

IN THE SUMMER APARTMENTS.

Death of Archemorus. The serpent has intwisted the child, who is still alive in his folds, and raises the fore part of his body to defend himself against three warriors who are attacking him. Hypsipile stands by, her hair dishevelled, and in

great affliction, mezzo relievo. Figures about half life, the workmanship indifferently good, and does not want spirit. The following are of the same size and character.....Antique.

Zethus and Amphion. The former sitting with a dog by him, the other (a very gentile figure) stands before him, his hand resting on the testudo. These insignia denote the different characters of the two brothers, and seem to give some light to that passage in Horace:

> Gratia sic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque
> Zethi, dissiluit; donec suspecta severo
> Conticuit lyra. Fraternis cessisse putatur
> Moribus Amphion. Tu cede potentis amici
> Lenibus imperiis; quotiesque educet in agros
> Ætoliis onerata plagis jumenta canesque;
> Surge, et inhumanæ senium depone Camenæ.

There is some architecture in the sculpture perhaps alluding to the building of Thebes by Amphion's lyre. .....Antique.

Dædalus and Pasiphae. He is sitting, in one hand a saw, the other under the chin of the favourite bull, the fore parts of which only appear, (or it may perhaps be the cow of wood, that he had made, which the saw he holds seems to confirm,) on the other side of which, stands that queen, habited like a matron, one of her hands on the back of it. Dædalus has the Phrygian cap on his head.....Antique.

Bellerophon watering Pegasus ....Antique.

Meleager, a temple, the boar's head hung up as a bow.....Antique.

There are two more in a like style, whose subjects I do not know; these are squares, and fixed in the wall of a small room.

Bust called Scipio Africanus. Septimius Severus. In black marble, very good ....Antique.

Philosopher, head leaning on one arm, which rests on his knee; very fine, particularly the head, and that arm; the other is wrapped in his pallium. White marble. .....Antique.

IN THE GREAT APARTMENTS.

The great stair-case which leads to them is covered with an arched vault, (like that of Bernini in the Vatican,) which mounts gradually, as the stairs rise, but without columns. On the right hand in the sale is the famous

Pompey, above twice as large as life. Chlamys buttoned on the right shoulder, whence it falls, and is twisted round the left arm, in which he holds a globe, the other extended in an attitude of command; all the rest of the body naked; the trunk of a palm tree by him, in token of victory. In a great taste, not much finished, and has a majestic air, in all likelihood, the same that stood in the Curia Pompeia ..... Antique.

GALLERY, AND OTHER ROOMS.

Old Woman winding yarn, Girl at work by her; the latter an ordinary, dirty, sullen creature, that pouts, and seems to labour against her will; the old one seems scolding with a malicious sort of smile in her face, that one sees in such people when they can have the pleasure of commanding, the very perfection of low nature, and undoubtedly taken from life: it is admirable, considered as such, but when one comes to look nearer, and perceives by the glories about their heads, that they were meant for St. Anne and the Virgin, nothing can be a better proof of this master's absurdity, and want of judgment ....M. Angelo Caravaggio.

Several fine portraits .....Titian.

The famous Ritratto of Cardinal Spada, (see Richardson, p. 190.) infinitely inferior to Vandyke's Bentivoglio at Florence, and in my opinion to many other portraits of much inferior masters: it is languid, and wants spirit.....Guido.

Rape of Helen.* Paris leads her to his vessel

* I since find that this was copied from the other, afterwards mentioned, for Card. Spada, by Giacinto Campana, (a scholar of Franc^co Brizio,) but retouched, and in many parts gone over by Guido himself. The original was done for the king of Spain, but the author being disgusted, and not like to meet with the reward due to his merit from that quarter, sold it to the queen-mother of France, Mary of Medicis; but the disturbances at that court ensuing, and

in triumph, (a beautiful youth,) with a sanguine joy and exultation in his countenance, and she accompanies him with very little reluctance; her head in profile, but the most lovely and Guidesco imaginable, as is the face of one of her women that follow (that with a sort of turbant tied under the chin,) with caskets of jewels; an old slave precedes them, who seems to hasten them away for fear of accidents, and there is a black boy with some favourite animal in a string, it resembles a chameleon; whether time have altered this picture, or whether it be not really original, I can not say, but the colouring is reddish and thick, (I mean in the flesh,) and the sea and sky of so fierce a blue, that it has no manner of harmony; that other at Paris, in the fine gallery of the Hotel de Toulouse, is exactly the same with this in every thing but its defects, and is in all respects a most exquisite picture ..... Guido.

Dido* on the funeral pile; the sword she has fallen on comes a vast way through her body, and must have pierced her heart, yet she is alive, and

she obliged to leave the kingdom, the merchant of Lyons, who had paid the money for it, sold it, and it came into the hands of Mons. de l'Antoliere at Paris.

* Amidei, p. 92. See what Guido thought of this picture. There is another in France, the original one, I believe, the king's, which this master, Guercino, copied himself for Card. Spada: there is a book of verses in praise of it, printed at Bologna.

seems capable of speaking: she is cubito innixa, and raises her head towards her sister, and that head is truly fine, full of expression, and very beautiful. The sea in prospect, and Æneas' fleet at a distance; the figure of Anna is ungraceful, and means nothing but a sort of surprise. Those behind are variously affected at the sight, but both their persons and manners of showing it, are low, and not proper for such a scene, particularly that figure that lifts up both hands with a shrug, and makes a grimace of admiration is truly Italian low nature. He had not read Virgil undoubtedly.

Guercino.

Some landscapes of Claude Lorraine, and Gaspar Poussin.

II. PALACE BORGHESE.

In the Via de' Condotti, Campo Marzo; one of the vastest in Rome, built in the time of Paul V. (head of this family,) and raised to save expense on the old foundations of an edifice that stood there before, from whence it has its strange form, somewhat resembling a harpsichord. The architect was Martino Lunghi, the elder, the chief apartments open on a double portico, which surrounds a square cortile, the lower order Doric, and the upper Ionic; these porticoes are supported by four hundred antique columns of granite, ranked two

and two ; the pictures are all below in the summer apartments, where they are perishing with the damp by hanging against a bare white wall, because the prince will not be at the charge of new frames, which he must, if they were transferred to the grand story. This wretch has 138,000 crowns per annum, (near £30,000 sterling,) and is master of many of the finest things at Rome.

Madonna; not at all hard, or stiff, a smiling natural air ..... Benvenuto Garofalo.

Another, very good.... Meccarino da Sienna.

Another, one of the best of him.

Scipione Gaetano.

Several of Rafäel, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, &c. but in none of them all, that heavenly grace and beauty, that Guido gave, and that Carlo Maratt has so well imitated in subjects of this nature.

St. Jerom with a book sitting at a table, on which is a skull strongly and well coloured in his first manner ; not agreeable ..... Guido.

Ritratto of Bramante, the architect. He sits at a table, with schemes before him, in deep contemplation. Head and hands. A sort of sketch not much finished, but extremely fine and natural.

Rafäel.

Marriage of St. Catherine, exquisitely gentile. The amorous look, which the little Christ gives his spouse, is admirable ..... Parmeggiano.

Another, where the Bambino looks up to the Madonna as asking her consent. In the corner is

the old man's head one sees so often in his pictures, and which is so much too big for the rest of the figures. It is supposed to be himself.

Parmeggiano.

Joseph revealing Dreams in the Prison; dark, disagreeable manner ..... Guercino.

David, with Goliah's head; same style, like Caravaggio ..... Ditto.

Same subject, monstrously ungraceful and dark.

M. Angelo Caravaggio.

Angel delivering St. Peter. The saint lies all in a heap, and the angel without wings comes dropping down upon him ..... Ditto.

Several other capital ones. Same indecent style and unnatural colouring ..... Ditto.

Judgment of Solomon. Not one good figure, or attitude in the whole, besides the impropriety of making Solomon an old man .....Lanfranco.

Diana with her nymphs shooting at a mark (see Bellori's description of it, pag. 219), figures about half life. It is very famous, I can't tell for what. On the foreground is a lake, with two nymphs bathing: beyond them the rest exercising, and the Goddess herself, who holds up the prize. The attitudes for the most part without grace, and the whole not agreeable ..... Domenichino.

Four rounds. Venus and her family with various sports of the loves. Many figures, small. Not in his finest lightsome manner, yet there are particular figures, and groups of extreme beauty.

Albani.

Country Girl with Flowers. Head and hands: a coarse wench, with black curled hair, yet vast life and nature ..... M. Ang. Caravaggio.

Temptation of St. Anthony. Small: the saint, dressed like a hermit, is extended in a sort of cave, under a rock. His eyes fixed upon Heaven, where Christ appears supported by Angels. A Devil (not a Dutch one, but in a human form) stands over him, gnashing his teeth, and menacing. Another in the shape of a lion, stands roaring at him. The landscape suitable to such a scene, and exquisite. The whole admirably painted, and finished to the height, covered with a glass.

Annibal Caracci.

Magdalen lying on the ground, in a solitary woody scene. She is not beautiful, but it is a figure exquisitely painted. There is another of the same now at Florence, to be sold, that was in the Palavicini collection, as fine as this. Small.

Ludovico Carracci, on glass.

St. Agatha. A head. She holds a goblet, with two breasts upon it; for, as in her martyrdom, they tore her's off, she presides over that part, and cures all distempers of it. Excellent, and finely coloured ..... Leonardo da Vinci.

Madonna dolorosa. Half figure, extremely pale, and worn with affliction, dressed like some nuns, in black and white. The face is old, and has no remains of beauty; the expression touching, but without grace ..... Titian.

There is a fine copy in Mosaic of this in the palace, by Marcello Provenzale.

St. Cecilia, with the man that came to ravish her, angels appearing over her. Small figures, hard manner, much finished, has the air of a Flemish picture ..... Correggio.

St. Cecilia. A head with a turbant, by her a harp, very beautiful; but not a saint-like beauty. It is extremely finished, and most excellent.

Domenichino.

A Man, kneeling naked on one knee, the other leg extended. Big as life, and finely painted; a sort of academy figure .. Bronzino il Vecchio.

Christ fallen under the weight of the Cross. As big as life, not good .. Sebastiano del Piombo.

The celebrated Ritratto called the Schoolmaster, and most deservedly so. Sitting at a table with a book in his hand, in an attitude not to be described, nor very common, yet easy to a miracle. An old man in black, with a black cap, half length. It is truly good, and perfect nature ..... Titian.

Cæsar Borgia: half length, black slashed doublet, that sits close to his shape, and a black cap with a feather. A thin man, with a little beard, and hair of a dark colour; pale, but not disagreeable countenance ..... Ditto.

Machiavel, as they call it, though it does not resemble the following. It is a younger man, and has more spirit; both very good ..... Ditto.

Cæsar Borgia (as Cardinal) and Machiavel to-

gether. The Cardinal sitting in his habit at a table, the other standing (in black) looks him in the face. Profile. He is old, with a long brown beard, and a heavy look; the other same face with the former, very fine ..... Rafäel.

Æneas with Anchises, Creusa following. (Bellori mentions it) pag. 116. The Sfumatezza, (or union of the figures with this ground) is generally carried to such a degree by this master, that it makes a sort of confusion in his pictures, and every thing seems indistinct and in a mist. It is remarkably so here, nor does the drawing seem correct in the Creusa, and some other circumstances. I do not admire it..... Barocci.

Country Wedding with dancers. A number of small figures, and a fine landscape in the Flemish style. Upon a near view by the airs of heads, and some of the faces, you may perceive that it is of a superior hand. A great rarity, for it is of..

Guido.

Venus naked, lying at length. Same with the grand duke's, but not so good. Large as life.

Titian.

A Family Picture, six or seven children; some of whose heads are exceeding fine..Pordenone.

Cardinal sitting. Half length, a fattish man, the head admirable ..... Titian.

Two Buffoons' Heads. Twice as big as life; a sort of sketches ..... Georgione.

An old Man's Head, with that of an Angel. Sketch, exquisite ..... Correggio.

Another, Woman's Head drinking.

An. Carracci.

Venus, and two of the Graces hoodwinking Cupid. Half figure, rather larger than life. The Venus has a good deal of Paul Veronese's manner, extremely fine, and greatly esteemed. This is covered with glasses .....Titian.

St. Cosmo, and St. Damian, who were physicians, in consequence of which the painter has represented one feeling a man's pulse, the other examining an urinal, which a woman has brought him. Big as the life, very absurd, yet not ill painted ..... Dossa da Ferraro.

Two Pieces with small Figures of Monsters and Devils, &c. One seems the destruction of Sodom, or perhaps they are only dreams of the author.

Ditto.

Ritratto of Paul the Fifth, in mosaic. A most laborious and beautiful work in the kind; only a head; it is as soft as painting. There is a little piece with a goldfinch, and another bird of the same hand, that are quite alive.

Marcello Provenzale.

DRAWINGS.

Design for the Battle in the Hall of Constantine. Small pen and wash, on a brownish paper. It is fine, and if it were a copy, (as Richardson says it

is) it is not likely that the copier would deviate from Rafäel. Whereas it is plain there are many parts of it not the same, particularly the principal figure, which is older, with a beard, and no crown on the head; it is here taken undoubtedly for original.

Eight capital ones of Triumphs and Banquets. Brown heightened with white, excessive fine, and in the true antique taste .... Giulio Romano.

Death of Adonis. The Graces on one side mourning over his body, the Loves on the other in vast troops. They have caught the boar, and some run their arrows into it, others haul it along with a rope. They bring it to Venus, that she may revenge herself on it; she sits on a bank, her swans on each side of her, who by their motions seem striving to comfort her. A wondrous fine and poetical thought; an example to other masters in the choice and management of a subject .. Ditto.

In one of the rooms is a noble Sarcophagus of porphyry, antique, which serves as a fountain. The obliquity of one side of the palace does not hinder the apartments there from preserving their due enfilade, and one sees through a noble suite of them. Nor does the view terminate in the house, but is continued through that of another person, which is pierced on purpose, and a fountain placed there, beyond which you see a beautiful country. When you come to the end, you find between the fountain and you, one of the longest and most fre-

quented streets in Rome: and there is a long covered balcony with Gelosie, which upon opening at each end you catch the prospect of the street up and down, which is continually thronged with people; and before you it is laid open to the Tiber by means of a spacious wharf, built and handsomely adorned by Clement II. (Albani) whither resort all the barks that come down the river with provisions. Beyond is seen Monte Mario, with the villas upon it, a most delicious scene. The ordinance of all this is in a true taste, and worthy of Italy. One of the rooms in this chain, is a small gallery of looking-glasses, painted in the Roman way, with festoons and ornaments of flowers irregularly running among them, and five boys by Ciro Terri. In rounds a-top are placed busts of emperors and others in porphyry. Another is lined with marble, tables and fountains of beautiful alabaster. The grand front of this palace is of twenty two windows.

III. PALACE SACCHETTI.

In the Rion del Ponte, on the Vatican side the Tiber, an old dirty house belongs to a Florentine family; the pictures are now to be sold, but very high priced. The Bacchus and Ariadne, either the copy of, or the first design, for that most capital one, which was lost in going to Spain, and that

Giac^mo Freii has made a fine print of. The Venus and two principal figures are the same. Several others are wanting; and the Faun with a cymbal that is there dancing, on the foreground, here is only a little figure seen at a distance. These differences seem to prove it an original too. The heads are exceeding lovely; the flesh more pale and lifeless than common, even with this master, and seems to have been retouched in some places. It is not in good preservation. Figures large as life ..... Guido.

Fortune, in an attitude of flying, one foot on the globe, big as life. A very fine gentile figure. Guido.

Magdalen, a head; a cross in her hand. Great beauty and sorrow ..... Ditto.

Madonna, very small on wood. Exceeding lovely and well coloured ..... Albano.

Rape of the Sabines. Many figures, and large as life. Perfectly fine as to the actions, particularly that group of the soldier who carries off the woman, that lifts up both arms. Not much finished, very capital..... Pietro Cortona.

Cleopatra prostrate before Augustus, large as life. She is but a tame figure, with very little expression: but the emperor a very noble one, turned in profile, as graceful as possible. The page at the door that holds his helmet, is admirable; not his darkest manner. Painted An. Dom. 1640. Guercino.

Triumph of Venus. Many figures. Had not time to observe it much, but seemed very good, though ill coloured ..... Nic. Poussin.

A Bacchanal. Many fine capricious actions, but darker than common ..... P. Cortona.

Battle of Arbela. The terror of Darius and his horses, that rear up in a fright, are admirable. The page with a blue vestment that flies and looks back, is the very perfection of this master. Besides being distinguished by his person and situation, Alexander has an eagle flying o'er his head. Many noble combinations and accidents of men and horses. The dying trumpeter, that strives to tear the javelin out of his own throat, where it is fixed, is extreme fine, in the terrible style. The tout ensemble harmonious enough. A most capital picture..... P. Cortona.

Le Brun seems not a little obliged to this composition.

Sarah giving Hagar to Abraham. Figures the size of a Poussin, highly finished, the expression admirable. Abraham has the appearance of a man in the vigour of his age (about thirty). There is a timidity in his face, as if he concealed his pleasure on his wife's account, who is joining their hands, and looks him full in the face, as if afraid he should receive her present with too much pleasure. The modesty and downcast look of the handmaid, as well as her beauty and grace, perfectly fine and lovely ..... P. Cortona.

Apollo and Marsyas. Bas-relief figure about two palms long. He has begun to flay him, and he twists himself about with anguish. A fine expression, and limbs full of pain. Excellent workmanship .....Antique.

Transformation of Daphne. He has caught her, and she rises with a sweep, like Bernini's Daphne. He seems to have taken the thought from this; very fine..... Antique.

A Procession, and three more, whose subjects I do not recollect. They are much of a size, square bas-reliefs, all the six : framed and hung up.

Meeting of Jacob and Esau. Siege of Oxydraca. Figures large as life ; juvenile performances of ..... P. Cortona.

IV. CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA S. S. CONCEZIONE DE' CAPPUCINI.

On Mount Quirinal, near Pal. Barbarini ; a plain unadorned small church. Near the altar is a white marble monument erected to Alexander Sobieski, son of John, third King of Poland, with a half figure of him in mezzo-relievo ; under a plain gravestone lies Antonio Barberini, Cardinal Saint Onufrio, brother to Urban VIII. and founder of the convent, of which order he was : the epitaph —Hic jacet pulvis, hic cinis, hic nihil.

ON THE RIGHT HAND, IN A SIDE CHAPEL, AS YOU ENTER.

The celebrated St. Michael; rather larger than life. The Devil prostrate among burnt rocks, with fire issuing from among the clefts; on whose head he sets one foot, the other rests lightly on the ground; his wings spread, in one hand the sword, in the other the chain in which Satan is bound; armed in a coat of mail, a loose sash flowing across it. Indignation, it is true, does not appear in his countenance, for he is triumphing over a vanquished and confounded enemy, but rather a noble scorn, and somewhat as Milton says,—Severe in youthful beauty; but so angelical a beauty, such a head, as this master only could imagine. The Sveltezza, and lightness of the whole figure, added to the marvellous sweep its attitude gives it, make a most divine picture, and the colouring is all gay and harmonious (see Giac. Freii's print of it) .... Guido.

OPPOSITE CHAPEL.

St. Paul restored to sight. He is in armour kneeling before Ananias, whose head seems to be imitated from the priest in Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome: the youth who turns his head towards you on the foreground is admirable, the whole very fine, well and strongly coloured.

Pietro Cortona.

IN SOME OF THE REST.

A Bishop incenseing the Madonna, who appears above ..... Andrea Sacchi.

One raised from the dead .....Ditto.

St. Felix receiving the little Christ from the Madonna; very good....Alessandro Veronese.

V. PALAZZO COLONNA.

In Piazza St. Apostoli; belonging to the constable. The gallery is the most magnificent room perhaps in the world, not for its size, (for it is not above eighty feet long, and thirty-six broad,) but for the noble taste with which the ornaments are disposed, and the richness of them, and the lightsomeness, and grand appearance of the whole; (see Wright, who describes its parts,) it truly deserves its great reputation. The pictures are fine, in good preservation, and the best light.

Marriage of St. Catherine. Figure near as big as life, a good deal the same with the celebrated one at Bologna, in the monastery of St. Margarita, but not so many figures; exquisite grace and beauty .....Parmeggiano.

St. Sebastian. Women extracting the arrows, a fine figure. Air of a head, very noble and graceful ..... Ludovico Caracci.

Augustus sacrificing to Peace, before the Temple of Janus. She is seen in the air, with an olive-branch: many figures; airs very fine; but disagreeable colouring; the shades turned black, no harmony at all; Giac. Freii has graved it. There was another in France, made for Monsieur de la Vrilliere, a little less. .....C. Marat.

Pietà. Very large, the Christ lies in a posture not very natural, or rather sits; Madonna coming to him with both arms lifted up, a low expression, without dignity; it is finely painted..Guercino.

Europa on the Bull; about half life. He is already got out to sea; one Love leading him along, a second pricking him with his dart, and another displaying a part of her drapery as a sail. She with one hand grasps his horn, the other extended to the shore, where are her maids greatly distressed. Face in profile, not very beautiful, nor is the picture very agreeable.....Albano.

Judgment of Adam and Eve. The Padre Eterno supported by many little angels, with one arm extended, seems demanding of their offence; Adam by his action seems to shew the offence was not from him; his eyes full of shame for his fault, and sorrow mixed with the utmost affection to her he must against his inclination accuse: she is stooping, (no good figure,) and points to the serpent; in one corner is a lion beginning to grow fierce, a lamb by his side, wondering at the alteration in his late companion, and creeping by stealth away

from him; a very beautiful thought, and like Milton's on the same occasion, in some sense:

> Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods
> (First hunter then) pursued a gentle brace,
> Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind.—
> —Nature first gave signs, impress'd
> On bird and beast.

Figure about a foot and a half high; there is another in the French king's collection. . Domenichino.

Herodias receiving the Baptist's Head, presented by a page; her maids behind her; the colouring even more languid than ordinary, but pleasing and very fresh; beauty and grace in perfection; almost as large as life ..... Guido.

Plague of Azotus, as Bellori describes it, page 167; many fine expressions and actions, but an ill-chosen subject, because the circumstances that distinguish it from other calamities of that nature, are too indecent to be expressed in painting; and it is strange a master of his judgment should pitch upon it; it is in great measure borrowed from Rafäel's design of a pestilence graven by Marc. Antonio, ill-coloured, and much decayed.

Nicolo Poussin.

The King of France has another such.

Cymon and Iphigenia; she is by the fountain just waked, and turned towards him, who stands gazing at her, her attendants still sleeping; not good, and spoilt ..... Ditto.

Joseph and Potiphar's Wife. Half figures; eager-

ness and expression of her face fine; he is a black ordinary boy without any grace..Carlo Marat.

Council of the Gods; much damaged; air of the Venus' head, her smile and beauty are exceeding lovely; about half life .....Guido.

St. John preaching in the Wilderness; a little low; several fine and capricious attitudes among his audience..... Salvator Rosa.

A vast number of Landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, Claude Loraine, and Salvator Rosa; as fine as possible; others by Orizonti with the figures of Carlo Marat.

These take up one of the two lobbies which indeed are parts of the gallery, and open into it, by noble arches all incrusted with Giallo Antico; in the same is a fine cabinet of small bas-reliefs in ivory, histories upon designs of Rafäel, and beautifully executed.

The ceiling of that at the other end is painted in fresco, a compliment to M. Antonio Colonna, with allegorical figures.....Giuseppe Chiari.

This opens with glass doors to the garden, which rises terrace above terrace, and a large pine tree or two atop, that terminates the view admirably.

IN THE OTHER APARTMENTS.

Venus detaining Adonis from the Chace. She hangs upon him with passion in her eyes, he breaks from her, but still looks back; very fine...Titian.

Ganimede in the air, borne by the eagle. Turn of the body and hinder parts exceeding good, the eagle abominable .....(called) Titian.

Madonna; a brown, sullen, ungraceful countenance. This master had no great idea of beauty or dignity; he has treated this subject as often as anybody, but I never saw a virgin of his that suited the character; even the Madonna del Sacco is but just handsome; I speak of the faces, and airs of heads only ..... And. del Sarto.

Resurrection of Lazarus. Here is that absurd expression of women that stop their noses, nor is it he only that makes use of it on this occasion; it is not uncommon; as to the rest the picture is fine and gentile ..... Frans. Salviati.

Death of Regulus; an ill-chosen subject, as the principal figure was not in a condition of appearing to advantage; he is in the cask, you see his head, and there are figures driving in the nails; many others standing by; the various attitudes and expressions admirably imagined, and full of fire, with which he abounded; the drawing most masterly and bold; a very capital picture; figure about two feet or more: he has etched it himself.

Salvator Rosa.

IN THE SUMMER APARTMENTS BELOW.

Room painted with landscapes in fresco; very fine ..... Gasp. Poussin.

Apotheosis of Homer, as in the Admiranda. White marble, small figures in several rows.

Antique.

The noble one of Claudius Cæsar was sold, or presented to the king of Spain; it is in the Admiranda.

A spiral column of Rosso Egizzio with small figures in relievo .....Antique.

On the grand staircase is a bas-relief of Medusa's head, found in the ruins of Nero's Domus Aurea; very bad workmanship; porphyry.

VI. PALACE OF THE POPE AT MONTE-CAVALLO.

The gardens of the palace last mentioned stretch up M. Quirinal near as far as this; in them is one of the most surprising remains of antiquity in all Rome: it is a part of the architrave, and frieze of a building adorned with foliage, that measures as it lies on the ground better than sixteen feet in length, .. in height, and .. in thickness; there is also a piece of a cornish, and pediment in proportion, and one or two other smaller fragments; they are each of a single block of white marble, and larger than any stone employed throughout the whole fabric of St. Peter's. If masses of marble of this bulk and beauty were made use of in the smaller and more elevated members of the building,

what must the columns have been that supported them, the expense that furnished, and the labour and contrivance that raised them to that height? It is not known to what magnificent edifice they belonged, but it seems certain that it could be no great distance from the spot they now lie in, and that where they fell, there they remain, for it must have been next to impossible to remove them. The only great structures that are known of hereabouts, are the Thermæ of Constantine, (a part of whose aqueduct, and a few other ruins are seen just by in the garden,) and the Temple of the Sun with its porticoes, built by Aurelian. The late Constable Colonna had disposed of them for 5000 crowns to persons who would have cut them to pieces, and used the marble, (which seems Grecian,) but Pope Clement XI. (Albani,) annulled the bargain, and made the possessor liable to 12,000 crowns forfeiture, if he destroyed them.

The Papal Palace is a huge structure, not very regular, being the work of several popes. Paul III, (Farnese,) pleased with the prospect, and airy situation, begun to build here a little summer palace. Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagni,) entered upon a design more grand, with the Architecture of Flaminio Ponzio, and Ottavio Mascherini: Fontana by order of Sixtus V. continued and enlarged it: Clement VIII. still added something, and Paul V. (Borghese,) commanded Carlo Maderna to complete it: Urban VIII. (Barberini,) found something

to alter and add: and Alexander VII. (Chigi,) built the offices that run so vast a length, on one side Strada Pia, on a design of Bernini's. The late Pope Clement XII. (Corsini) has made many considerable additions, and raised a new fine building close by for some of his great officers: the great cortile, surrounded by the principal apartments over a portico, has a noble plainness and simplicity, and pleases, without any ornaments; fronting you, as you enter, against the side of the tower where the clock is, you see

The Madonna, Mosaic; a noble design, and well executed..... Carlo Marat.

Under this goes up the chief staircase, straight forward at first, then divides in two, that make right angles with the first ascent.

The apartments are light and airy; from several of them you have a fine prospect of the Campus Martius, (the most inhabited part of Rome,) and the opposite region on the other side the Tiber, with the country beyond it.

Designs for the apostles and prophets executed in Mosaic, in the dome of St. Peter's; figures of a colossal magnitude in various attitudes of great spirit..P. Cortona, Ciro Ferri, and Carlo Marat.

Design for the Madonna above mentioned. There is another at Florence, that came out of the Palavicini collection, called original too, and seems to be so..... C. Marat.

Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, brought from St.

Peter's, where it was an altar-piece; but as the damp would in a short time have utterly destroyed this, and the other paintings there, it has been finely copied in Mosaic, and the original transferred hither, together with the following: the subject is too horrible for painting:

> Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
> Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.

I do not apprehend why a scene, that on account of its horror (even supposing it capable of being ever so lively represented,) would be utterly improper to introduce in a drama, (which is a combination of poetry and painting,) should be thought a fit subject to be set before the eyes in a picture; in the present case, the saint is extended on his back in all the paleness and agonies of so terrible a death; a hardened ruffian is tearing out his entrails, which are wound round a wooden roller by another; the expression of men inured to blood, and cruel by habit, as strongly painted in their faces and attitudes as possible; a priest of Hercules in white drapery (a noble figure,) is pointing to a statue of that god, and trying to instil his faith into the poor sufferer: several other figures, larger than life; undoubtedly an admirable composition.

N. Poussin.

Burial* of St. Petronilla; very famous and capital. She was contracted to a noble youth, but

* Giac. Freii has graved it finely.

on her earnest petition to God, she died on her wedding-day: they are here letting down her body, crowned with flowers, as a virgin bride, into the grave; a young man, (a most genteel and noble figure,) who seems to bear some relation to the deceased, with tears in his eyes, relates the story to two old ones, who testify their wonder and concern; on the other side two women weeping, and a little boy who seems sorry because he sees they are so, in the top; a heaven of angels, with Christ welcoming the soul of the saint, who kneels with all the modesty and humble beauty it is possible to express. The Christ's action is neither graceful, nor natural; the colouring in the extravagance of his manner, the shades mere soot; it has suffered much by remaining so long at St. Peter's; extremely fine..... Guercino.

Martyrdom of St. Andrew, and three more fine pictures ..... Andrea Sacchi.

Christ mocked; half figure; the expression too low ..... Domenichino.

Several beautiful Madonnas... Carlo Marat.

THE POPE'S PRIVATE CHAPEL.—ALTAR-PIECE.

The Annunciation, large as life; such heavenly beauty in both figures as no words can express; the drawing of the virgin under her blue drapery incorrect; lovely boy-angels above; excellent preservation ..... Guido.

Cupola, painted in fresco. God the Father, his arms displayed, as scattering life and blessings abroad on the world, a circle of angels with various instruments, hymning and singing praise to him. Faces, and airs of heads, divinely beautiful.

Against one of the walls is—The Virgin at work. Near it, placed as a statue in a niche, but in proper colours, big as life,—Adam, as after the fall; hands crossed on the breast, and eyes cast up to heaven, finely imagined, and a most graceful figure. Against the Pilastroni, several smaller ones; in the same manner, figures of women, but clothed; wondrous lovely ..... Guido.

Before one gate of this palace* are erected the two famous youths with horses, called Alexander and Bucephalus, found in Constantine's baths hard by; colossal figures, one of them vastly finer than the other: they have been much repaired, and that not well. The Abbé Dubois has justly observed, that, Les chevaux de Monte Cavallo font pitié par la proportion vicieuse de différentes parties de leur

* The gallery is painted in fresco by various hands; at one end is the Nativity, figure rather larger than life, not very pleasing, and a disagreeable raw colouring; nor was he at all a master in this kind of painting, as this, and the Pal. Alturi may witness; many of his scholars have excelled him in fresco.....Carlo Marat.

At the end opposite is Joseph and his brethren; good airs and expression ..... P. F. Mola.

The rest, scripture histories of various hands; Salvator Rosa, Borgognone, Ciro Ferri, &c.

corps, et principalement par leur encolure énorme, à tous ceux qui connoissent les chevaux d'Angleterre, et d'Andalousie: they are monstrous; their manes are cut close, which takes off from the grace of their necks .....Antique.

VII. PALACE PICCHINI.

The celebrated Meleager, larger than life; it has lost the right hand, which held a venabulum, as the marks on the pedestal shew; otherwise perfect; of Parian marble, turned very brown by age; the boar's head by him; on the other side, his dog; left hand behind him, in an easy unaffected attitude; not so much finished, nor worked to that imitation of real flesh, that one sees in any of the other six principal statues; there are some others not in the number, that seem to deserve a place equally with this; however, a noble Greek taste. Antique.

A Wolf-dog barking; same with the great duke's, but not so good .....Antique.

Some few other antiquities, chiefly Egyptian; they are all entailed on the estate; the pope (who might dispense with it,) will not suffer the Meleager to be sold.

VIII. AT A SCULPTOR'S NOT FAR DISTANT.

ANTINOUS, as it is called, but does not seem to resemble him, nor is the hair in that manner; some drapery thrown loosely about his middle, as newly risen from the bath; he stands, but is stooping to rest his elbow on one knee, and with the action of his hand seems reasoning, and earnest in talking to somebody; very good, but not extreme delicate; found at Adrian's villa lately, with the two following:

An Egyptian Deity, but of better sculpture than those monsters commonly are; white marble, twice as big as life.

Harpocrates, a winged boy, his finger on his lips; the lotus-flower on his forehead. I do not know if any imposture can be suspected here, but it has all the air of a modern statue, much in Bernini's manner.

IX. ST. GREGORIO AND ANDREA IN MONTE CELIO.

THESE two churches stand together, and belong to a monastery of the Camaldolenses, situated on a lonely spot among the ruins of Rome. The first of them has a most handsome front of I. B. Soria's architecture at the expense of Card. Scipio Bor-

ghese ; you enter a small cortile, surrounded by a portico, the opposite side of which the church forms; in this cloister are many monuments, among them several of Englishmen that fled hither on account of religion in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. This spot was the patrimony of Gregory the Great, (the apostle of England,) and by him dedicated to St. Andrew; he here founded a convent, in which afterwards himself took the habit; you pass through the church to come to

CAPELLA SALVIATI.

On one of the altars, an old picture of the Madonna said to have spoke to

St. Gregory,* who is painted hard by, on his knees, (as in prayer,) with wonder in his face, as then hearing her voice; an angel on each side; a heaven above; with others, that admire the highly favoured mortal; figure large as life, exquisitely fine: the crimson velvet and linen of the drapery, and every minute circumstance finished as high as possible, and preservation as if just come from the pencil ..... Annibal Carracci.

Close by the church of St. Andrea, on one side in fresco

The Saint led to martyrdom, and falling on his knees at sight of the cross..... Guido.

* Carlo Marat has etched it.

On the opposite,—The scourging of the same saint*.....Domenichino.

These celebrated pictures are in an equally bad condition; the plaster in many places torn off, and the colouring all changed, black or red, and heavy. They are both too well known to need description; for expression, the latter seems preferable; see Bellori, 180.

HIGH ALTAR.

Madonna with St. Andrew and Gregory; exceeding fine.....Pomaranceo.

In the little church of St. Silvia (for there are four within the monastery,) is the statue of that saint, (Gregory's mother,) begun by M. Angelo, and finished by his scholar, Franciosini; extremely good.

Ceiling painted in fresco by.....Guido.

In the fourth a very fine statue of St. Gregory sitting ..... Franciosini.

X. CHURCH OF S. SEBASTIANO ALLE CATACOMBE.

Without the walls, near three miles in the Via Appia, one of the seven principal, and of very an-

* Giacomo Freii has graved it.

cient foundation. Under the altar of the saint, in the posture they pretend his body was found, is his statue of white marble, extreme natural and beautiful .....Giorgetti.

Under this church, conducted by a friar, you descend into the catacombs, which they tell you extend twenty-five miles in length, but at present they have closed up the passages on purpose, within about half a mile from the entrance. They are rudely hollowed through a reddish sort of earth, that supports itself in an irregularly formed arch, and scarce room for more than two to go abreast. Many passages go off on each hand the principal one. The places where the bodies are deposited are cut horizontally in the sides one above another, and the mouths closed with a narrow slip of marble, whereon the epitaphs are engraved, most of which bear the marks of Christianity. There are also certain niches with some traces of rude painting of that sort. Many fragments of earthen vessels with handles, that end in a point at bottom, which were with the bodies in those holes that have been opened. In height there is seldom more room than just to stand upright in, and frequently not even that.

The pavement of the Appian way has at different times been broke up and made use of within the city, and is destroyed for near fourteen miles distance from Rome. The height it anciently rose to one perceives by means of a small arched gate, be-

longing to a ruined convent of great antiquity, that went cross the road. The pavement on which it was founded, having been drawn away from under it, this gate is left as it were hanging (the old wall it joins to supporting it,) some feet distance from the present way. Joining to these Gothic remains is

The Sepulchre of Cæcilia Metella; it is a round tower, that rises on a square basis; this last is very near buried in the earth, and despoiled of its incrustation of Tiburtine stone, which the tower still retains, and appears as fresh as if built but yesterday. The wall is near thirty feet in thickness of brick, and incrusted as aforesaid. The stone is finer, and less porous than any now found, and of a vast size; though on the outside it appears in small squares, being only marked with the chisel to give a neater and more regular look to the whole. It has a handsome frieze with festoons and bucrania in relievo, from whence it is vulgarly named, Capo di Bue; it ended in a sort of cupola, which is hid by battlements, that have been added in latter times, it having been used as a little fortress. Against one side, that is turned to the Via Appia, is fixed a marble, inscribed in large characters,

CÆCILIÆ
Q . CRETICIF
METELLÆ
CRASSI.

You enter under an arched passage, and find a round room finishing en coupe, there is no niche at all. Here stood the great urn of this lady, which in Paul III.'s time, was carried to the Palace Farnese, where it remains in the cortile; in the middle of the entrance is a hole which has been made to descend into the square base by (the principal door being buried), where they found four other little rooms. P. Sancti Bartoli has graved both sepulchre and urn.

Hard by are the remains of Caracalla's Circus; the walls of the circular part and side still are standing, as high as where the arches began to turn; where they break off, one sees many large earthen vessels, in the midst of the cement and brickwork, fixed there to make the work more light. The arch-gate is seen at the curve end, where the solemn processions, &c. made their entrance. The two square towers in which the sides terminated also remain to a considerable height; but the transverse part between is utterly destroyed, nor does one perceive any traces of the spina in the middle. Here was found the obelisk that Bernini has erected in Piazza Navona; close to this ruin is another, in much the same condition, that takes up a very large space of ground, supposed to be the Castrum Prætorianum, fixed here by the same emperor.

XI. CHURCH OF ST. FRANCESCO A RIPA GRANDE, FRATI ZOCCOLANTI.

R. TRANSTEVERE, Cap[la] Albertoni, Madonna, and St. Anne, beautiful, natural, and well-coloured heads; the rest incorrect, as is most that this hand did, who had otherwise a good deal of spirit.

Baciccio.

Under this, is the statue of St. Ludovico Albertoni, dying, or in a trance; she is in the habit of a nun, and consequently wrapped up in a vast deal of drapery, which is not very light or natural; however, there is abundance of labour in it, and the head is good.....Bernini.

The altar of the opposite chapel has two noble columns of verde antico, solid: Cap[la] Mattei.* Pietà, with Magdalen, and St. Francis, large as life; the Magdalen is a fine figure, but without expression. Those of the virgin and the other saint have a good deal, but without dignity, which

* In Malvasia's Life of Albani, is a letter of his, in which are the following words, concerning the Christ in this picture: Annibale Caracci abbozzò di pratica il Christo morto in grembo alla madre ch' e nell' altare à St. Francisco di Ripa, lo fece in somma divinissimo, fece doppo spogliare un tale suo servitore, che aveva alquanto del tozzo, e mutò il primo parte del suo rarissimo intelletto, e per troppo non si fidare di se stesso lo guasto con le ultime sue pennellate: e questo fu giudicato da Zanpieri, e dagli altri, cosi come à me parve, che mi ci trovai presente.

the two boy-angels that lament over the wounds of the Christ also want: finely painted, but not very pleasing ..... Annibal Caracci.

XII. CHURCH OF ST. MARIA TRASTEVERE. BENEDETTINI.

The ceiling divided into numerous small compartments of various forms with rich gilt foliage, on an azure ground: just in the midst of it is an octagon, with—The assumption of the virgin; only her figure fore-shortened, with a few boy-angels; nothing can be more lovely, or graceful; strongly and well-coloured, and as well-preserved. The place it is in adds greatly to it, being quite alone, and nothing near it to distract the eye.

Domenichino.

XIII. CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA TRASTEVERE. BENEDETTINE.

Under the Tribune, is the shrine of the saint, richly adorned with the finest antique marbles: in a long niche is her statue lying in the posture they pretend her body was found, of beautiful Parian marble: the face turned from you, but by the shape it appears to be a very young person; extremely natural, and the drapery easy and simple.

Stefano Maderna.

A hundred silver lamps burn perpetually before it.

Capella de' Bagni della Santa. Beheading the saint; her face, air, and dress apparently taken from Rafael's famous picture at Bologna; his first dark manner.....Guido.

Near the principal door is the ancient monument of a cardinal, bishop of London.

In the Loggiato before you enter the church, against the wall are fixed several antique marbles; there is one set up to his wife by M. Cocceius. *Aug. Lib. Præpositus Vestis Albæ Triumphalis.* There is another with an epitaph in small characters, filled with a red mixture, and about it are several little figures in this shape ♌; it is as follows:

Si . quis . forte . velit . tumuli . cognoscere . fatum .
Et . quorum . mæstus . contegat . ossa . lapis .
Accipiat . paucis . ne . sit . mora . longior . aequo .
Si . tumulus . teneat . quem . vocat . ipsa . via .
Hic . setus . est . annis . plenus . vitaque . beatus .
ΕΠΑΕΤVS* . omni . more . Rhodanthion .
Nec . sit . mirum . quod . comis . quod . dulcis . amaenus .
In . vita . fuerit . nomine . floris . erat .
Hunc . conjunx . talem . nimio . delexit . amore .
Atque . diem . vitae . una . fide . coluit .
Et . postquam . fatis . morientia . lumina . solvit .
Supremisque . suis . reddidit . obsequim .
In . vita . hoc . munus . conjunx . Victoria . fecit .
Quodque . virum . vicit . aegra . dolore . fuit .

* This word is not very legible.

Sed . quoniam . fatis . nulla . est . obstare . potestas .
Quin . teneant . cursum . quem . statuere . semel .
Quod . solum . licuit . conjunx . fidissima . fecit .
Post . illum . nulli . fas . violare . toros .
Servatamque . diu . vitam . habitumque . pudice .
Post . mortis . casum . pertulit . ad . tumulum .
Namque . simul . posita . est . fatoq . tenetur . eodem .
Quoque . modo . potuit . morte . secuta . virum .
Haec . est . sancta . fides . haec . sunt . felicia . vota .
Amplexus . vitæ . reddere . post . obitum .
Fortunati . ambo . si . qua . est . ea . gloria . mortis .
Quos . jungit . tumulus . junxerat . ut . thalamus .

There is also a large sepulchral chest, with a very rude bas-relief, in a round are the busts of a man and woman; he wears that ornament, which some take for the Latus Clavus; about them are many figures, representing the miracle of the loaves, Abraham and Isaac, the pillar of fire, other pieces of Jewish and Christian history, mixed with allegorical figures of the seasons, &c. The church is divided into three naves, by twenty columns of granite, antique.

XIV. CHURCH OF ST. ANDREA DELLA VALLE. TEATINI.

R. S. Eustachio; a vast and noble structure; the cupola, and body of the building began by P. Paulo Olivieri, and perfected by Carlo Maderna, (who finished St. Peter's,) the front afterwards added by Cav. Rainaldi, and finished in 1624; it is rich, and

adorned without heaviness, with two orders, Corinthian and Composite; statues and bas-reliefs between the columns. The order of the dome is Ionic; within side, the principal nave is vast and handsome; its vault plainly beautified with stucco in compartments; no gilding at all, which is not a disadvantage to the paintings at the upper end. The vast figures in the peducci, or angles, under the cupola, strike the eye first as you enter; they are the evangelists, those that face you —

St. Matthew and St. John. It was difficult to throw them into such an attitude, as should at once fill the oddly shaped place they were intended for, and yet take off nothing from their grace and dignity. Correggio was, I think, the first who executed it in the dome at Parma: this master has followed him here, and at S. Carlo de' Catinari, excellently well; whom Andrea Sacchi, Pietro Cortona, and other cupola painters have imitated, but in a much inferior manner; the first saint sits on the clouds, the legs thrown across, and head on the hand, with a noble sweep, his eyes cast on a book held to him by an angel; two others, with symbols of the birth and passion of Christ, fill up the space, and appear subservient to the principal figure; on the other side, John, as borne up to heaven by his eagle,* whither his eyes and thoughts

* Bellori says, the head is in imitation of a well known Ritratto of Alexander. I do not know whether he means the famous one of the grand duke.

are directed; one arm rests on a volume borne by an angel, the other brandishes his pen; five other angels are around him variously employed; both these figures are as fine and sublime as possible, of a vast size, though seen at a vast height; the colouring bright but harmonious, (as are all he has done in this church,) and the drapery great and natural. The opposite two are somewhat inferior; St. Mark, in profile, reading; above him an angel displays the banners of the Resurrection; his lion at his feet, on whose back two little seraphs are at play.

St. Luke, displaying a volume; near him is couched the bull, and small angels bear the signs of his sacerdotal dignity, and a picture of the Madonna. In the narrow part, at bottom of the same peducci, are four angels, as statues, painted to resemble stucco.....Domenichino.

Above these rises the famous cupola, with the Assumption of the Virgin; she is not far from the bottom, amidst numberless saints and angels. He has not made her a beautiful figure, but rather old. She is flying upwards, and in the very top of the lantern is seen the Christ almost lost in glory, who with open arms seems moving downwards to meet her. The harmony and just distribution of the lights, with the great skill in proportioning his figures to the immense height, and the noble taste, particularly of the draperies, are what make the great merit of this composition ....Lanfranco.

The principal figures are twenty-two feet and a

half in height; the evangelists of Domenichino underneath, are of fifteen feet and three quarters. Beyond the dome, is the tribune, which finishes in a half testudine; this is parted by cortile (or ribs) of stucco, with figures and foliage gilt into three vani; in the middle one, Christ calling Peter and Andrew; he stands on the bank, his arm extended with an air of dignity and command. They are preparing to leave their boat, and follow him; extremely fine. On one side, the scourging of St. Andrew, treated differently from that on Monte Celio; he is here extended, with his arms bound to four posts. One of the ruffians, in straining the cord that ties his leg, has cracked it, and is fallen backwards; others are laughing at him: the expression, though low, has somewhat in it that heightens the horror of the thing. These are a sort of circumstances that Shakespeare has often made use of; one sees his murderers have their jokes in the midst of the most tragic events; and when rightly taken, such strokes are surely expressive of the character, and of the want of reflexion, that is the cause of insensibility to others' woes: yet I do not say, these things should be used at random, nor made (as here) the principal objects in a picture. On the other side is the saint falling on his knees at sight of the cross; in a small round where the ribs meet, is the same, borne to heaven by angels; and in a square nearer the arch, John Baptist showing Christ at a distance to the two disciples; under these, between the

windows over the cornish, are allegorical figures sitting; they are six, representing, Faith, Hope, Charity, Fortitude, Contempt of the World, and regular Religion, twice as big as life, extremely fine. Between and about these, many figures and ornaments in chiaroscuro: in all these works, he has amply proved himself a great master, and the worthy scholar of An. Carache..Domenichino.

Under these are five squares vastly large; histories of the same saint; the two at the extremities by.....Carlo Cignani.

The two middlemost ..... Cav. Calabrese.

XV. CHURCH OF ST. CRISOGONO. R. TRASTEVERE.

In the midst of the ceiling, which is all wrought in compartments of gilt foliage, is St. Chrysogonus borne up to heaven on angels' wings: others playing on instruments; seems painted in oil, in his usual dark manner, that sudden transition from lights to the blackest shades without any medium. Guercino.

In the ceiling also, over the altar, is a Madonna, very stiff, without grace or nature, as is all I have seen of him.....Cav. Arpino.

On each side the ascent to the high altar are two noble columns of porphyry; the naves are also divided by others of granite.

XVI. CHURCH OF ST. AMBROGIO, E CARLO, NEL CORSO, DE' MILANESI.

A VAST new structure begun by Onorio Lunghi, the cupola and crociata designed by Pietro da Cortona, and the front lately added by G. B. Menicucci, of the Corinthian order: handsome enough, but that the pediment seems unnecessarily broken into too many parts; three naves; within, spacious and light enough; the vault, the tribune, and angles of the dome, are painted by Giacento Brandi. The principal altarpiece is

The Virgin presenting St. Carlo kneeling to her son surrounded by angels; in one corner of the picture, St. Ambrose habited in his archiepiscopal vestments, with a volume in his hand; vastly large, and undoubtedly a noble performance; the air and beauty of the Madonna particularly exquisite, but in the whole not pleasing, for want of harmony. It is thirty feet high, painted in 1690.

Carlo Marat.

XVII. CHURCH OF ST. MARIA ALLA MINERVA. DOMENICANI.

THIS is the church of the Inquisition; an ancient Gothic structure, none of the nicest in that sort of architecture, but large and rich. On the left hand

as you go up to the high altar, the famous Christ,* a statue; white marble, to which age has given the beautiful hue of the antique; it is standing a little larger than life, and with both arms holding the cross, the reed, and the scourge; the head somewhat inclining to one side, the looks full of mildness and extensive humanity, and an attitude perfectly easy and natural; the marble truly softened into flesh; nothing can be more exquisite than the turn of the limbs; sculpture can go no farther.

Michel Angelo.

Capella Altieri. The Madonna above, as abstracted in divine contemplation, with saints and angels; below, St. Rosa (a lovely figure,) with the Bambino, S: Luigi Beltramo, S: Francis Borgia, and others; a great many figures grouped together in a narrow compass, yet without confusion; the clair-obscure well-observed, and coloured with harmony and strength .....Carlo Marat.

Capella Orsini; the monument of Benedict XIII. who was of this convent.

XVIII. ST. MARIA AND GREGORIO IN VALLICELLA, DETTA CHIESA NUOVA. PADRI DELL' ORATORIO.

Very large and magnificent; the body of the building of Martino Lunghi's Architecture; the

* Nicolo Beatricio has graved it, but ill enough.

façade by Fausto Rughesi, grand enough, of the Corinthian and Composite orders; the vault, the cupola, and tribuna all painted in fresco, and enriched with gilding and stucco on the first of them. Miraculous preservation of some scaffolding from falling by the assistance of the Madonna, which is said to have happened to St. Filippo Neri in the building of this very convent; in the rest a heaven of saints and angels, the assumption, &c. but little harmony, and a languid colouring; however, a vast composition, and many beauties in it.

Pietro da Cortona.

Visitation, large as life; extremely gentile; his usual colouring ..... Barocci.

Presentation of the Virgin; she is a very little girl, kneeling with much humility on the steps of the temple, before the high priest, many attendants round them; a little lower St. Anne and Joachim; in one corner, with some other figures, a country maid with a pair of doves, and in the other, a boy with a calf, perfect beauty and nature, extremely in the best style of Correggio; some incorrectnesses in the drawing, but a harmony and sweetness in the tout-ensemble that makes ample amends. The finest I have seen of him.

Barocci. [See Bellori, (110).]

Capella Spada; Madonna very graceful, seated on the clouds; below St. Charles and St. Ignatius Loiola, with angels; a most beautiful picture; see Lioni (186) ..... C. Marat.

PALAZZO BARBERINI ALLE 4 FONTANE.

A VAST edifice, in a very conspicuous airy situation, almost on the top of M. Quirinal. The main body of the building and its wings make three sides of a long square; the fourth open, but the view obstructed by a row of ordinary houses just before it. The architecture is of Bernini; the windows of the principal front arched in the ancient fashion, between the pilasters, which is an advantage to it, and gives it a French air. A coach can drive quite through the vestibule, the middle of the building rising on columns. The grand staircase winds in a square, arched all the way, and open to the air in the midst, with statues in niches on the other side. A Hercules, an Adrian, &c. of a middling style, antique. Facing you and fixed in the wall, near the top, the famous lion, as big us life, mezzo-relievo, stalking along in surly majesty, prodigiously grand and natural: it was on a sepulchre near Tivoli now destroyed. P. S. Bartoli has graved it from a drawing of Pietro Cortona ..... Antique.

THE GRAND SALA.

The Triomfo della Gloria; in the vault; an immense composition in the allegorical way, strongly and harmoniously coloured. Admirable groupes,

fine airs and heads, and well-chosen ornaments. In one part the cave of Vulcan, in another Pallas confounding the giants, Hercules and the Stymphalides, Silenus and his crew, &c.: but I confess myself of the French author's opinion, who says, "Je ne pense pas que les personnages allégoriques doivent être eux-mêmes des acteurs principaux des personnages, que nous connoissons pour des phantomes imaginés à plaisir, à qui nous ne sçaurions prêter des passions pareilles aux nôtres, ne peuvent pas nous intéresser beaucoup à ce qui leur arrive." (See Réflex. sur la Poésie et la Peinture, vol. i. p. 176.) There are fine prints of the whole in Ædes Barberinæ, and the author describes it at length in his fulsome way. The hall is vastly large, and this takes up the entire ceiling..... P. da Cortona.

Four vast cartoons for a cupola; saints sitting.
Andrea Sacchi and P. Cortona.

GRAND APARTMENT ON THE SAME FLOOR, AND THE SUMMER ONES BELOW.

Amazon, in an attitude as taking arrows out of her quiver; nothing can be beyond the drapery, so exceeding thin and delicate. The naked, in a very different taste, rather gross and heavy.*
Antique.

* In the first antichamber.

Brutus (as they call it) with the heads of his sons; but undoubtedly the portrait of some Roman, who, to save the expense of three whole statues, was thus represented with a bust of his two sons, one in each hand. It is a tame unconcerned figure, as of one that set to the sculptor for a likeness; no paternal affection, struggling with the love of justice and his country; no gasping heads just severed from their trunks, which are expressions that a sculptor of this sort must have made some aim at (for the workmanship is good enough), however difficult they may seem to exhibit. . . . . Antique.

Colossal figure with a tiara, the arms lost; seems a Sabina in the attire of Juno; the drapery exquisitely fine. . . . . Antique.

Several large Egyptian idols, of Touchstone and Granite.* . . . . . Antique.

St. Paul, St. Simon, St. Bartholomew, St. James, the Greater, and the Less, and St. Matthew; single figures, larger than life, whole length, in great taste and finely coloured.* . C. Maratta.

Story of Niobe, vastly large, many fine expressions.* . . . . . Andrea Camassie.

Banquet of the Gods, of a prodigious size and number of figures, much damaged, but never was good; black and heavy colouring and entirely without harmony.† . . . . . Romanelli.

* These are now in the first great room below stairs.

† These are in the second antichamber.

Bacchus and Ariadne; its companion, and alike in all respects ..... Romanelli.

Marius and Sylla; busts much bigger than life. Extreme spirits, Gusto, Grandissimo. The first almost bald, hair of the second short and negligent.* ..... Antique.

Four beautiful columns of Nero and Verde Antico.

IN THE CHAMBERS.

Alexander the Great (as it is called); a bust, larger than life; a helmet of marble of another colour, yet does not seem added: it is not like common busts, a mere Ritratto, calm and composed, or with an affected smile or frown, that people assume when they are to be drawn, but the head of a man about twenty-eight years of age, (no beard), agitated by some violent passion, that seems a mixture of wrath and honour; the brows raised, the eyes starting forth, the mouth opened, and every feature contributing to express some extraordinary transport, such as might suit an Orestes just growing mad, or rather a Jason on the sight of his murdered children. Vastly striking, and undoubtedly the work of some great master.

Antique.

In the same room is a huge Focone (to hold

* They are well graved in the Ædes Barberinæ.

embers) of massy silver, and two vases on their stands of the same metal, and throughout the palace many other most magnificent pieces of ancient plate dispersed.

Adrian. Septimius Severus. Busts, in bronze, excellent.

Ritratto of Urban the VIIIth; only a head looking upwards, exquisitely painted . And. Sacchi.

The S. Romualdo Small; a sketch in oil, pretty much finished; admirable..... And. Sacchi.

Noah exposed; his son deriding him; very good; large as life ..... And. Sacchi.

Julius Cæsar in Basaltes, or a marble like it; a bust ..... Antique.

THE PRINCE'S ANTICHAMBER.

The Divine Wisdom, a ceiling. Allegorical figures, see the description, but without a print, in Ædes Barberinæ. It is a famous work, but does not touch me much; the damps have hurt it a great deal ..... Andrea Sacchi.

OTHER ROOMS OF HIS APARTMENT, ETC. ETC.

Creation of the Angels; fresco, a ceiling. The Padre Eterno is a noble figure, and very light. See the print and description in the book. An odd subject for a chamber.. Andrea Camassie.

The Parnassus; another ceiling. See a print of this also..... Andrea Camassie.

Groupe of heads. The Boy with a Vase, and two women in the Madonna del Collo Lungo at Florence; sketch in oil; big as life; very beautiful ..... Parmeggiano.

Holy Family, small ..... ditto.

Head of a young Woman; seems a portrait; most exquisite ..... Correggio.

Silenus naked, but with shoes on; standing, yet very drunk; his head sunk on his breast.

Antique.

Bust of an Empress, crowned with towers, as a Cybele ..... Antique.

The famous Death of Germanicus (see Richardson), the colouring much faded, and figures almost united with their ground. Few of the pictures of this great master are like to last very long, through some fault in the Impasto .. Nicolas Poussin.

Sketch in oil of the Martyrdom of St. Erasmus; very fine ..... Nicolas Poussin.

Satyr lying on his back, very drunk and wanton; big as life; the head most exquisite.

Antique.

The Gamesters; extremely famous, and with great reason, half figure, large as life. If this master had known his own talent, which was that in painting which comedy is in writing, a just imitation of common nature, he would far have surpassed the Flemish school. This is not coloured in his usual style, but bright and mellow, most admirable in its kind.

Michelangelo Caravaggio.

Dædalus fitting on Icarus's Wings; half figure, big as life, extremely good .... Andr. Sacchi.

Noli me Tangere. The Magdalen's Head in profile; exceeding fine .... Annibal Caracci.

Madonna del Silentio. The Christ asleep. She makes signs to the little St. John not to disturb him ..... Annibal Caracci.

Hagar and the Angel; small; the expression of maternal tenderness very touching.

And. Sacchi.

Raphael's Mistress, the famous Ritratto; head and hands; naked, except some lawn which she holds up before her breast, and which discovers what it should conceal admirably well; no very elegant beauty, yet by no means so disagreeable as Richardson would make her. She may pass for a Bella Bruna. It is much finished and finely coloured; on the bracelet his name inscribed.

Rafael.

Copy of the same, a good deal fresher, but somewhat hard, yet very fine . Giulio Romano.

St. Andrea Corsini kneeling at prayers; a glory above, and two boy-angels; large as life, the profile most exquisite; the colouring all light, and harmony very capital*..... Guido.

Head of a Bishop with a Cap, and another old head; fine ..... Guido.

The Plague ceasing at the prayer of St. Rosa-

* This is finely executed in Mosaic, and makes the altar-piece to the magnificent Capella Corsini in St. Giovanni Latirano.

lia; very weak and languid, does not seem the original; that I take to be in the chapel of their villa at Palæstrina..... Carlo Marat.

The Baptism; large as life, very like that of Albani in the church of St. Georgio at Bologna; as to the design, an excellent picture.

Andrea Sacchi.

Magdalen; same as the famous one, but only three quarters length, finished like that, and divine..... Guido.

Landscape, a building by the sea-side, with many figures; that lovely gleam of sunshine and universal harmony that only he could paint.

Claude Loraine.

Another, with little figures, the story of St. George, in a charming scene . Claude Loraine.

Another, with the setting sun; a delightful picture ..... Claude Loraine.

Meeting of Jacob and Esau; less than half life, very beautiful..... Pietro Cortona.

Old Woman sitting, her hands wrapped round her knees, and a distaff between them; a small figure in fresco, extremely good, and seems an ancient painting.

Head of a Satyr laughing, bigger than life, and of a most admirable taste, perhaps of one of the Caracci, painted also on a piece of plaster, greatest antique style.

Large piece of fresco, with figures all antica, in chiaroscuro, stone-colours ..... Polydore.

The Venus naked; big as life, antique paint-

ing, but retouched by Carlo Marat, who has added three boys, preparing the bath for her use in a great vase, which represents the real one (in the palace) that was found at the same time the picture was. There seems some small incorrectness in the drawing of the arms, but altogether an exceeding fine figure.

Dea Roma; another antique fresco, big as life, sitting, armed with a spear in one hand, and a victory in the other; a Gothic taste, stiff, and ill-coloured.

The Magdalen; larger than life, sitting, leans on one arm, her eyes thrown up to heaven, but such eyes and such a face, such beauty and sorrow sure as never were seen in any mortal creature; the hands and feet equal to the head; the hair of a very light brown, flowing to a great length, and inexpressibly soft. Drapery in vast magnificent folds; boy-angels above; a colouring solemnly sweet, though all is light and exquisitely harmonious; most divine! ..... Guido.

Angel's head. Another of the Madonna, with downcast eyes. Modesty and beauty in perfection ..... Guido.

Portrait of a Man sitting, in black; excellent. Vandike.

The sleeping Fawn, (or rather Bacchus), much beyond life; he sits on a rock, one arm thrown over his head, and one leg raised; he sleeps, but unquietly; great care and uneasiness in the coun-

tenance; noblest style possible, and perfectly fine in every respect.* ..... Antique.

Narcissus standing, his hand lifted up, as in admiration of his own image; not very beautiful, nor a good expression. (See the print of C. Bloemart) ..... Antique.

The fine Vase found along with the Venus; of white marble fluted thus , in it they have placed the figure of a man as bathing..... Antique.

Hippomenes and Atalanta, about half life; she is caught, and attempts to break from him, gathering up her drapery with one hand before; great part of the groupe is modern, but exceeding well added. Marcus Aurelius, completely armed, the head excepted; standing with the globe and sceptre, bigger than life. Griffons in bas-relief, or the Lorica, and a belt or sash tied about the middle of it; extremely good ..... Antique.

Nero; a bust in bronze, the head turning over the shoulder, like the Caracella Farnese, but with a more haughty air; perfectly fine ... Antique.

The Septimius Severus, in bronze, large as life, Paludatus; buskins much wrought, and adorned; this shews that sculpture was not universally at the low ebb it is imagined in these times; it is great, and in a good taste, extremely valuable for its rarity ..... Antique.

Addend:—Adonis wounded by the boar; I do

* There is the print in the Æd. Barberinæ, but it gives but a poor idea of the statue's excellence.

not admire it; the hair particularly unantique, and heavy, the face indeed has some expression, but the boar is a mere hog ..... Bernini.

The fine bas-relief of Hunters returning with dead Game in a Plaustrum drawn by two oxen. There are good prints of it in the Æd. Barberinæ, by Cam. Cungius, and in the Admiranda by S. Bartoli; this is the best.

Herodias; half figure, extremely finished, but hard and disagreeable enough.. Lion. da Vinci.

Madonna, same character, the Bambino is a little monster ..... Lion. da Vinci.

Plato asleep, a child with bees about him; his parents wondering, and several young figures; fresco, on a ceiling, extreme grace and nature; one of the most pleasing little compositions I have ever seen; the best thing he has done, and coloured admirably .....Guiseppe Chiari.

The Sun in his Car, accompanied by the Hours; a difficult subject to treat after Guido, yet well conducted; many lovely airs and attitudes; it is a large ceiling.....Guiseppe Chiari.

XX. PALAZZO CORSINI. R. TRASTEVERE.

The apartments here, and their furniture, have a gayer and more modern appearance than most of the rest; everything is new, being collected in the last pope's time.

THE GALLERY.

A small, but pleasant room; the doors in it that go off to the apartments are painted on one side with views of ruins, and little figures, of a spirit like Salvator Rosa .....Paolo Pannini.

Landscapes on the other, very pretty.

Pietro Lucatelli.

It is hung with pictures, among which are

Ritratto of Paul III. when Cardinal, (Farnese,) only a head; red cap and rochet, a glass over it; extremely fine .....Rafäel.

St. Austin writing, to whom appears the vision of a child, that would empty the sea with a cockle-shell; the air of the head, and indeed the saint's whole figure as great a style as Rafäel. Madonna (an admirable figure,) in a heaven of angels above, finished to a nicety, as the manner then was. A Landscape, also somewhat dry and hard; the whole finely coloured! this likewise covered with a glass.

Benvenuto Garofalo.

Marriage of St. Catherine; the usual half-figure of an old man, so out of all proportion to the others.

Parmeggiano.

Annunciation, little figure, disagreeable enough; she is old, and lifts up both hands in a fright; much finished; also a glass..... Seems of

Michel Angelo.

St. Francis, who faints in ecstacies upon the

sound of a violin touched by an angel; small, covered with a glass; much finished, and extremely fine..One of the Caracci, or else Domenichino.

A very fine riposo, large as life; his usual strong touches of red upon the flesh.....Barocci.

Birth of St. John; figure about three foot, not agreeable, but seems of....Ludovico Carracci.

Ritratto, head and hands, man with a black cap and a book; his strong bold manner; it is his own portrait, extremely good.....Rembrandts.

Venus dressing; same with the king of France's. Albani.

Angel; Madonna; large as life; neither drawing nor colouring of his best .....C. Maratta.

A Madonna, half length, very beautiful. C. Maratta.

Martyrdom of St. Andrew; thought in oil, for that Sir Erasmus Philips bought out of the Card. Imperiali's collection. Giacomo Freii has graved it..... C. Maratta.

CARDINAL'S APARTMENT.

God confirming the Covenant with Noah and his family after the Flood; the Padre Eterno is a most noble figure, much in Rafäel's style, as is the picture in general; two of the younger figures hide their eyes, as dazzled with the splendour, excellent! Nic. Poussin.

Flight into Egypt; same with that in the dome of Sienna, where they are crossing a torrent, but

small, a most lovely picture ! Giac. Freii has graved it.....Carlo Marat.

Madonna sitting ; same figure with that in Cap. Spada at the Chiesa Nuova, but in little. The idea is of Correggio in the famous picture at St. Antonio in Parma ..... Carlo Marat.

St. Rosalia kneeling with the Bambino ; a charming figure ; same in small with that in Cap. Altieri at the Minerva ..... Carlo Marat.

Venus lying on a bed, and judging between two Loves who have shot at a heart ; the loveliest boys, and most natural expression imaginable ; besides, a sort of gleam in the colouring, like sunshine, that gives a vast softness and beauty : much the same with the French king's ..... Albani.

Venus asleep ; one Love makes a sign of silence, another holds a fan of feathers ..... Albani.

St. John ; Madonna ; heads big as life, in ovals : the former extremely good.

School of the Caracci.

Madonna, in a large oval, big as life, not of his best.....Carlo Marat.

PALAZZO BOLOGNETTI.

In the Corso, on Piazza S. Marco. Here are amongst many others,

Magdalen, half figure, large, not very agreeable, his dark manner ..... Albani.

Madonna ; head with the hands crossed on the

breast, and eyes cast upwards ; same with the great duke's, and with another at Bologna ; they are all called originals, and perhaps are so ; a heavenly face ..... Guido.

Europa on the Bull ; her maids on the shore, stretching out their arms in extreme distress ; three Loves employed much the same as in that at the Palace Colonna ; large as life, and in his darkest manner ; the thought exceeding pretty, otherwise unpleasing enough, and much spoiled with damp.

Albani.

The Charity, lying under a pomegranate tree, with three children about her ; same size and manner as the former, but better preserved ; the boys extremely fine : both these are well graved by Giac. Freii ..... Albani.

Gamesters ; same thought and actions with that at the Barberini, but the persons and habits diversified ; I think little inferior to that.

Mich. Caravaggio.

PALAZZO SANTIBUONI.

Belonging to a Neapolitan duke of that name ; the pictures mostly come from Spain.

Scourging of Christ ; large as life, somewhat shocking, his figure being all covered with blood ; the attitude fine and natural, for though the countenance be full of patience, yet one sees a certain twist in the body, that necessarily will shrink from

pain, be the mind never so much resolved. One of the figures that has the features of a negro, who sets his foot against the leg of the Christ, that he may add more strength to his blow, has an expression of cruelty, too savage and outrée: a very fine picture ..... Rubens.

Christ tied to the Pillar; a single figure; it has a fine sweep and expression in the head, but ill-coloured ..... Morellio.

Adoration of the Magi; very good; a style like Vandike ..... Morellio.

Family piece of six figures; half lengths, two of them sitting at a frugal repast, alla Spagnuola, the rest standing by; figure extreme natural and animated ..... Velasco.

PALAZZO DEL CARDINAL GIUDICE.

Near Piazza Navona; very large and many pictures, but few considerable.

Mars, half figure, in an oval; seems going from you, but turns his head back with great spirit.

Guercino.

Venus, its companion, but not so good.

Guercino.

Erminia discovering herself to the countryman and his family; large. Hagar and Ishmäel; same size; both in a dark manner; not very good.

Pietro Cortona.

Draught of fishes; a sketch in oil; many fine attitudes; great spirit ..... Rubens.

Madonna del Collo lungo; small; same with the great duke's; but the circumstance of the length of her neck not so remarkable: the figure with a vase, and other heads grouped with it, exquisitely beautiful; the Bambino (as in that) execrable, covered with a glass ..... Parmeggiano.

In the closet where this is, are a few drawings.

A boy; slight sketch, but excellent.. Barocci.

One of the heads, in the S. Romualdo.

Andrea Sacchi.

Donation of Constantine; very small, on a yellowish paper, pen and wash, but scarce original.

PALLAZZO CHIGI.

In the Corso: a large noble building of Giacomo della Porta, and Carlo Maderna.

Landscape with the story of Europa, figures bad, otherwise admirable ..... Claude Loraine.

Another fine one, its companion..... Ditto.

A battle; small, vast spirit, and in fine preservation ..... Borgognone.

Another battle; larger, the expression too savage, and faces too much the same, but good.

Salvator Rosa.

Landscape, story of Mercury and Argus; a scene nobly wild and savage; vast old trees, mountains,

a river, as fine as possible; the figures perfectly gentile .....Salvator Rosa.

The God Pan appearing to Pindar in a wood; large, extremely capricious, and excellent.

Salvator Rosa.

The Guardian Angel, large as life.

Pietro Cortona.

Satyr and Boy with fruit; half figures, fine.

Rubens.

Saint presenting a scroll to the Madonna, and little Christ, an angel by; very small, beautifully coloured, and with perfect harmony, which this master understood admirably well..An. Sacchi.

Nativity; same with the fresco at Monte Cavallo, but small and very lively; the action of the shepherd that kneels with both arms stretched out, is imitated from a design of Polidore, which has been graved by one of the Sadelers, and by Cornelius Cort ..... Carlo Marat.

Madonna, and boy-angels worshipping the Christ; same as in the former, in an oval.

Carlo Marat.

Lucrece, stabbing herself; half figure, beautiful, but ill-coloured .....Guido.

Magdalen, head and hands; much warmer, though extreme light; a divine face ...Guido.

Two Loves, lifting up another on their arms, as in triumph; big as life, perfectly well drawn, and coloured; airs and joyous faces in Correggio's best

style; the loveliest thing in this collection, and one of the finest I ever saw of him ... Barocci.

Christ, a child, his eyes and hands elevated towards heaven, where is the Father in glory; round the little Jesus many boy-angels with various instruments of the Passion; fine; the great duke has another much the same.....Albani.

Nymphs lying down, with a Love pouring out pearls; a group in the element of water, that the king of Sardinia has, but larger than in the picture; not much finished, exceeding beautiful..Albani.

Three Guardian Angels conducting Children; one over a bridge, another up a mountain, &c.; little figures much finished, and in his most pleasing manner.....Albani.

Venus dressing by the Loves and Graces; a little Cupid tying on her pendants upon himself, and many of his charming imaginations different from the king of France's, and exceeding pretty. Albani.

PALAZZO PAMFILII.

The Sala is hung from the ceiling almost to the ground with landscapes, very large: one of Castiglione with animals; another by Paul Brill, stiff and dry, with buildings in it; a third of Borgognone, in which is a grey horse drinking, of a vast spirit; all the rest of Gaspar Poussin; the figures in several of them said to be of Nicolas.

IN THE TWO GREAT ROOMS OF THE PRINCIPAL APARTMENT NEXT TO IT.

The celebrated Sacraments; same that were done for Cav. Pozzo. That which seems to be evidently superior to the rest, in every respect, is the Extreme Unction; the dying person, pale and almost insensible, is laid on his bed in the midst, receiving this last office from the priest; his wife is sitting at the feet. Here the author has made use of the same expression he has given the Agrippina in the Germanicus; she covers her face with her drapery, but her whole air discovers unutterable affliction. Nothing can be more noble than the sweet and graceful attitude of this figure; on the other side, one of the daughters by cries, and wringing of her hands, gives a loose to her grief; while another with eyes and hands lifted up, implores the assistance of Heaven. There are several more who assist, and testify their concern according to their several characters, and proportionate to the relation they bear to the dying man; the priest, the youth in a surplice that kneels, and the man bearing a torch, have a great deal of three similar figures in Domenichino's St. Jerome, which, it is well known, was this master's favourite picture. The maid who is carrying somewhat out of the door, and turns back her head, is an extreme Rafaelesca figure, and in all these pieces there is

somewhat of that style; this is well-coloured, solemn, and harmonious ..... Nic. Poussin.

Marriage, that of the Virgin and Joseph; the next in beauty, and excellent.

The Chrism; well-fancied expressions, and strongly coloured.

Baptism; that of Christ by St. John; the various appearances of surprise upon hearing the voice from heaven, finely imagined; here is a figure of a Pharisee with a turbant, that is a mere caricature.

Ordination, (the giving of the keys;) a difficult subject to treat after Rafäel.

Penance; (Magdalen at the Christ's feet.)

The Last Supper; much inferior to the rest, and indeed a bad picture: the author seems to have taken some pains in the chiaroscuro, proceeding from three several lights, but it does not succeed, and was scarce worth such a master's labour.

Baptism repeated; John baptizing the multitude; extremely good ..... See Bellori, do.

Landscape, with small figures, only introduced by way of accident; the story of the Assumption, with the Apostles looking into the Tomb; the air of the St. John's head is fine, and the Madonna atop in the clouds; the draperies and the colouring good; both the expression and the drawing in the main indifferent enough; but the scene which is properly the subject of the picture is nature finely chosen, and an example of taste in this kind; the sky is

too strong a blue, and here and there some hardnesses, but these are rather the faults of time than of the painter; they are undoubtedly much changed; one is quite spoiled .....An. Caracci.

Another, with the Adoration of the Magi; this is the best on all accounts; the trees are particularly admirable; great, easy, and wild.

An. Caracci.

And two more, their companions; they are large lunettes; the following are smaller ones.

The Salutation, fine, and three others, same manner with the former .....An. Caracci.

Adoration of the Magi; large, finely coloured, and in the best preservation; less hard, and of a greater taste than common with him, yet wants a good deal of perfection ..... P. Perugino.

Salutation; large, and in a style much like the former .....Ben. Garofalo.

Descent from the Cross; large, much of the drawing terribly incorrect, especially in one of the women, that kneels; the Christ is good, but the head of a woman employed about the Virgin (that in profile, with her coeffure tied under her chin) is admirable, and in a noble style. Coloured like the Roman School, not natural, but pleasing enough ..... G. Vasari.

Angel and St. Peter in Prison; big as life. I never saw any thing of this master in oil that pleased me; his colouring is disagreeable, and the shades very black: indeed in general, his figures

want grace and expression; but in his great Fresco compositions, there is a certain greatness, a copious fancy, great harmony throughout, and his draperies are the noblest one can see anywhere. Such excellences (which are the first one considers in cupolas, and such vast works) are sufficient to compensate the afore-mentioned defects, here that is not the case; and these faults are the first things that strike one. It is a picture much esteemed.

Lanfranco.

Hagar and Ishmäel; same size, vastly disagreeable ..... Lanfranco.

The famed portraits of Bartolus and Baldus, drawn together, perfect nature and life, exquisitely painted ..... Titian.

Polypheme playing on his Pipe; nymphs and tritons listening; small figures, the best of them here; there are several others .... Lanfranco.

Christ praying in the Garden; disciples asleep. Small, very bad indeed, there is another, at Genoa.

M. Angelo Buonarota.

Madonna del Scodilla; it is a riposo, she is taking up water in a porringer for the little Christ; his soft, sweet manner, and usual misty colouring, troppo sfumato; the design has been often repeated, there are many prints of it. (See Bellori, 116.) ..... Barocci.

Prodigal Son returning, embraced by his father; half figure, large as life, very fine.

Guercino.

Youth kneeling, and writing; beautiful head, and most genteel attitude ..... Guercino.

St. John; (Young) drinking at a fountain in the wilderness; one cannot see a more charming figure of him; it is alive, and admirably painted, big as life ..... Guercino.

There are many other fine ones of this master.

Hagar and Ishmael; big as life, a good expression in the face, otherwise somewhat gross, and low. Drapery à la moderne ..... Cav. Calabrese.

Dedalus and Icarus; same as at the Barberini; called original too. .....Andrea Sacchi.

Two very capital landscapes; one the Setting Sun, lovely as possible, Lord Lovel once offered £1500 for them, they are not well preserved.....Claude Loraine.

The penitent Magdalen; one of the most ridiculous things I ever saw even of him. She is a dwarfish, ordinary little girl, drunk, and asleep, her head nodding upon her bosom; and dressed in a flowered stuff petticoat; I do not doubt, but it was done from life..... Mic. Caravaggio.

IN THE CHAMBER OF PORTRAITS, THE GALLERY, ETC.

A Lady in black, with a ruff, sitting, thin, and oldish; no grace, or beauty for a portrait. A painter must take nature as he finds it, and must imitate also the Gothic dress of the times; but the

face, the hands are painted to a miracle, the skin perfectly transparent, true flesh and blood.

Vandike.

Another, older; dress and character much the same, and as fine ..... Vandike.

Himself; a half length, long grey beard, and a gold chain, very good ..... Titian.

Machiavel; a head profile, with a round black cap, middle-aged, and a hook nose.

P. Perugino.

A Lady's head; in profile, with a veil of lawn, a glass before it, excellent..... Barocci.

Many other fine portraits of Titian, Vandike, Rembrandt, and others.

A Bacchanal, where is a satyr wrapped about with serpents, and a little one dragging along the leg of a calf in a string; a nymph dancing and tossing the tympanum; her head is admirable, but the arms very incorrectly drawn: figure not half life, it has been ill used, the colours are all peeled off in many places; yet is in high esteem, though there are many faults and disproportions.

Titian.

Magdalen in the Desert; sitting on the ground, with a skull in her hand; small, a fine solitary scene, and coloured like Correggio.

Agostino Caracci.

St. Sebastian bound to a tree, and pierced through with arrows; they go in at one side, and come out

at the other, yet he is quite alive; this is a fault, but the figure is an extremely fine one.

Ludovico Caracci.

Satyr teaching a boy to play on the fistula; only heads, larger than life. I never saw anything beyond the expression; the slyness concealed under an appearance of innocence in one, and the lust even to drunkenness of the other, are admirable. There is a famous groupe of the same subject at the Villa Medici; but the expression seems not comparable to this for strength; this is not at all borrowed from it ..... Ann. Caracci.

Peter going from Rome, and meeting Christ bearing his Cross; who, when he asked him, Quo vadis Domine? answered, 'Iterum crucifigi.' The apostle starts back with astonishment and horror, and lifts up both his hands. The Christ (an exquisite figure) points towards the city, and with his looks upbraids the saint's timidity. His eyes, that silently reproach him, with a mixture of love and sorrow in the countenance, and the head a little inclining to one shoulder, conveying as moving an idea as it is possible for painting to express; figures about the size of a Nic. Poussin.

Annibal Caracci.

St. Jerome waking at the sound of the Angel's Trumpet; small, but exquisite.. Ann. Carracci.

St. Francis supported by Angels; after receiving the stigmata; same size and beauty.

Annibal Carracci.

St. Eustachio with the Stag; that has a crucifix between its horns; small, with a landscape, is the same he has graved, mighty hard and gothic ..... Albert. Durer.

Madonna, in a round; a head and hands adoring the Christ, who sleeps; divine beauty and devotion. C. Bloemart has graved it; big as life.

Guido.

Conversion of St. Paul; same that Enea Vico has graved so finely, and about the same size as the print, coloured in Mich. Angelo's manner.

Salviati.

Madonna squirting milk out of her breast into the child's mouth; a very Flemish thought.

Rubens.

The design in water colours for the Barberini Ceiling: small, exceeding pretty, but worn and spoiled..... Pietro Cortona.

There are a vast number more of fine things here, chiefly small, of Parmeggiano, Albani, the Caracci, and the old masters.

IN THE CHAPEL.

A Pietà, large as life, much the same with that the King of Naples has..... An. Caracci.

THE CAPITOL.

The disposition of these three buildings is well known from the prints, as well as that of the

statues that adorn them; the whole is in a very noble taste, as is that of the flight of steps conducting to them, and the grand area before them. The palace in front is that of the senatour, of Giac. del Duca's architecture, who only finished the first order; the other was added by Rainaldi; and the Ringhiera with the fountain before it, designed by Michel Angelo; the palace on the right is also of him, except the finestrone over the entrance, which is of Giac. del Duca, and good for nothing; the opposite building is lately finished on the same design, in that to the right is kept the noble collection of statues, and other antiquities made and given to the public by the late Pope Clem. XII. One enters into a small cortile, with a portico on one side of it, at the end to the left, stands

The Sarcophagus of Alexander Severus: and Julia Mammæa (as it is generally imagined) being found in the mausoleum, now called Monte di Grano, between the Viæ Labriana and Latina, and inclosing the famous Vas Barberinum; their statues lie along as at a banquet, upon the flat coperchio, and she holds in her hand a garland; they are in a poor taste enough, the attitudes stiff, and drapery in little unnatural plaits; on the bottom is a bas-relief of the Sabine women pacifying their brothers and husbands; there is some expression in the mediating figures, and in the youth on both sides. Romulus and Tatius are seated on one side and the other, with scepters of command in their hands, the figures about two feet and a half high,

and the length of the whole about eight feet; there are reliefs also on the sides. See Bartoli's Sepolchri Antichi.

At the other end is a beautiful column of oriental alabaster, entire; and in niches on the sides

The famous Pyrrhus that was in the Palazzo Massimi, more than three times as large as life; standing, in complete armour; helmet and Lorica beautifully adorned with bas-reliefs, a double row of labels, also with masques and grotesques in relievo; a thick beard in small curls, as in the medals; the legs, both arms, the buckles and the crest, are added by Carlo Napoleone and not ill; it is a most noble figure, and unique perhaps.

Adrian, his head veiled, as for sacrifice, a patera in one hand, and scroll in the other; but indifferent workmanship.

Jupiter, one arm raised with the thunder; drapery on one arm, and below the middle.

Diana, hair in a knot, like the Apollo's, and a crescent; one arm extended with the remains of a bow; in an attitude of motion.

Pomona, with grapes, in the skirt of her palla, crowned with corn; a sort of crupotia or castanets in her hand, tied round the wrist with a ribbon: Scabillum under the foot; gross sculpture.

Minerva armed; long hair flowing in curls on the shoulders from under her helmet; her ægis on, fringed with serpents. Stole and short tunic girt over it; twice as big as life, great taste, but not very good.

Two Egyptian figures, like Cariatides, with hieroglyphics at their backs; one of Thebaïc granite, the other of a greyish dark marble spotted a dirty yellow.

IN THE CORTILE.

Marforio, a colossal river-god, lying along, restored and turned into a fountain, as it perhaps was formerly; not good.

The two satyrs, used as Caryatides, with baskets on their heads; of an excellent style—with several busts, termini, &c.

UPON THE STAIRS.

Pudicitia, a long stole and palla that veils the head, and is wrapped about her, covering both the arms; I have heard the head is modern, and of Mic. Angelo, if it be so, he has restored it with judgment, having given it the face of Faustina junior, who is represented under the form of this goddess on medals. The whole is extremely gentile and delicate.

Allocution of M. Aurelius to his army; this and the following made a part of the arch called di Portugalla, which stood in the Corso, till Alexander VII. demolished it; figures large as life, and excellent.

Apotheosis of Faustina; she is borne up from

the Rogus on the wings of a figure bearing a torch; S. Bartoli has graved them both in the Archi Antichi.

Juno Lanumvina, as it is inscribed, habited in a stola; over it is a goat's skin, that veils her head, and comes under the arm cross her breast, being connected with a tibula on the left shoulder; a diadem under it, and part of a sceptre in one hand, something broke in the other; very good.

A Lion couching; rough, but in a great manner.

FIRST ROOM. URNS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

A noble vase of Parian marble, about five feet high, simply adorned with beautiful foliage.

Sepulchral Marble of Atimetus, a Freed-man of Tiberius, and Homonœa, his wife; the husband's epitaph on one side, (who died first,) the wife's on the other, in elegiac verses, tender and natural enough: it is solid, like an altar, and in the top two cavities for the Ollæ Cinerariæ, the cover is lost; at the bottom inscribed the measures of the ground they had purchased to place it upon, which is only five feet in length.

Sarcophagus, of an oblong shape; on the front of it, a fine bas-relief, with the story of Diana and Endymion; he lies asleep, above him appears a half figure of Somnus, represented as an old man with butterflies' wings, wings also on his temples, his head reposing on one arm; the goddess is

descended from her car, a little Love is using his utmost force to restrain the horses, others are pulling her by the veil; gentile thoughts, and well executed.

Another, with the same story; Endymion here lies in the lap of a winged figure (a man,) that sits, perhaps Somnus too, and Venus herself in the clouds points the way to Diana; this is rather finer than the other, and of Parian marble; the Coperchio of another sort, and latter age.

Another, with the nine Muses; at one end, Homer with a figure representing Poetry; at the other, Socrates in a sort of Cathedra, and a figure of Philosophy, habited like a matron, capite velato; in all these one sees certain cavities made in the covers, with little holes at bottom to pour in the Inferiæ.

Small urn, supposed (I know not on what authority,) to be that of Didumenianus, with the fine bas-relief on it representing the progress of human life, where is Prometheus, the Cyclops, &c.; it is in the Admiranda.

In the corner is a column of a beautiful kind of Breccia antica, that seems composed of all other sorts of marble, purple, green, yellow, white and black, in small spots: the wall is covered with inscriptions relating to the Consular Chronology, and with round bricks, inscribed with large letters, that either denote the Consuls under whom the edifice in which they were employed was raised, or

bear the names of the workmen; see Ott. Falconieri's Letter on this subject at the end of Nardini's Roma Antica.

SECOND ROOM.

Walls in like manner covered with inscriptions, relating to military honours; here is the famous 'Lex Regia,' made in honour of Vespasian, and graved in small characters on a huge plate of bronze, that weighs 2147 pounds; it is in perfect preservation.

A little round altar inscribed 'Ara Ventorum,' with figures of them in relief, flying with wreathed conchæ at their mouths.

Many bas-reliefs fixed in the wall, that appear to have been friezes; Vulcan at his forge, Cupids at a Vintage, &c.

Statue of Apollo standing; his arm (as common) bent over his head, and leaning on the lyre, a griffon standing at his feet; larger than life, and very good; it is of white marble that has assumed a reddish hue, which, I was told, was caused by the sulphur of the Aqua Albulæ, in whose channel it was found.

Old Woman sitting on the ground, a great bottle or amphora betwixt her knees, which is encompassed with an ivy chaplet, her head thrown back, eyes cast up, and mouth open; with vast pleasure in the face, a most natural and humorous

expression; excellently good; it is graved in Rossi's collection.

The fine bas-reliefs of Nymphs and Tritons who are supposed to be transporting the souls of the deceased to Elysium: see the Admiranda.

THE SALA.

Among a vast number of fine things, are, upon pedestals, isolati, in the middle of the hall.

The Dying Gladiator, (that once belonged to the Ludovisii; (see Richardson,) large as life, of the finest white marble; for expression (after the Laocoon,) to be sure the noblest statue in the world; Clement XII. purchased it for 6000 Roman crowns; it is graved by Perrier, and is in Rossi's book.

The Hercules, (Verospi,) more famous than excellent; a young figure larger than life, with a torch in the hand, as searing the hydra's necks; the head stiff, and without meaning, and the torso wreathed and distorted in an unusual manner; very unpleasing; (see Rossi,) and the Gladiator fallen, and attempting to recover himself again; the arms and shield with which he shelters himself are modern, with some other parts; what is antique, is extremely fine

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

"I SAT with my father's family in the Little Church, (called *Haddo's Hold*, from its having been once used as a prison for Lord Haddo, in the days of civil contention in Scotland,) where Dr. Wallace, (known as an author by his Treatise *on the Numbers of Mankind*,) was minister; and I perfectly remember his introducing in a *Sermon*, comparing modern morals, manners, and attainments, with those of the ancients, a high encomium on Gray's *Elegy on a Country Church-yard*, which had been published a short while before, which he said he would venture to compare with the most celebrated specimens of ancient classic poetry."*—*An Account of the Life and Writings of John Home, Esq. by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. Edinb.* 1822, 8vo. p. 17.

1. On Gray's opinion of Sterne's Sermons, see Mainwaring's Preface to his Sermons. V. Brydges' Restituta, vol. iii. 132.

2. On Gray's opinion of Cibber's Life of Cicero, see Davies' Life of Garrick, ii. 206. Brydges' Restituta, vol. iii. p. 232.

3. On Gray's Letter to Lord Orford on the MSS. in the

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* "An anecdote, told by the late Professor Robison, (as mentioned in his *Life*, read by the late Professor Playfair to this Society,) deserves well to be remembered. Professor Robison, then employed as an engineer in the army under General Wolfe, happened to be on duty in the boat, in which the General went to visit some of his posts, the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in, and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General with much feeling repeated nearly the whole of Gray's *Elegy*, (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known,) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat, adding, as he concluded, that 'he would prefer being the author of that Poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.'"

Playfair's Works, Life of Robison, iv. 126.

The anecdote of Wolfe is quoted by Mackenzie in the Note *.

Bennet Library, containing the Itinerary of St. Simon and Hugo, the Illuminant, 1322. See Stothard's Memoirs, p. 324.

I have been reading Gray's works, and think him the only poet since Cowper, entitled to the character of sublime. Perhaps you will remember, that I once had a different opinion of him, I was prejudiced. He did not belong to our Thursday Society, and was an Eton man, which lowered him prodigiously in our esteem. I once thought Swift's Letters the best that could be written, but I like Gray's better. His humour, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never illnatured, or offensive, and yet I think equally poignant with the Dean's.—We differ not much in our opinion of Mr. Gray. When I wrote last I was in the middle of the book. His late epistles, I think, are worth little *as such*, but might be turned to excellent account, by a young student of taste and judgment; as to *Mr. West's* Letters, I think I could easily bring your opinion of them to square with mine. They are elegant and sensible, but have nothing in them that is characteristic, or that discriminates them from the letters of any other young man of taste and learning.—*Cowper's Letters*, 1, 32.

"I am sorry you did not see Mr. Gray on his return; you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or in any other nation, I found him possessed of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. He is happy in a singular facility of expression. His conversation abounds in original observations, delivered with no appearance of sententious formality, and seeming to arise spontaneously without study or premeditation. I passed two very agreeable days with him at Glammis, and found him as easy in his manners, and as communicative and frank, as I could have wished."

Forbes' Life of Beattie, vol. i. p. 95.

GRAY'S CRITICISM ON BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

IN A LETTER TO DR. BEATTIE.

See vol. iv. p. 190, n.

Cambridge, 8th March, 1771.

"The 'Minstrel' came safe to my hands, and I return you my sincere thanks for so acceptable a present. In return, I shall give you my undisguised opinion of him, as he proceeds, without considering to whom he owes his birth, and sometimes without specifying my reasons; either because they would lead me too far, or because I may not always know what they are myself.

"I think we should wholly adopt the language of Spenser's time, or wholly renounce it. You say, you have done the latter; but, in effect, you retain *fared, forth, meed, wight, ween, gaude, shene, in sooth, aye, eschew*, &c.: obsolete words, at least in these parts of the island, and only known to those that read our ancient authors, or such as imitate them.*

"St. 2. v. 5. The *obstreperous* trump of fame hurts my ear, though meant to express a jarring sound.

"St. 3 v. 6. *And from his bending*, &c. the grammar seems deficient: yet as the mind easily fills up the ellipsis, perhaps it is an atticism, and not inelegant.

"St. 4. and ult. *Pensions, posts, and praise.* I cannot reconcile myself to this, nor to the whole following stanza; especially *the plaister of thy hair.*†

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* *To fare*, i. e. *to go*, says Dr. Beattie, is used in Pope's "Odyssey," and so is *meed*; *wight* (in a serious sense) is used by Milton and Dryden. *Ween* is used by Milton; *gaude* by Dryden; *shene* by Milton; *eschew* by Atterbury; *aye* by Milton. The poetical style in every nation (where there is a poetical style) abounds in old words.

† I did not intend a poem uniformly epical and solemn; but one rather that might be lyrical, or even satirical, upon occasion.

" *Surely the female heart*, &c. St. 6. The thought is not just. We cannot justify the sex from the conduct of the Muses, who are only females by the help of Greek mythology; and then, again, how should they bow the knee in the fane of a Hebrew or Philistine devil? Besides, I am the more severe, because it serves to introduce what I most admire.*

" St. 7. *Rise, sons of harmony*, &c. This is charming; the thought and the expression. I will not be so hypercritical as to add, but it is *lyrical*, and therefore belongs to a different species of poetry. Rules are but chains, good for little, except when one can break through them; and what is fine gives me so much pleasure, that I never regard what place it is in.

" St. 8, 9, 10. All this thought is well and freely handled, particularly, *Here peaceful are the vales*, &c. *Know thine own worth*, &c. *Canst thou forego*, &c.

" St. 11. *O, how canst thou renounce*, &c. But this, of all others, is my favourite stanza. It is true poetry; it is inspiration; only (to show it is mortal) there is one blemish; the word *garniture* suggesting an idea of dress, and, what is worse, of French dress.†

" St. 12. Very well. *Prompting th' ungenerous wish*, &c. But do not say *rambling muse; wandering*, or *devious*, if you please.‡

" St. 13. *A nation fam'd*, &c. I like this compliment to your country; the simplicity, too, of the following narrative: only in st. 17. the words *artless* and *simple* are too synonymous to come so near each other.

" St. 18. *And yet poor Edwin*, &c. This is all excellent, and comes very near the level of st. 11. in my esteem; only, perhaps, *And some believed him mad*, falls a little too flat, and rather below simplicity.

" St. 21. *Ah, no!* By the way, this sort of interjection is rather too frequent with you, and will grow characteristic, if you do not avoid it.

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* I meant here an ironical argument. Perhaps, however, the irony is wrong placed. Mammon has now come to signify *wealth* or *riches*, without any regard to its original meaning.

† I have often wished to alter this same word, but have not yet been able to hit upon a better.

‡ Wandering happens to be in the last line of the next stanza save one, otherwise it would certainly have been here.

" In that part of the poem which you sent me before, you have altered several little particulars much for the better.*

" St. 34. I believe I took notice before of this excess of alliteration. *Long, loaded, loud,* lament, *lonely,* lighted, *lingering, listening;* though the verses are otherwise very good, it looks like affectation.†

" St. 36, 37, 38. Sure you go too far in lengthening a stroke of Edwin's character and disposition into a direct narrative, as of a fact. In the mean time, the poem stands still, and the reader grows impatient. Do you not, in general, indulge a little too much in *description* and *reflection*? This is not my remark only, I have heard it observed by others; and I take notice of it here, because *these* are among the stanzas that might be spared; they are good, nevertheless, and might be laid by, and employed elsewhere to advantage.‡

" St. 42. Spite of what I have just now said, this digression pleases me so well, that I cannot spare it.

" St. 46. v. ult. The *infuriate* flood. I would not make new words without great necessity; it is very hazardous at best.§

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* I had sent Mr. Gray from st. 23. to st. 39. by way of specimen.

† It does so, and yet it is not affected. I have endeavoured once and again to clear this passage of those obnoxious letters, but I never could please myself. Alliteration has great authorities on its side, but I would never seek for it; nay, except on some very particular occasions, I would rather avoid it. When Mr. Gray, once before, told me of my propensity to alliteration, I repeated to him one of his own lines, which is indeed one of the finest in poetry—

Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.

‡ This remark is perfectly just. All I can say is, that I meant, from the beginning, to take some latitude in the composition of this poem, and not confine myself to the epical rules for narrative. In an epic poem these digressions, and reflections, &c. would be unpardonable.

§ I would as soon make new coin, as knowingly make a new word, except I were to invent any art or science where they would be necessary. *Infuriate* is used by Thomson—*Summer*, 1096; and, which is much better authority, by Milton—*Par. Lost*, book vi. v. 487.

" St. 49, 50, 51, 52. All this is very good ; but *medium* and *incongruous*, being words of art, lose their dignity in my eyes, and savour too much of prose. I would have read the last line—' Presumptuous child of dust, be humble and be wise.' But, on second thoughts, perhaps—' *For thou art but of dust*'—is better and more solemn, from its simplicity.

" St. 53. *Where dark*, &c. You return again to the charge. Had you not said enough before ?*

" St. 54. *Nor was this ancient dame*, &c. Consider, she has not been mentioned for these six stanzas backward.

" St. 56. v. 5. *The vernal day.* With us it rarely thunders in the spring, but in the summer frequently.†

" St. 57, 58. Very pleasing, and has much the rhythm and expression of Milton in his youth. The last four lines strike me less by far.

" St. 59. The first five lines charming. Might not the mind of your conqueror be checked and softened in the mid-career of his successes by some domestic misfortune, (introduced by way of episode, interesting and new, but not too long,) that Edwin's music and its triumphs may be a little prepared, and more consistent with probability ?‡

" I am happy to hear of your successes in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interest of mankind. Your book is read here too, and with just applause.§

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* What I said before referred only to sophists perverting the truth ; this alludes to the method by which they pervert it.

† It sometimes thunders in the latter part of spring. *Sultry day* would be an improvement perhaps.

‡ This is an excellent hint ; it refers to something I had been saying in my last letter to Mr. Gray, respecting the plan of what remains of the " Minstrel."

§ Mr. Gray has been very particular. I am greatly obliged to him for the freedom of his remarks, and think myself as much so for his objections as for his commendations.

THE END.

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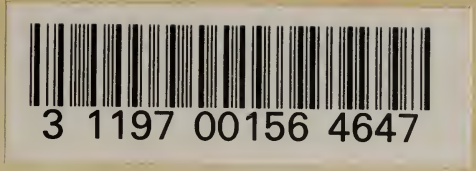
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